Everyb   dy's

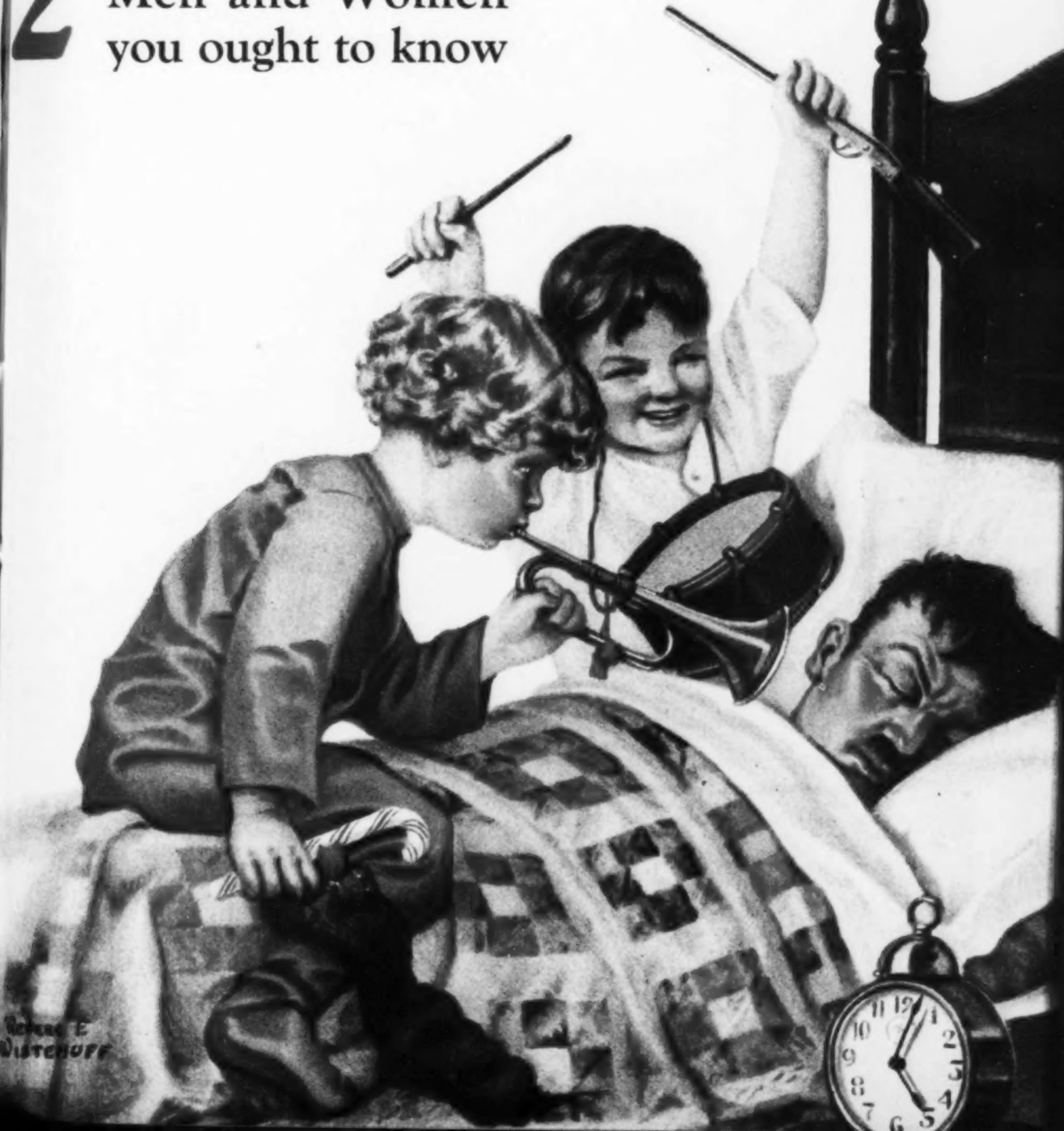
Jun26
Univ Of Mich
Gen Library
Ann Arbor Mich
Nov 27 R

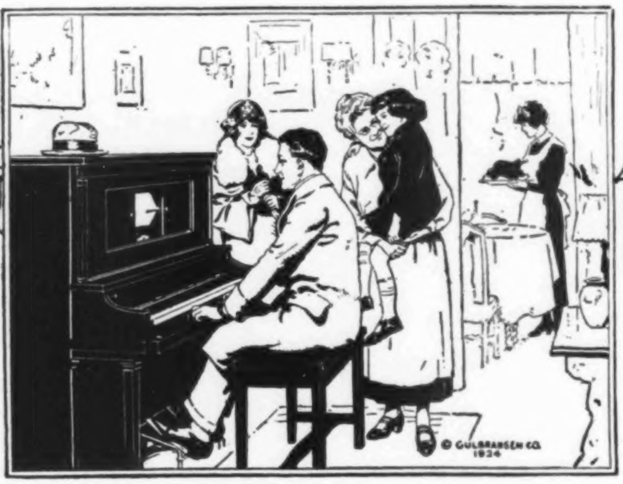
D   925

¢

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

2 stories from life of
Men and Women
you ought to know


Revere E
Wistehuff



The biggest Christmas surprise —the Gulbransen

The only piano played equally well by Roll or by Hand

By Untrained Persons or Musicians— Over 125,000 Now in American Homes

ROUSE the whole house on Christmas morn with joyous music—music that you play yourself—that you play by roll on the Gulbransen Registering Piano, so correctly, so expressively, so humanly it defies the ears of experts to tell it from hand played music.

It's the biggest surprise you can give your family for Christmas—it's a gift they can all share alike—and it holds the home together.

Yes, family life centers around this astonishing creation. And the bright lights of the outside world lose their lure for the young folks whose homes have this social gaiety that attracts their friends there.

Moreover, the money spent for outside amusements would soon pay for the Gulbransen Registering Piano. For our dealers will deliver any model—Grand or Upright—on suitable terms, with proper allowance for your old piano, if you have one.

No one who has ever heard this instrument will ever confuse it with a player-piano. For you play not mechanical music but human music. It is Personal Touch that make hand-played music human—the absence of Persona Touch is what makes piano-players mechanical.

By supplying Personal Touch to roll played musi A. G. Gulbransen achieved what other piano builder have sought to do for years.

Now this Gulbransen Registering music as it i known, has the Time, the Touch and the Tone Volum that you yourself impart to it—and without touchin the keys.

This Book Free— "Your Unsuspected Talent"

Right now—before Christmas—send your address for this fascinating book, "Your Unsuspected Talent—Its Discovery and Enjoyment," and hear all about the Gulbransen and where to try it. No obligation whatever, mail the coupon at once if you want to learn about the finest surprise you could give your family.

GULBRANSEN
The *Registering* Piano

National Price—Suitable Terms

Gulbransen pianos are sold at the same cash price, freight prepaid, throughout the United States. For your protection, we stamp this price on the back, where you can read it. And Gulbransen dealers are prepared to deliver any model, Grand or Upright, for a small cash payment—balance to suit the purchaser. A reasonable allowance will be made for your present piano, if you own one.

Four Upright Models—Community, $450; Suburban, $530; Country Seat, $615; White House, $700; Straight Grand, $785; Registering Grand, $1275.

© 1925, G. Co.

"Easy to Play"

Gulbransen Trademark

SEND THIS COUPON

to Gulbransen Company, 3204 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago
for Color-Illustrated Book De Luxe
"Your Unsuspected Talent—Its Discovery and Enjoyment"

☐ Check here if you own a piano and we will send you form enabling us to estimate value.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________ State________

The Nat'l Ass'n of Piano Tuners recommends that all pianos be tuned twice a year. Your Gulbransen deserves this care

DECEMBER, 1925
VOL. 53, NO. 6

Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

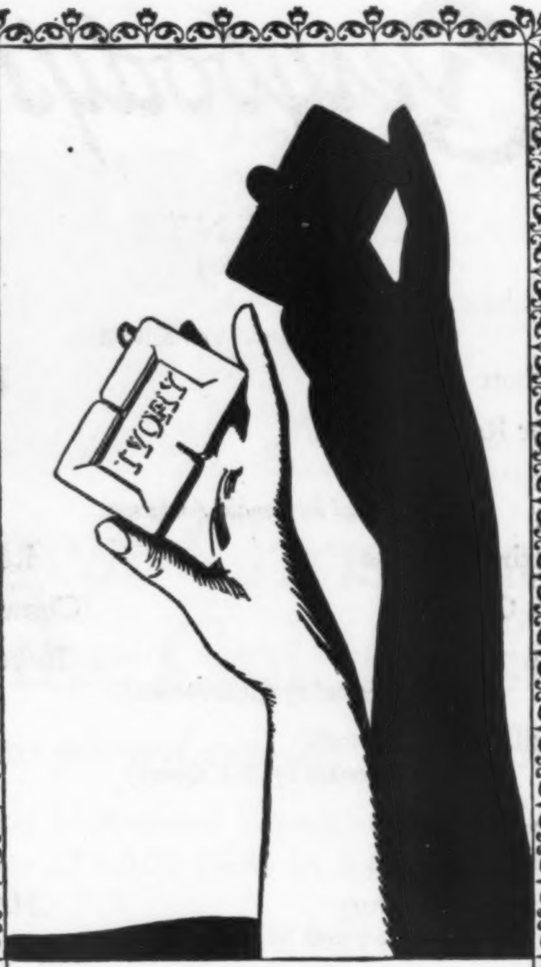
CONTENTS

The Magic of Fear. *A short story* *Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt*	Edgar Wallace	9
An ex-Gob Named Tibbett	Lawrence Tibbett	16
The Making of a Master Railroad Man	Herbert Corey	19
Age. *A short story* *Illustrated by Ronald Anderson*	Harold Titus	25
A Fairy Godmother to the Helpless	Rollin Lynde Hartt	34
He Buys Toys for Santa Claus	Clara Belle Thompson	37
The Man They Hanged. *A novel* *Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins*	Robert W. Chambers	42
The Man Over the Wall. *A short story* *Illustrated by O. J. Gatter*	Guy Fletcher	60
50,000 Men Attend His Bible Class	Cecilia Farwell	68
Hunting the Criminal Who Writes	Neil M. Clark	71
The Million Dollar Lie. *A short story* *Illustrated by Harry Fisk*	H. Thompson Rich	76
He Teaches Birds to Fly	Uthai Vincent Wilcox	86
She Puts a Whole Town to Bed	Vera L. Connolly	89
Profit Intangible. *A novelette* *Illustrated by Douglas Duer*	H. Bedford-Jones	94
Are You Miscast?	M. B. Levick	115
The Old or the New		120
Rab and His Friends. *An old short story* *Illustrated by Stockton Mulford*	Dr. John Brown	122
Bingo. *A modern short story* *Illustrated by the Author*	Ernest Thompson Seton	130
Keeper of the Eternal Fire	G. A. Tibbans	138
She Can't Walk, But—	Donald F. Slutz	139
His Weeds a Boon to Farmers	Q. Wood	140
Librarian to the World	Mildred Adams	141
Everybody's Chestnut Tree		142

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
JAMES H. GANNON, President
C. H. HOLMES, Secy. & Treas.
SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK, N. Y.
6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England

Entered as Second-Class Matter, August 16, 1899, at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Yearly subscription, $2.50, in advance. Single copy, twenty-five cents. Foreign postage, $1.00 additional. No extra postage for Canada.

EVERYBODY'S takes all reasonable precautions for handling manuscripts submitted, but assumes no responsibility for their safety.
Copyright, 1925, by The Ridgway Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England.



Now . . .
IVORY in this
lovely *new* form

Guest Ivory, the dainty *new* cake of genuine Ivory Soap is made for those discriminating women who will trust their beauty only to the finest, purest soap, and who want that soap in its loveliest possible form.

Guest Ivory, possessing all of Ivory's fine traditions, contains no adulterants of any sort—it is the same pure Ivory which has been the gentle guardian of delicate complexions for almost half a century.

See how charming *Guest* Ivory is in its distinctive blue wrapper, and how easily your slim fingers close around the delicate modeling of its new size. Just feel the caressing mildness of its rich, cleansing lather that rinses off so quickly! And that refreshed, alive sense of cleanliness.

Could you have guessed that such an exquisite soap would cost only five cents?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Guest IVORY

For the face and hands ❧ As fine as soap can be

99 44/100% Pure 5¢ It Floats

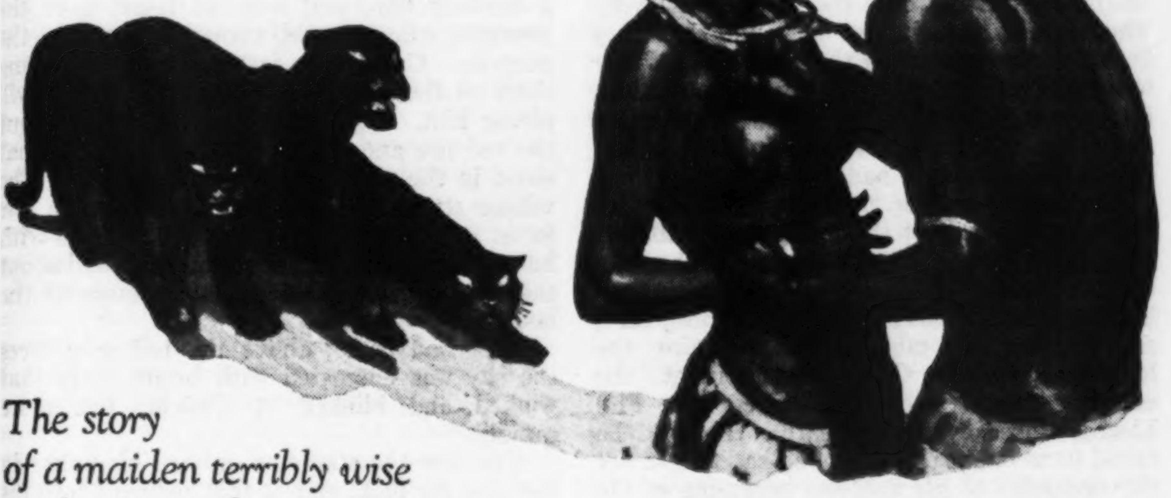
Copyright 1925 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Advertising section continued in rear of book

The Magic of Fear

by

Edgar Wallace



The story of a maiden terribly wise in the ways of ancient sorcery

Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt

THERE was once an Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs who had risen from the ranks of the lesser politicians by the force of his personality and the great charm and eloquence of his many public speeches.

This Nickerson Haben married a rich widow, who most providentially died at the crisis of his affairs, and when her friends were whispering of the divorce suit she was bringing. It was a very prosaic case of an appendicitis operation that did not go well. To the astonishment of the greatest of English surgeons, and at a period when she should have been out of danger, she suffered a collapse and died. Whereupon the sympathetic colleagues of Mr. Under-Secretary Haben found an excuse for sending him to the River Territories—that vast hinterland which was governed by Mr. Commissioner Sanders, one Captain of Houssas and a youthful lieutenant whose name was Tibbetts but who was invariably called "Bones."

The ministry felt that the change would be beneficial to the grief-stricken man, who seemed inconsolable even by the immense fortune which his wife had left to him—her new will, which left him nothing, being unsigned.

So he set forth for the Territories by the first available boat, and because this lank and pallid man had a "streak of commonness in him" (his dead wife had often said this to her most intimate friends), he did not warn the officials of the big river that he was honoring them with a visit. Mr. Haben was of the type who set traps for possibly dishonest servants, and suspected his chauffeur of being in league with the garage man to rob him. And he thought it likely that arriving unannounced, he might be in a position to discover certain irregularities which would be hidden away if his coming was widely advertised.

As it happened, his furtiveness produced no scandal, though, had Sanders of the River the gift of forevision, he might well have taken Agasaka, the Chimbiri woman, and hidden her deep in her native forest.

Agasaka was very closely linked with the life and fate of Mr. Nickerson Haben, though this he did not dream. Mr. Haben was dressed by the best tailor in Savile Row—Agasaka wore no clothes at all except for the kilt of dried grass which hung from her beautiful waist.

A tall maiden, very slim of body and very grave of eyes, no lover for any man, having a great love for something more imponderable than man; terribly wise too, in the ways of ghosts and devils; straight-backed, small-breasted, beloved of children, so strong in the arm and skilled in her strength that she could put a spear beyond the range of any young man's throw: this was Agasaka, the Chimbiri woman, daughter of N'kman'kimi, the dead village woodman.

She was elderly for a virgin, being seventeen; had been wooed by men in their every mood. Agasaka had kindness for all, but generosity for none.

She lived with her brother, M'suru, the hunting man, and his women hated her, for she never spoke a lie and was frank to her elderly brother on the matter of their numerous lovers. They would have beaten her, but that they knew the strength of her throwing arm. Where hands did not dare, tongues were more reckless, but none of their mud stuck. Few men were so poor in mind that they would admit others had succeeded where they had failed.

She had lived for many years with her father in the deep of the forest in the abiding place of M'shimba M'shamba, the fearfully boisterous devil who tears up trees with each hand, whilst his mouth drips molten fire; here, also, dwell other mighty ones. N'guro, the headless dog, and Chikalaka-m'bofunga, the eater of moons—indeed all except the Fire Lizard, whose eyes talk death. He is to be found in no one place. N'kema had taught her the mysteries of life and the beginning of life and the ground where life is sown. She knew men in their rawness and in their strength. N'kema taught her the way in which she might be more wonderful than any other woman; the magic handed down from mouth to mouth—the magic which was old when they laid the first deep stones of the Pyramids. . . .

MEN were afraid of her; even Oboro, the witch-doctor, avoided her.

For this was her strangest magic: that she had the power to bring before the eyes of men and women that which they desired least to see.

Once, a small chief stalked her by the river path where the grass is chin high, having certain plans with her. And at the right and lonely moment he slipped from cover, dropping his spears in the grass, and caught her by the arms so that, strong as she was, she could not break his hold.

"Agasaka," he said, "I have a hut in this forest that has never heard a woman's voice—"

He got so far and then, over her silken shoulder, he saw three black leopards walking shoulder to shoulder down the narrow path towards him. Their heads hung low, their golden eyes shone hungrily.

In an instant he released her and fled to his spears. When he turned again, leopards and woman were gone.

Aliki, the huntsman of her village, neither feared nor cared, for he was familiar with magics of all kinds and often walked in the woods communing with devils. One night he saw a vision in the fire, a great red lizard that blinked its heavy eyelids. Aliki looked round his family circle in a cold-blooded search for a victim. Calichi, the fire lizard, is the most benevolent of devils and will accept a deputy for the man or woman to whom, with its red and blinking eyes, it has given its terrible warning of death.

Aliki saw his three wives and his father and an uncle who had come many days' journey on a hunting trip, and none of these, save the youngest wife, was well enough favored for the purpose. Calichi is a fastidious devil; nothing short of the best and the most beautiful will please him. Beyond the group sitting about the red fire and eating from the big pot that stood in the embers, were other groups. The village street of Chimbiri-Isisi runs from the forest to the river, a broad avenue fringed with huts, and before each hut burnt a fire, and about each fire squatted the men and women of the house.

Dark had come; above the tall gum trees the sky was encrusted with bright stars that winked and blinked at Calichi, but more rapidly.

Aliki saw the stars and rubbed his palms in the dust for luck, and at that moment into his vision came the second wife of his neighbor, a tall woman of eighteen, a nymph carved in mahogany, straight and supple of back, naked to the waistline of her grass skirt. And Aliki knew that he had found a proper substitute and said her name under his breath as he caught the lizard's eyes. Thereupon the beast faded and died away, and Aliki knew that the fire-god approved his choice.

Later that night, when Loka, the wife of M'suru the huntsman, went down to the river to draw water for the first wife's needs, Aliki intercepted her.

"There is nobody so beautiful as you, Loka," he said, "for you have the legs of a lion and the throat of a young deer."

He enumerated other physical perfections and Loka laughed and listened. She had quarreled that day with the first wife of her husband, and her husband had beaten her. She was terribly receptive to flattery and ripe for adventure.

"Have you no wives, Aliki?" she asked, pleased. "Now, I will give you Agasaka, the sister of my husband, who is very beautiful and has never touched the shoulder of a man." This she said in spite, for she hated Agasaka, and it is a way of women to praise, to strangers, the qualities of the sisters they loathe.

"As to Agasaka . . . and wives. . . ." He made a gesture of contempt. "There is no such wife as you, not even in the hut of the old king beyond the mountains, which are the end of the world," said Aliki, and Loka laughed again.

"Now I know that you are mad, as M'suru says. Also that you see strange sights which are not there to see," she said in her deep, gurgling voice. "And not M'suru alone, but all men, say that you have the sickness *mongo*."

It was true that Aliki was sick and had shooting pains in his head. He saw other things than lizards.

"M'suru is an old man and a fool," he said. "I have a ju-ju who gives me eyes to see wonders. Come with me into the forest, Loka, and I will tell you magic and give you love such as an old man cannot give."

She put down her gourd, hiding it in a patch of elephant grass near the river's edge, and walked behind him into the forest. There, eventually, he killed her. And he lit a fire and saw the lizard, who seemed satisfied. Aliki washed himself in the river and went back to his hut and to sleep.

When he awoke in the morning he was sorry he had killed Loka, for of all the women in the world she had been most beautiful in his eyes. The village was half empty, for Loka's gourd had been found and trackers had gone into the woods searching for her. Her they found; but nobody had seen her walking to death. Some people thought she had been taken by Ochori fishermen, others favored a devil notorious for his amorous tricks. They brought the body back along the village street, and all the married women made skirts of green leaves and stamped the Death Dance, singing, the while, very strangely.

Aliki, squatting before his fire, watched the procession with incurious eyes. He was sorry he had killed the Thing that was carried shoulder high, and, dropping his gaze to the dull fire, was even more sorry, for the hot lizard was leering up at him, his bulging eyelids winking at a great rate.

So he had taken the wrong sacrifice.

His eyes rose . . . . rested on the slim figure of a woman, one hand gripping the door-post of her brother's hut. And there came to Aliki a tremendous conviction.

The lizard had vanished from the heart of the fire when he looked down.

No time was to be lost: he rose and went toward the virgin of Chimbiri.

"I see you, Agasaka," he said. "Now this is a terrible shame to come to your brother's house, for men say that this woman Loka had a lover who killed her."

She turned her big eyes slowly towards him. They were brown and filled with marvelous luminosity that seemed to quiver as she looked at him.

"Loka died because she was a fool," she said, "but he who killed her was a bigger. Her pain is past; his to come. Soon Sandi *malaka* will come, the brown butcher bird, and he will pick the eyes of the man who did this thing."

Aliki hated her, but he was clever to nod his agreement.

"I am wise, Agasaka," he said. "I see wonders which no man sees. Now before Sandi comes with his soldiers, I will show you a magic that will bring this wicked man to the door of your brother's hut when the moon is so and the river is so."

HER grave eyes were on his; the sound of the singing women was a drone of sound at the far end of the village. A dog barked wheezily in the dark of the hut and all faces were turned toward the river where the body was being laid in a canoe before it was ferried to the little middle island where the dead lie in their shallow graves.

"Let us go," she said, and walked behind him through an uneven field of maize, gained the shelter of the wood behind the village, and by awkward paths reached the outline of the forest, where there was no noise, for this place was too sad for the weaver birds and too near to the habitation of man for the little monkeys who have white beards. Still he walked on until they made a patch of yellow flowers growing in a clearing. Here the trees were very high, and ten men might have stood on one another's heads against the smooth boles, and the topmost alone could have touched the lowermost branch.

He stopped and turned. At that second came an uneasy stirring of the tree-tops, a cold wind and the rumbling of thunder.

"Let us sit down," he said. "First I will talk to you of the women who have loved me, and of how I would not walk before them because of my great thoughts for you. Then we will be lovers—"

"There is no magic in that, Aliki," she said, and he saw that she was against him and lifted his spear.

"You die; as Loka died, because of the word which the lizard of fire brought to me," he said, his voice very low, and his shoulder hunched back for the throw.

"I am Loka!" said the girl, and he looked and his jaw dropped. For she was truly Loka, the woman he had killed. Loka, with her sly eyes and long fingers. And she had Loka's way of putting a red flower behind her ear, and Loka's long, satiny legs.

"*O ko!*" he said in distress, and dropped his spear.

Agasaka bent in the middle and picked it up and in that moment became herself again. There was no flower and her fingers were shorter, and where the sly smile had been was the gravity of death.

"This is my magic," she said. "Now walk before me, Aliki, killer of Loka, for I am not made for love, but for strange power."

Without a word the bemused man walked

back the way he had come and Agasaka followed, and, following, felt the edge of the spear's broad blade. . . . Though she touched lightly there was a line of blood on her thumb where blade and skin had met. The wood was growing dark, the wind was alternately a shriek and a whimper of sound.

Near the pool at the edge of the forest, she swung the spear backward over her left shoulder as a cavalry soldier would swing his sword, and he half-turned at the sound of the whistle it made. . . .

The first wife of her brother was by the pool gathering manioc root from a place where it had been left to soak—the head of Aliki fell at her feet as the first flash of lightning lit the gloom of the world. . . .

The sun was four hours old when a river gunboat, a white and glittering thing, came round the bluff which is called The Fish, because of its shape. The black waters of the river were piled up around its bows, a glassy hillock of water, tinged red at its edges, for the *Zaire* was driving against a six-knot current. Every river from the Isisi to the Mokalibi was in spate, and there were sand shoals, where deeps had been, and deeps in the places where the crocodiles had slept open-mouthed the last time Mr. Commissioner Sanders had come that way.

He stood by the steersman, a slim and dapper figure in spotless white, his pith helmet at a rakish angle, for an elephant fly had bitten him on the forehead the night before, and the lump it had induced was painful to the touch. Between his regular white teeth was a long black cheroot. He had breakfasted and an orderly was clearing away the silver coffee pot and the fruit plates. Overhead the sky was a burning blue, but the glass was falling with alarming rapidity and he desired the safe harborage of a deep bank and the shelter of high trees which a little bay south of Chimbiri would give to him.

"Lo'ba, ko'lo ka! A fathom of water by the mercy of God!"

The sleepy-eyed boy sitting in the bow of the boat drew up his wet sounding-rod.

Sanders's hand shot out to the handle of the telegraph and pulled, and Yoka the engineer sent a clanging acknowledgement.

"Half a fathom."

Thump!

The boat slowed of itself, its wheel threshing astern, but the nose was in sand and a side-swinging current drove the stern round until it was broadside to the sand-reef. Then, as the wheel reversed, the *Zaire* began to move towards the right bank of the river, skirting the shoal until the nose found the deep water of the river again.

"Lord," said the steersman, virtuously annoyed, "this bank has come up from hell, for it has never been here since I was without clothing."

"Think only of the river, man," said Sanders, not inclined for gossip.

AND now above the tree tops ahead, Sanders saw the rolling smoke of clouds, yellow clouds that tumbled and tossed, and threw out tawny banners before the wind.

And the still surface of the river was ripped into little white shreds that leapt and scattered in spray. Sanders moved his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, took it out, looked at it regretfully and threw it over the side. His servant was behind him with an oilskin invitingly held; he struggled into the coat, passed his helmet back and took in exchange the sou'wester which he fastened under his chin. The heat was intolerable. The storm was driving a furnace blast of hot air to herald its fury. He was wet to the skin, his clothes sticking to him.

A ribbon of blinding light leapt across the sky, and split into a tracery of branches. The explosion of the thunder was deafening, it seemed as if a heavy weight was pressing down on his head; again the flash, and again and again. Now it showed bluely on either bank, vivid blue streaks of light that ran jaggedly from sky to earth. The yellow clouds had become black; the darkness of night was upon the world, a darkness intensified by the ghastly sideways light that came from a distant horizon where the clouds were broken.

"Port," said Sanders curtly. "Now starboard again—now port!"

They had reached the shelter of the bank as the first rain fell. Sanders sent a dozen men overboard with the fore and aft hawser and made fast to the big gums that grew down to the riverside.

In a second the deck was running with water and the Commissioner's white shoes had turned first to dove-gray and then to slate. He sent for Yoka the engineer, who was also his headman.

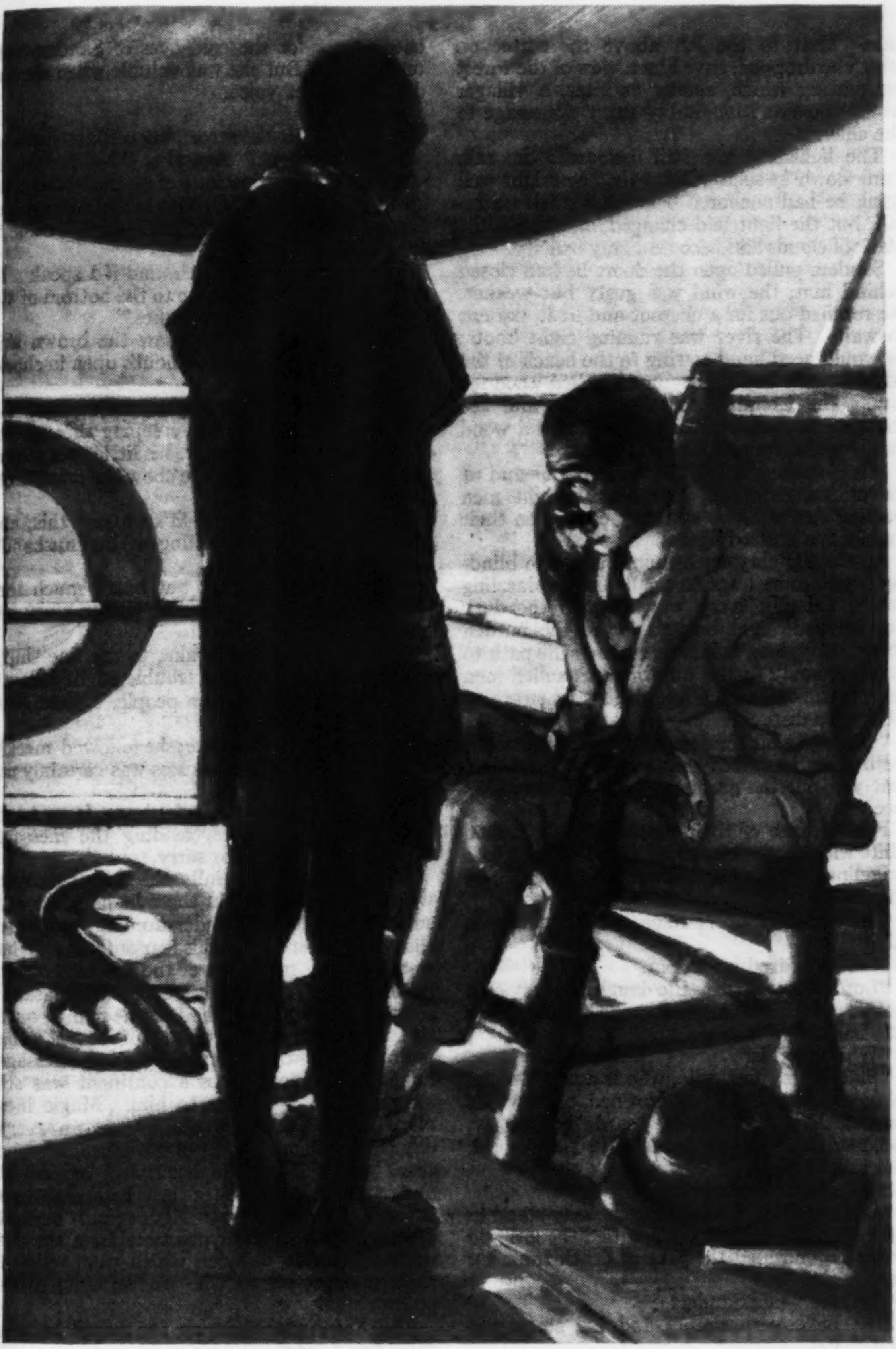
"Put out another hawser and keep a full head of steam." He spoke in coast Arabic, which is a language allowing of many nice distinctions.

"Lord, shall I sound the *oopa-oopa?*" he asked. "For I see that these thieving Akasava people are afraid to come out into the rain to welcome your lordship."

Sanders shook his head.

"They will come in their time—the village is a mile away and they would not hear your *oopa-oopa!*" he said, and went to his cabin to recover his breath. A ninety-knot wind had been blowing into his teeth for ten minutes, and ten minutes is a long time when you are trying to breathe.

The cabin had two long windows, one at each



Sanders dropped his hand to his Browning, when, almost at his feet, he saw the one thing in all the world that he loathed—an English puff adder, its head thrown back to strike.

side. That to the left above the settee on which he dropped, gave him a view of the forest path along which, sooner or later, a villager would come and inevitably carry a message to the chief.

The lightning was still incessant; the rain came down in such volume that he might well think he had anchored beneath a small waterfall; but the light had changed, and ahead the black of clouds had become a gray opacity.

Sanders pulled open the doors he had closed behind him; the wind was gusty but weaker. He reached out for a cheroot and lit it, patient to wait. The river was running eight knots; he would need hand-towing to the beach of the village. He hoped they had stacked wood for him. The Chimbiri folk were lazy, and the last time he had tied they showed him a wood stack—green logs and few of them.

His eyes sought the river-side path—and at the critical moment. For he saw eight men walking two and two and they carried on their shoulders a trussed figure.

An electric chrysanthemum burst into blinding bloom as he leapt to the bank—its dazzling petals, twisting every way through the dark clouds, made light enough to see the burden very clearly, long before he reached the path to stand squarely in the way of eight sullen men and the riff-raff which had defied the storm to follow at a distance.

"O men," said Sanders softly—he showed his teeth when he talked that way—"who are you that you put the ghost mark on this woman's face?"

For the face of their passenger was daubed white with clay. None spoke: he saw their toes wriggling, all save those of one man, and him he addressed.

"M'suru, son of N'kema, what woman is this?"

M'suru cleared his throat.

"Lord, this woman is the daughter of my own mother; she killed Aliki, also she killed first my wife Loka."

"Who saw this?"

"Master, my first wife, who is a true woman to me since her lover was drowned, she saw the head of Aliki fall. Also she heard Agasaka say, 'Go, man, where I sent Loka, as you know best, who saw me slay her.' "

Sanders was not impressed.

"Let loose this woman that she may stand in my eyes," he said, and they untied the girl and by his order wiped the joke of death from her face.

"Tell me," said Sanders.

She spoke very simply and her story was good. Yet . . .

"Bring me the woman who heard her say these evil things."

The wife was found in the tail of the procession and came forward important . . . frightened . . . for the cold eyes of Sanders were unnerving. But she was voluble when she had discovered her voice.

THE man in the streaming oilskins listened, his head bent. Agasaka, the slim woman, stood grave, unconscious of shame—the grass girdle had gone and she was as her mother had first seen her. Presently the first wife came to the end of her story.

"Sandi, this is the truth, and if I speak a lie may the long-ones take me to the bottom of the river and feed me to the snakes."

Sanders, watching her, saw the brown skin go dull and gray; saw the mouth open in shocking fear.

What he did not see was the "long one," the yellow crocodile that was creeping through the grass toward the perjurer, his little eyes gleaming, his wet mouth open to show the cruel white spikes of teeth.

Only the first wife of M'suru saw this, and fell screaming and writhing at her husband's feet, clasping his knees.

Sanders said nothing, but heard much that was in contradiction of the earlier story she had told.

"Come with me, Agasaka, to my fine ship," he said, for he knew that trouble might follow if the girl stayed with her people. Wars have started for less cause.

He took her to the *Zaire*; she followed meekly at his heels, though meekness was certainly not in her.

That night came a tired pigeon from headquarters, and Sanders, reading the message, was neither pleased nor sorry.

High officials, especially the arm-chair men, worried him a little, but those he had met were such charming and understanding gentlemen that he had lost some of his fear of them. What worried him more were the reports which reached him from reliable sources of Agasaka's strange powers. He had seen many queer things on the river; the wonder of the *lokali* that hollowed the tree trunk by which messages might be relayed across a continent was still something of a wonder to him. Magic inexplicable, sometimes revolting, was an everyday phenomenon. Some of it was crude hypnotism, but there were higher things beyond his understanding. Many of these had come down through the ages from Egypt and beyond; Abraham had brought practices from the desert lands about Babylon which were religious rites amongst people who had no written language.

The *Zaire* was steaming for home the next day when he sent for Abiboo, his orderly.

"Bring me this woman of Chimbiri," he said, and they brought her from the little store-cabin where she was both guest and prisoner.

"They tell me this and that about you,

Agasaka," he said, giving chapter and verse of his authority.

"Lord, it is true," said Agasaka when he had finished. "These things my father taught me, as his father taught him. For, Lord, he was the son of M'kufusu, the son of Bonfongu-m'lini, the son of N'sambi . . ."

She recited thirty generations before he stopped her—roughly four hundred years. Even Sanders was staggered, though he had once met an old man of the N'gombi who had lived in the days of Saladin.

"Show me your magic, woman," he said, and to his surprise she shook her head.

"Lord, this one magic only comes when I am afraid."

Sanders dropped his hand to his Browning and half drew it from its leather holster.

He was sitting under an awning spread over the bridge. The steersman was at the wheel, in the bow of the *kano* boy with his long sounding-rod. Purposely he did not look at the woman, fixing his eyes on the steersman's back.

His hand had scarcely closed on the brown grip when, almost at his feet, he saw the one thing in all the world that he loathed—an English puff adder, mottled and swollen, its head thrown back to strike.

Twice his pistol banged . . . the steersman skipped to cover with a yell and left the *Zaire* yawning in the strong current.

There was nothing . . . nothing but two little holes in the deck, so close together that they overlapped. Sanders sprang to the wheel and straightened the boat, and then, when the steersman had been called back and the sounding boy retrieved from the cover of the wood pile where he crouched and trembled Sanders returned to his chair, waving away Abiboo, who had arrived, rifle in hand, to the rescue of his master.

"Woman," said Sanders quietly, "you may go back to your little house."

And Agasaka went without the evidence of triumph a lesser woman might have felt. He had not looked at her . . . there was no mesmerism here.

He stooped down and examined the bullet holes, too troubled to feel foolish.

That afternoon he sent for her again and gave her chocolate to eat, talking of her father. She was sitting on the deck at his feet, and once, when he thought he had gained her confidence, he dropped his hand lightly on her head as he had dropped his hand on so many other young heads before.

The puff adder was there—within striking distance, his spade head thrown back, his coils rigid.

Sanders stared at the thing and did not move his hand, and then, through the shining body, he saw the deck planks, and the soft bitumen where plank joined plank, and then the viper vanished.

"You do not fear?" he asked gently.

"Lord . . . a little; but now I do not fear, for I know that you would not hurt women."

The *Zaire*, with its strange passenger, came alongside the residency wharf two hours before sundown on the third day. Captain Hamilton was waiting, a fuming, angry man, for he had been the unwilling host of one who lacked something in manners.

A FIGURE dressed in white stretched languidly in a deep chair, turned his head but did not trouble to rise. Still less was he inclined to exchange the cool of the broad veranda for the furnace of space open to a red-hot sun.

Sanders saw a white face that looked oddly dirty in contrast with the spotless purity of a duck jacket. Two deep, suspicious eyes, a long, untidy wisp of hair lying lankly on a high forehead—a pink, almost bloodless mouth.

"You're Sanders?"

Mr. Haben looked up at the trim figure.

"I am the Commissioner, sir," said Sanders.

"Why weren't you here to meet me—you knew that I was due?"

Sanders was more shocked than nettled by the tone. A coarse word in the mouth of a woman would have produced the same effect. Secretaries and under-secretaries of state were God-like people who employed a macrology of their own, wrapping their reproofs in the silver tissue of stilted diction which dulled the sting of their rebukes.

"Do you hear me, sir?" he asked, impatiently.

Hamilton, standing by, was near to kicking him off the step.

"I heard you. I was on a visit to the Chimbiri country. No notice of your arrival or your pending arrival was received."

Sanders spoke very carefully; he was staring down at the scowling Nickerson.

Mr. Haben had it on the tip of his tongue to give him the lie. There was, as the late Mrs. Haben had said, a streak of commonness in him; but there was a broader streak of discretion. The gun still hung at the Commissioner's hip; the grip was shiny with use.

"H'm!" said Mr. Under-Secretary Haben, and allowed himself to relax in his chair.

He was clever enough, Sanders found; knew the inside story of the territories; was keen for information. He thought the country was not well run. The system was wrong, the taxes fell short of the highest possible index. In all ways his attitude was antagonistic. Commissioners were lazy people, intent on having a good time and "their shooting." Sanders, who had never shot a wild beast in his life, save for the pot or to rid himself of a pressing danger, said nothing.

[*Continued on page 166*]

An ex-Gob Named Tibbett

writes his own story of how he became a grand opera star. Movie theaters, church choirs, small stock companies, light opera troupes and the United States Navy were his training schools

by Lawrence Tibbett

EDITORIAL NOTE: A scene of wild-eyed enthusiasm occurred last January at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It was something that happens once in a generation. The second act of a revival of Verdi's *Falstaff* brought the audience to its feet wildly cheering for an ex-"gob" of the United States Navy named Tibbett. In one gorgeous burst of song he had given a place in musical history to the comparatively unimportant baritone rôle of "Ford." For fifteen minutes the famous house, from glittering diamond horseshoe of boxes to packed galleries, shouted itself hoarse at the sensational success of a native singer.

Each subsequent appearance was a triumph. After the season he sang in music festivals at Springfield, Massachusetts, Ann Arbor, Michigan, Evanston, Illinois, and the Maine Festival. With the Metropolitan, in addition to "Ford" and "Valentine," Tibbett has sung in *Pagliacci*, *Lohengrin* and *Die Meistersinger*. This season he is also singing in *Pelleas and Melisande*, *Contes d'Hoffmann*, *L'Heure Espagnole*, *La Traviata* and *La Vide Brève*. Here is Lawrence Tibbett's own story of the ups and downs of fortune that preceded his first big opportunity.

THE first clear recollection of the stage I have is when, a brightly freckled "star," aged five, I toddled out on it. One year prior to that they had taken me to what is vaguely termed an "entertainment." The single impression it left concerned a male quartet that came out and sang, "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight." The scenic accompaniment was a big clock, and a ghastly bluish light. The clock and light impressed me most favorably—the quartet not so much. Possibly my judgment was correct.

My own début, being a more strictly personal affair, left vivid recollections. The sum total of them proved it easier to look at the stage in a bluish light than to look at the audience in the conventional one. Stage-fright, even by name, had up to then been a stranger to me. But when the words of a Sunday School hymn which I could prattle backwards fled from mind, my sensations were bad enough to need no name at all. Only the fact that my legs were paralyzed kept me there at all.

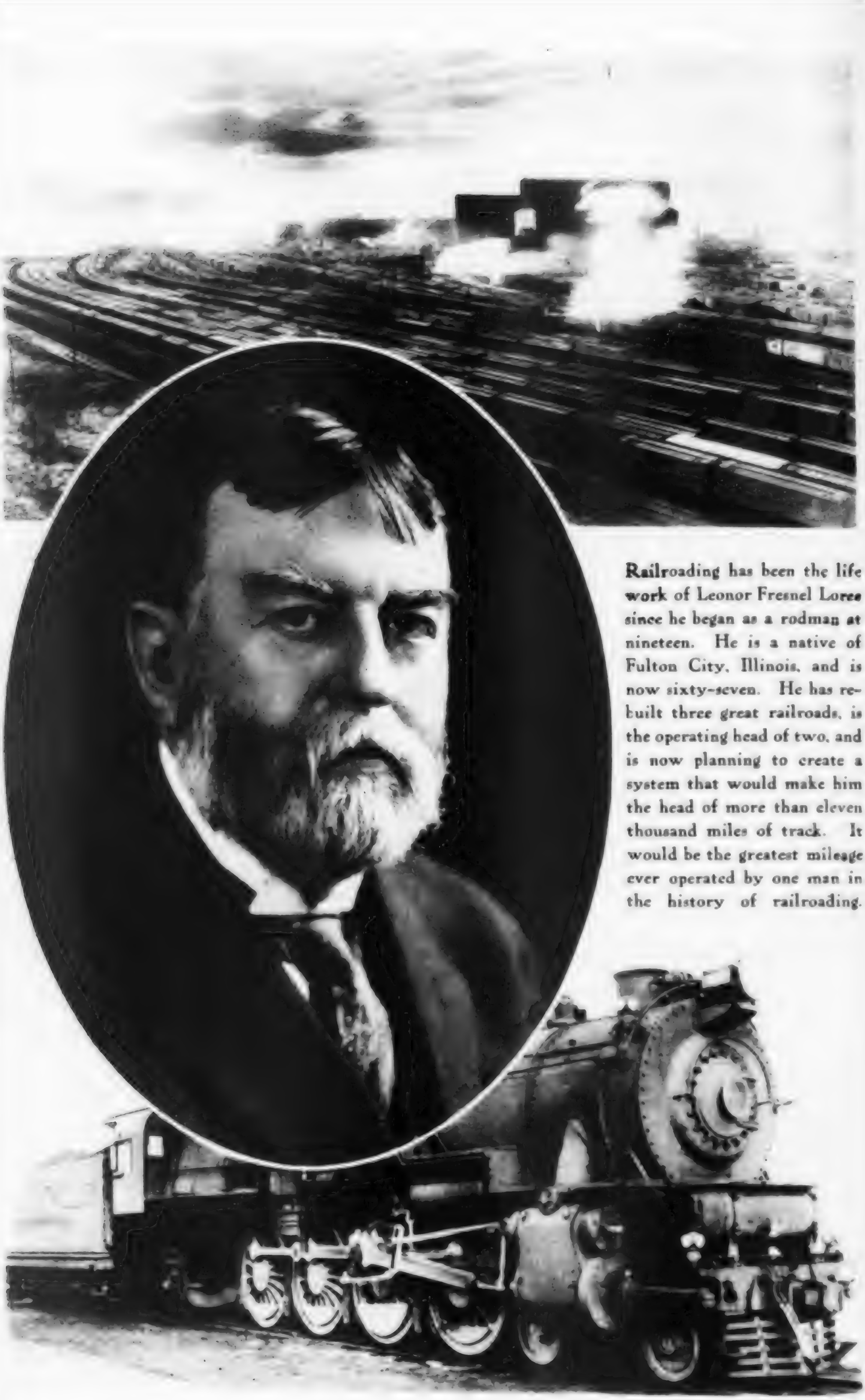
My mother sat in the front row, possibly expecting mental complications. "Sing something else," she cautioned. I did, piping up "The Star Spangled Banner." No temporary paralysis of mind and legs could separate me from that. In the following generous applause I concluded to keep the National Anthem as my permanent repertory.

One year later a tragedy shattered our home. My father was sheriff of Kern County, California. For some months bandits had been committing depredations. The climax came when they robbed a stage coach and murdered two passengers. My father organized a posse and pursued them. At last the band was rounded up in a Chinese Joss House, where they had sought refuge behind its massive door. Either through choice or fear the keeper refused to open it. The posse battered in its heavy panels. Refusing to let any one of his men take the risk, my father went in first alone. He was shot dead.

Those about me doubtless thought that I was too little to understand, and in frenzied excitement blurted out the details of his killing. Death may not mean much to a six year old youngster. But I did understand that my father must have done something big and fine,

[*Continued on page 176*]

Lawrence Tibbett, baritone, is a native of Bakersfield, California, and received all his musical training in America. He is twenty-seven years old. When he made his début at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York as Valentine, in Gounod's *Faust* he had only three days to learn the rôle. Besides memorizing the music he had to sing it in French, a language with which he was unfamiliar. The rôle of Ford (above), in Verdi's *Falstaff*, was his sensational Metropolitan triumph. As a high school boy, Tibbetts "suffered from a combined attack of girl and acting." The acting led to stock company engagements that provided invaluable training for his present success. The girl who shared his youthful romance is now Mrs. Tibbett, who is pictured here with her husband and their twin sons, Richard and Lawrence Jr.



Railroading has been the life work of Leonor Fresnel Loree since he began as a rodman at nineteen. He is a native of Fulton City, Illinois, and is now sixty-seven. He has rebuilt three great railroads, is the operating head of two, and is now planning to create a system that would make him the head of more than eleven thousand miles of track. It would be the greatest mileage ever operated by one man in the history of railroading.

The Making *of* *a* Master Railroad Man

L. F. Loree, president of the D. & H. and director of fifty other roads, is credited with a deeper insight, a longer view and more courage than any other railroad leader today. Up to the time he was forty-two he was always a subordinate

by Herbert Corey

THE story is told with cynical amusement. Its truth has never been challenged and so it may not be true. Perhaps it is the invention of a pavement wit and has been accepted because it etches the character of Leonor Fresnel Loree as Wall Street sees him. Five railroad men were in conference. Four were united against the fifth. When the conference ended a friend asked Loree what decision had been reached:

"I," said Loree, "was in a majority of one."

That's Loree. A grim, hard, commanding personality. He evokes a fanatic loyalty. He has the name of being intolerant of the opinions of others and ruthless in action. Yet he will not have a man around him who will not form an independent opinion and then fight for it.

He drives himself and others with a ferocious energy. The railroad unions curse him by bell, book and candle. He has had more than one battle with his own men. Yet he has been able to rebuild three great railroads because he aroused a singular devotion not only to Loree but to the job. That part of the public which is engaged in railroading will—mostly—concede one thing.

He is the greatest railroad man in the world today.

Railroading is done in a big way only in America. Concede that conditions rather than the national genius are responsible. Even so the great railroaders have all been Americans. Other men may be Loree's equals as administrators and executives. No other man—in the majority opinion of railroad men—can compare with him in railroad genius.

"FEW men," says Mr. Loree, "are fit for high places in business before they are forty years old. From twenty to twenty-two years are needed by any man to get acquainted with the intricacies of a highly complex modern business." The story of Mr. Loree's life is a story of eventful years of intensive preparation all pointing toward his present fame as a railroad genius.

He is a director of fifty-odd railroads. No one knows just how many. Bankers say today he is the best informed railroad man in the world. He is the actual operating head of two roads which are of A 1 quality if of only second-class quantity. At this moment when the railroad situation is, so to speak, fluid—when no one knows whether we are to have more regulation or less interference—Loree is the spokesman for that large but rather flabby element which believes in the right of the individual to control his property.

It depends on where you sit whether he is swashbuckler or chevalier—patriarch or hell-raiser. He is credited with a deeper insight, a longer view and more indomitable courage than any other railroad leader today. Those who do not like him, say that he is a Bourbon. They forget that if the Bourbons never forgot anything, likewise they never learned anything. Loree is forever learning. He is a living library of railroad facts. Back as far as 1887, for instance, he wrote a pamphlet on six different cubic hyperbola easements and their application to various kinds of curves, which became standard for the Pennsylvania Railroad. In plain English, he applied a carefully acquired knowledge of conic sections to cut down the lurch of trains rounding a curve.

"No man," he says, "can hope to win success unless he will spend from four to six hours a day in self-improvement."

Sixty-seven years old and he is planning to create what he has said will be "the premier railroad system of the United States." He may not succeed. Three of the four which are the

Eastern premier systems wish him ill with violence. The fourth cannot agree with him. The Interstate Commerce Commission became one vast distress when he made his plan known. If he does what he has set out to do there will be an inevitable dislocation in the railroad world. That skeleton of great lines which now cross-bars the map would be disarticulated and a new skeleton laid down. Wall Street is skeptical. But Wall Street knows Loree. Wall Street knows that:

Loree never dodged a fight. He has often gone forward yearningly, patiently, skilfully looking for one. His reading of the Scriptural mandate is that he who is slapped on one cheek shall immediately slap back on both. He is not a belligerent—still less a quarrelsome man—but he dares maintain his rights. A principle worth having is worth fighting for. He has probably done more than any living railroad man to advance railroad transportation to a science and he has had to battle for each inch.

For savage energy Loree has often been compared to one of his favorite articulated compound locomotives with a draw-bar pull over twice the usual thirty thousand pounds. He might also be compared to one of those Western rotary snow ploughs of which with a grim smile he tells one yarn. A herd of cattle had been frozen to death under fifteen feet of snow. "The rotary went right through the cut, shedding beefsteaks all over the country."

"When Loree thinks he is right," E. H. Harriman once said, "the whole world cannot make him believe that he is wrong." There may be a chance to test this dictum right out within the next six months, as we shall see.

A Man of Definite Convictions

Loree is a big man, square, thick, solid, with powerful, heavy hands and cold imperious gray eyes. He abominates chatterers. His speech is sharp, incisive, definite. A man who has been close to him for years said that Loree has never been compelled to take back anything, because:

"He never hesitates or gropes for a solution. When he is fully informed he acts instantaneously, but he will grope his way with infinite patience until he is in possession of every fact."

Mr. Loree has formulated what may be called his theory of action.

"Many people," he wrote in his book, *Railroad Freight Transportation*, which is already the railroad man's encyclopedia and field service regulations, "fail to reach wise decisions because they are unable to see a given thing in relation to all the factors that affect it. No problem is isolated. Only by seeing things in relation can you arrive at the truth."

Loree was born in Fulton City, Illinois, on April 23, 1858. The elder Loree was a millwright, in fairly comfortable circumstances. For some years he was engaged in building sawmills along the Mississippi River. It was long enough for the bigness of the West to get into the boy's blood. Then the Loree family moved to Rahway, New Jersey, and some years later the boy became a student at Rutgers College.

He was graduated at nineteen with honors in science and mathematics. Opportunities were numerous in business and the professions in those days. But he preferred to go as rodman with a Pennsylvania Railroad surveying outfit working around New York. Helpful friends would have saved him from the disgrace of shirtsleeves, but he would not be saved. When he was twenty-one he was a transit man, tired by long days in the field but studying at night. He lost his thirty-five dollar a month job when the periodical reduction in forces hit the road.

He found a place with the Unites States Army engineering corps, still as a civilian transit man. For two years he drilled up and down the Atlantic Coast, getting acquainted with tides and undercuts and currents and ripraps. One quite fails to understand how he managed to do it, but he gained admission to the Bar at this time.

He was twenty-three years old in 1881 when the Mexican National Railroad was projected and he found a job as head of a construction gang. The railroad did not go beyond San Antonio, Texas, then. He remembers it as a tough little frontier town, with 'dobe saloons on either side of a single wide sandy street. A fine, lively, vivid life. Gambling was wide open. Perhaps a serious minded young man from New Jersey might have wanted to stay around for awhile to see the picture, but time pressed. As soon as ridable horses could be bought the party started south for Laredo, shuffling through the sand under the hot sun for three hundred miles.

"Engineers nowadays live an easy life," said Mr. Loree.

They lived hard then. Food of a civilized sort was hard to come by. For the most part they lived on beef and beans, pancakes and coffee. Sand fleas pestered them, black flies stung them, all the manifold abominations of the jungle and the desert reported in. The rule of the surveying party was to rise at four o'clock in the morning, eat breakfast at five, work all day, quit at six, get to camp and dinner at seven and then—

"Prop our drawing-boards under candles and lie on our stomachs to put the day's work on paper."

Rest seems not to have entered into the calculation at all. Yet in two years before the projected railroad had the first of its bankruptcies he not only learned Spanish, but learned it so well that he is still fluent. By now he was twenty-five years old and his feet were fairly set in the path he was to follow. Returning to the United States, he became assistant engineer

One of Loree's articles of faith is the advantage of hauling loads over a level road. When he became general manager of the Pennsylvania he began to reconstruct the grades of the whole system. His superiors repressed the brash young man who talked in millions, whereupon he staged the spectacular object lesson talked about among railroaders to this day. The executive officers of the road were in Cleveland on an annual tour of inspection. Loree lined up the largest and newest engine with the smallest and oldest. Between them a sign read: "The little engine can haul from Pittsburgh to Wellsville a heavier load than the big engine can haul from Wellsville to Cleveland." Loree's associates were aghast at the daring of the stunt, but later on his plan was adopted.

of the Vincennes division of the Pennsylvania lines. No doubt he was a good assistant engineer. He seems to think, however, that he was no more than a good assistant engineer until something happened. James McCrea, then general manager of the road, sat in a signal tower one day. There you have the picture: The G. M. and the switchman at the levers and the wide windows overseeing the tracks. As the young assistant engineer came in a light engine clattered past.

"What signals did that engine carry and where were they placed?" asked McCrea.

"I thought I was in the clear," said Loree. "I was only an assistant engineer. It was none of my business about the signals, and I was quite at ease. So I answered:

" 'I do not know, sir.' "

" 'Get a book of rules and study it,' said McCrea. 'You should know.' "

Then Loree really began his studies. He studied realities in these early days of his schooling under McCrea. He talked with the old men of the road, with the superannuates who pottered about the roundhouses and with the men in the signal towers and with the engineers. He has not—has never had—any of what is called "small talk." Yet he could talk to these men and they to him. He saw railroading from the trackman's angle.

It was then that he was grounded in his passionate, almost bitter, partisanship of the railroad worker. He believes that the man in blue overalls who swings past your Pullman window carrying a lantern is one of the really valuable men of this republic. He does not defend that man so much as he attacks those who do not see that man as he sees him. The finest thing in this world is to do a good job well. He has that love for his work which we are taught distinguished the old-time craftsman. Maybe it did. But he does not personify Labor and genuflect before a magazine cover picture of a man wearing a square cap and carrying a dinner bucket. His attitude toward labor may be summed up in his own words:

"The management of a railroad should manage and the men should man."

The really great railroaders all began somewhere near a dinner bucket. On the Vincennes division he learned what the men in blue overalls thought. The engineers told of their long fights up stiff grades. The firemen leaned out of the left-hand windows of the cabs and blasphemed about Hill No. 12.

"No railroad with a grade of less than five-tenths of one per cent. has ever gone into the hands of a receiver."

That was an article of faith among the blue overalls. Loree mapped out a plan for cutting the grades on his division and supported it with proof. He made his superiors see what could be done in load hauling on a level road. Grades were cut and the Vincennes division began to do more business and make more money. He became division engineer.

If Loree were ever to mount a coat of arms he should find a place on it for the crooked

Miami. That lovely little river has always been a bad actor. In 1885, when he was twenty-seven years old, a snowstorm blocked Chicago traffic for three consecutive Sundays. Then a storm on the Miami at Wolf Creek put the road out of commission for a week. Loree invented new apparatus for bucking drifts, worked twenty-four hours a day, and between times fought spring freshets. His men over-worked as savagely as he.

It earned him official commendation and a promotion to the post of engineer of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh division. Then came the Johnstown flood, in which miles of tracks were wiped out. All his life Loree had been foreseeing things, planning ahead, outlining action to meet disaster. He had his men and materials under way before the water had stopped pouring through the break. The President of the road headed the band of executive officers who rushed West to speed the work. One section stood out like the Washington Monument.

"Who bossed this job?"

"Loree."

The Way He Gets Results

That made him superintendent of the entire division. Later he said of this job, "The division superintendent is expected to know everything and is not supposed to need any sleep." But he added, "He is more nearly master of the situation and of his fate than in any other office in the service." The job presented Loree with a new set of problems. The steel age was clanging through the land. Towns were growing over night, being ripped apart, growing again. The vast ore beds were being uncovered, more coal and coke must be carried, greater speed and larger loads were imperative. Loree pioneered in the reconstruction of American roads to meet the new conditions. He double tracked his lines with heavier rails and invented the lap siding now in use everywhere, by which long trains may be juggled past each other without loss of time on one-track roads.

"I must have heavier engines," he told the designers. "With more power and more speed. And larger cars, with drop bottoms so the coal and ore may be shot into the holds of vessels. Stronger bridges, larger tunnels."

He got them. The semaphore he had could not be relied on and so he invented one that could be. Then he gave his invention away and the other man made a fortune. The loading gangs were not working fast enough at the terminals and he planned a piece-work system by which the company saved money and the men made more. He saved the road eighteen per cent. of the cost of coal by paying premiums and then played fair with the men. Sometimes it happens that as the men cut costs the premiums are reduced.

Railroad men watch each other more closely than the men of any other profession. The man who handles his job faster, better, at less cost, is known to hundreds who never saw him. The general manager of a rival road said at this time that Loree knew more about the economics of railroading than any other man in the business. A man was needed to jack the Erie road out of its almost permanent hole. He was offered the post of general manager.

"Wait awhile," said McCrea.

He became general manager of the Pennsylvania road, the jump being made over the heads of many a man of senior rank. Then he began to reconstruct the grades of the whole system. But his superiors repressed the brash young man who talked in millions. Whereupon he staged that spectacular object lesson that is talked about among railroaders to this day. McCrea, now president, and the executive officers—the mandarins of the road—were coming West on the annual tour of inspection. At Cleveland the largest and newest engine was lined up with the smallest and oldest engine. Between them a sign read:

"The little engine can bring from Pittsburgh to Wellsville a larger train than the big engine can haul from Wellsville to Cleveland."

His staff officers cried for Loree's head on a platter, but McCrea laughed. Later on Loree's dream was realized. It was at this time that he worked out the plan for railroad accounting which is now in use on all the American railroads by the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It measures all responsibilities and costs. It is a test of efficiency and a trap for wastes.

In those days, when there was so much to do and never enough time to do it in, abuses had grown up almost unnoticed. Hobo armies rode at will on trains, sacked cars, captured country stations and defied crews. Loree sent Josiah Flynt, the tramp student, to ride the rods for a year. On his report Loree organized the first railroad police force ever heard of. He demonstrated from the floor, without notes, reference, or previous study, that the leaders of the American Railway Association were wrong in a position they had assumed. So they elected him president with a whoop, and would have re-elected him for the second time. But he was too busy.

He was forty-two years old when he got his chance to make good to his own gun. Up to this time he had been a subordinate. A great subordinate, but still a subordinate. He commented the other day on the impatience of the modern professional man:

"Few men are fit for high places in business before they are forty years old. From twenty to twenty-two years are needed by any man to get acquainted with the intricacies of a highly complex modern business."

In 1900 the Pennsylvania Railroad secured control of the B. & O. Railroad. It had been forced to do so, because the B. & O. was running toward bankruptcy, which would be unpleasant for its neighbors, and was running blind, which was worse. It is the oldest American railroad and then it was one of the sickest. Its men were known by their sour aspect.

Loree not only rehabilitated the decrepit old road in record time, but he did it in defiance of natural law as it is understood. He whirled the lazy men and the liars out of the service. A human pinwheel blazed above the B. &. O. offices. Then he promoted the men who made good and gave them better pay. No one save the Recording Angel had cared for years whether one of these men did good work or bad. He got the men up on their toes and they began to fight for their own records. He decreased the force by thirty per cent. and increased the pay of those who were left by twenty per cent.

WHAT a man is trying to make of himself is likely to be indicated by the sort of characters he most admires. Loree dedicated his monumental book on transportation, which embodies much of his life's work, to the memory of two railroad giants—A. J. Cassatt and E. H. Harriman. In addition to genius these men possessed, says he, "constructive ability, the faculty of analysis, that power of holding the attention steadily to one purpose, self dependence and the contempt for all opinion that is opinion and no more." Above all they had "that energy and industry without which Poe insists the works of genius cannot be brought forth. They had, too, the leaven of noble enthusiasm, which acted as a ferment, stimulating to their utmost effort all who enjoyed their confidence." As the shadow of L. F. Loree begins to lengthen across the railroad map of America it is worth remembering that these are the qualities for which he too would undoubtedly like to be remembered when his page in railroad history has been written.

He gave his men good tools, from picks to pens. In those days it usually took an hour to change engines at a junction point. It sometimes took nine hours. The Fort Wayne yardmaster worked out a scheme by which engines were changed in a minute and a half. The crews worked with the snap and precision of acrobats. Loree made a special trip to Fort Wayne to see it done. He has never forgotten that yardmaster.

He had learned on the Pennsylavania to keep in touch with his men and he kept in touch on the B. & O. On one occasion he was compelled to reprimand an elderly man. He was beardless and the culprit carried a set of long whiskers. In order to shorten the gap between himself and such men he grew a beard. "I was embarrassed," he said. "It did not seem right that a man who was apparently so young should scold his elder." Another incident of his early railroading shows his attitude toward his men.

"A road foreman had attracted my attention," he said, "by the excellence of his section. Yet his reports were not what they should be."

He spoke to the man and the foreman asked him to take dinner that night in his shanty alongside the tracks. There Loree met the foreman's wife, who made up his reports for him, because he could not read, but who was stumped by the fractions. He put in the evening drilling her in the use of these unpleasant particles.

In three years he had made over the B. & O. Then the sturdy old Rock Island fell into adversity and a committee of creditor bankers asked him to become its head. He did not want the position, for he had worked long hours for a good many years and needed a rest, but the job of re-making a road finally enlisted his interest. He signed a contract for five years at the largest salary ever paid a railroad man. But that conflict between railroading and banking which has so often appeared in American history developed and after nine months he stepped out. He mapped out the plans for its rehabilitation, which were later followed, and went to Europe for two years. This was his first rest.

In 1906 the Kansas City Southern was in need of help. The story of this road is one of the romances of railroading. It was planned by Albert Stilwell, who was called a visionary because he saw too far too soon. John W. Gates had been compelled to withdraw as its banker by the illness which later was to prove fatal. A committee of creditors asked Loree to take charge and he refused. His health had not recovered from the strain of long years of almost continual labor; he was tired, he was independent, and he foresaw a period of distasteful penny pinching. The K. C. S. was then the "two streaks of rust" of which one reads in the history of American railroading. The engines lost steam, the cars were decrepit, the men were disheartened, the stations were shacks, the farmers along the right of way were poor.

"That is all true," said the bankers. "We can give you almost no money and you will be abused and derided. We ask you to perform a miracle. If you succeed you will create an empire."

He spent months looking over the ground.

Then he took charge, redeemed the road from bankruptcy and made it the banner road of the Southwest. The tale of its rebuilding is an epic. In 1907 the Delaware & Hudson, the sturdiest of the anthracite carriers, was hard hit by the panic of that year. E. H. Harriman had learned to rely on Loree. Harriman was a banker and not an operator, and was forever being asked to solve problems that were beyond him. Julius Kruttschnitt, his right-hand man, spent most of his time on the Harriman lines in the West.

"I do not know what to do," Harriman used to say to Loree. "Tell me." They became warm personal friends. It is possible that Harriman was the nearest friend Loree ever had.

At Harriman's instance he took over the Delaware & Hudson and in an incredibly short time put it on its feet. One of Harriman's plans had always been the construction of a link of two hundred and eighty-three miles between Easton and Allegheny which would shorten the route to New York from the West. In 1905 he had this line surveyed and chartered and Harriman's heirs have kept the project alive ever since. Wall Street believes that Harriman's heirs are Loree's backers in his plan to make a Fifth Great System. The driving years Loree has put in as active head of the Delaware & Hudson and the Kansas City Southern, solving their problems of finance and operation, have steadily made him a bigger factor to reckon with in any such project.

His Attitude Toward Labor

In 1922 the non-railroad world became aware of Loree through his opposition to the unions in the shopmen's strike. "That seniority rights be restored to the men who walked out," said he, "is unthinkable." Those rights have never been restored on the Delaware & Hudson. The men who walked out stayed out.

It is the manner in which unions are managed that arouses him. "Organized labor might better be called 'labor professionally organized.' The great mass of labor is exploited for the benefit of the rulers. For the most part their avowed policies are economic heresies."

Nevertheless, he has done more for his men, I believe, than any other railroad president. He has always been able to put himself in the other fellow's place and so he sees that there are "five major hazards of life: disease, accident, death, loss of employment and old-age dependency" He has installed on the D. & H. an insurance system against four of these five hazards on which the company pays a great share of the premiums. The laws forbid an insurance company issuing a policy against unemployment and so the railroad carries that risk itself. A comprehensive pension system is maintained.

"You will make your men too independent," another executive complained.

"I want them to be independent," was his reply. "I don't want lickspittles and sycophants around me. I don't want undisciplined men or chronic kickers in my employ, but I want my men to feel themselves as good as the next. Worry and fear cause most inefficiencies."

If he has one fixed rule of conduct it is:

"Don't dawdle."

Andrew Carnegie, he says, was able to bathe and dress in five minutes. Perhaps not every man can do as well, but it is a mark to shoot at. Be brisk, make your moments work. When you go to bed go there to sleep. Do not read or think or worry. During the day do first the thing you want to do least. Train yourself to think clearly.

"I just naturally hate a cross-eyed mind."

So much for Loree the man and his career. Now let us see what makes Loree the railroader so tremendously important right now. Some months ago four presidents of great Eastern systems worked out a plan of railroad consolidation to be presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission. They were Daniel Willard of the B. & O., Samuel Rea of the Pennsylvania, Patrick Crowley of the New York Central and J. J. Bernet of the Nickel Plate plus the Van Sweringen interests.

If Loree obtains the permission of the Interstate Commerce Commission he will establish a fifth system, of which the Delaware & Hudson will be the centerpiece. To it will be added two other hard coal roads, four soft coal roads, a second rate trunk line and the 283 miles of track Harriman wanted to lay between Easton and Allegheny, Pennsylvania. That would head Loree toward the shortest route between New York and Chicago and what amounts to a monopoly of the anthracite haul. With a Western terminus at Kansas City, it would be met by the Kansas City Southern, of which Mr. Loree is chairman of the Board. An operating control in other roads of the Southwest hints at the possibility of trunk lines from San Antonio and Galveston to New York and Montreal.

If the Fifth Great System becomes an actuality Loree would be the head of more than eleven thousand miles of track, the greatest mileage ever operated by one man in the history of railroading. One fact stands out like a statehouse. L. F. Loree is not to be ignored. It is not always safe, in one of his own biting phrases, "to undertake the sale of a live bear's skin."

We may be entering upon a new epoch in which the right of government regulation is accepted but the assertion of the government's authority to interfere unduly is denied. If that be the case then Loree is assuredly the leader of the men of the new order. A man who is close to him says, "He does not believe that theorists can find in books more about railroad management than can be found in practice."

The story of a kid who grew up all of a sudden

Age

by Harold Titus

Illustrated by Ronald Anderson

IN THE beginning he was only a kid; just that—casual, indefinite: a kid.

That is what Coburn, Number One at the station, told the others when his laughter roused them from their naps that Sunday afternoon in the squadroom.

"What's the joke?" Connell asked, turning on his blankets, as Coburn, thumbing tobacco into his pipe gazed out across blue Lake Superior, dotted with the last ice flows of May, and let laughter rumble again in his deep chest.

"Nothin'. . . . A kid." He stuck the extinguished match stump in his shirt pocket. "Crazy kid from Indiany. Come bustin' into th' boatroom with questions enough to make him stoop shouldered carryin' 'em around. More damn-fool questions 'n I've heard from visitors 'n three enlistments, 'nd he asks: 'Aint the' a lot of romance 'nd adventure in your life?' "

He drew a wrist across his grinning mouth.

Svenson only blinked in his unresponsive Danish way but Connell smiled as he yawned.

"Wants a hitch?"

"Oh-huh; sure. Sixteen. Seemed real disappointed when I told him they wouldn't take him until he's eighteen 'nd then only with his folkses consent.

" 'Gee, that's two years yet,' he says. Two years! he says." Coburn chuckled once more. "Said it like two years' wait was more'n he could stand, an' he'd never been round a Coast Guard station in his life till today."

Connell stretched.

"Well, he can have my berth, come December. What was it he wanted? Romance an' adventure?"

"Yeah: romance 'nd adventure . . . bad."

"Hell of a lot of it here!" Connell would be through with the service that fall after three years; for almost three years he had planned to ship on an ore carrier. "Hell of a lot of it here. . . . Je's, wish it'd warm up. That wind eats you alive on patrol."

So came the first inkling that a new interest had arrived to disturb and amuse the life savers.

It was disturbed because it was nothing less to have a kid come into the squadroom as though he were entering, say, the private office of the bank's cashier uptown. It was disturbing to men of that kidney to be treated with profound respect and something that was almost adoration. It was upsetting to a man like Svenson when on liberty to have a kid fall in beside him and hang and hang for hours and insist on talking about the service and ejaculate "Gee!" or "Jing!" to everything Svenson said and to gaze at him in fixed, awed admiration. And it was downright embarrassing to have a kid find you painting or scrubbing or doing any of the other rough work about the station and get as excited about it as though you were performing a feat that would be dead certain to bring you a life-saving medal!

But after that self-consciousness which came with the realization that a kid was fairly worshipping them passed, the surfmen found amusement in this kid because he was so overwhelmed by the attractions he found about the station that he was a fair mark for joking.

This phase began in the squadroom one night when the four who were neither on watch, patrol or liberty sat killing time before turning in. Their regular nightly caller came almost timidly up the stairs and knocked and waited; knocked again and only opened the door when Coburn called a gruff "Come in." Then he entered, guileless blue eyes wide, and took off his cap and swallowed as he always did just before he said anything that he considered important.

"Jing, there's a storm out tonight!" he said. "Gee, I'll bet those waves 'uld smash any old boat tonight!"

Coburn closed his magazine and winked at Connell.

"Likely they would, too. Mind, Sam, jus' such a night as this when th' *Santa Claus* went belly up 'nd we had to swim four miles for every passenger?"

"Yeah-bo! Dead ringer for it."

They were off! The visitor sank to the edge of a chair in rapt attention and for two hours he perched there, scarcely moving except to turn his gullible eyes from man to man as in turn they sought to out-lie one another.

That game continued for many nights, but when the boy failed to suspect even their most extravagant fictions the edge of interest was dulled and they turned to practical joking wherein minor physical disasters to the butt of the pranks always marked the dénouement.

However, between these jokes serious things were said, information was dropped and when he got one of the crew alone the kid's questions would be answered and he was all eyes and ears and memory.

BEFORE so very long he had ceased to be merely a kid; he had become The Kid, a character of individuality and distinction, of a sort; he had become The Kid for the town, as well. He was a stranger in a small community which distinguished him; he was completely absorbed in one subject and talked it continually; furthermore, he had endowed that subject, which was a commonplace for the town, with a color and importance which was quite beyond the understanding of any who listened to him . . . and of the male population only the deaf and some of the bed-ridden escaped listening.

This sobriquet, The Kid, carried no hint of affection as it has so many times; neither was it given as a badge of shrewdness or cleverness as it has been given to many a small-town character. It was a distinction bestowed in mockery and was designed to impress on the lad his own nonsensical immaturity.

The Kid was bright enough in most things. McNabb, bookkeeper in the mill office where he worked attested to that.

"Smart enough," he assured old Martin, keeper of the Coast Guard station, "but he ain't got interest in anything but your work, Cap'n. Cameron, the filer, is his uncle; that's how he come by this job, but I wish somebody'd take him off my hands. Ain't you got a place for him, Martin?"

The keeper smiled slightly and said that his outfit needed no kids.

"But he knows more about your job than he does anything else!" sighed McNabb. "By Lord, Martin, he can tell you everything about your equipment and how to use it! And he talks your lingo all th' time. The other forenoon I had him checkin' tally sheets with me and when we got ready he says: 'Action!' Action, for checkin' tally sheets! He's always tellin' somebody to stand by and last week when you was havin' semaphore drill he stood here in the window and read off your messages until I had to cuss him out! Fact, Martin, he might do you some good; it's sure he don't do anybody a dime's worth of good here."

"No; no kids," said the keeper.

Neither did the mill superintendent want help like The Kid when he saw him go flying down the street in the middle of a busy day to watch the Coast Guard at beach apparatus drill. The Kid did not seem to mind being let out, though. He hailed Coburn on the street and reported with enthusiasm that he had a job in a garage.

"I'll learn a lot about gas engines!" he said. "That ought to make me a good man when I'm eighteen, oughtn't it?"

Had Coburn been alone he would, at the most, have laughed; but he was standing before the pool room and had an audience so he retorted:

"Mebby, Kid, you can pick up a little romance 'nd adventure tinkerin' lizzies!"

That caused a great laugh and The Kid laughed a bit too, as one may when a great and noble purpose in life emancipates him from the little things that are important to the more earthly minded.

He was in the forerank of a crowd that gathered when Burke, a surfman, plunged from the east pier and dragged out a drowning boy; and as Burke rolled the lad on the crib edge and worked at artificial respiration The Kid's shoulders unconsciously followed, in restricted measure, the swing of the surfman's body.

"That's right," he muttered. "That's the way regulations say to do it!"

That was how he lost his garage job: deserting for an hour to watch life brought back to the little boy.

Because his services were cheap he caught on with one of the fishing tugs that called the harbor home.

"It'll learn me a lot about the lake," he assured Svenson. "That's what a man ought to know before he gets into the Coast Guard."

The Scandanavian wheezed a rather mystified laugh.

And The Kid lost his berth on the fishing tug because when he was supposed to be busy at shore work late one afternoon he galloped out along the pier while the motor surf boat rumbled down its way and took the water to bring in a launch which floated, out of fuel, on the serene surface of Superior. He waved his hand excitedly to the crew when they came towing the small craft in and helped trundle their boat up to its track and into the shelter. When the work was done the rough jesting bebegan but The Kid seemed oblivious to it. He had helped!

It took him some time to find another job.

He was shabby, lived alone in a dark room over a second-hand store and had little to eat. These factors appeared not to worry him, though, for he put in his time rowing about the harbor in an old skiff and learning to tie sailor's knots.

He was down to his last coin and had not eaten regularly for a week when a rush at the mill sent the yard boss searching for casual labor. It was November with a gale blowing and when the yard boss offered The Kid those few days of work it meant much because even the high purpose in his heart could not offset inadequate clothing and insufficient food.

"Shake a leg back to the yard, then," the man said. "I'll get a couple more and let fly at it."

THE KID went down the street at a trot, warmed already by the prospect of food and clothing, but when he came to the corner he did not turn into the mill yard; instead he stopped and stared and then went pell-mell down to the lake front, for what he saw out there was the hulk of a great freighter heaving in for sanctuary from the angry lake; that, and the crew from the station running out in oilskins and life belts to string along the pier and stand by in case something went wrong.

Nothing went wrong. The ulstered man on the bridge beat seas and weather and brought his ship to haven but The Kid just *had* to venture into the boat house while the crew pulled off their weather clothing and listen to the talk. Neither romance nor adventure had marked the day, but if Superior had managed to beat the captain . . .

And by the time The Kid toiled back up the hill the disgusted yard boss had found another for the place; so, that night, as on some in the past and many in the future, he slept cold and hungry . . . but his dreams were thrilling!

That winter he fished through the ice; he was out for long hours in all sorts of temperatures and managed to live on the fish he sold, but that feature of his occupation was secondary for The Kid.

"Bein' out that way a fella learns lots about weather signs," he remarked. "That helps in the Coast Guard."

"I s'pose old Martin's breakin' his neck to get you on," a man who heard taunted. "Two of the boys are through and he's got orders to fill up."

With that The Kid left the tobacco store and trotted down to the reservation where the keeper and his wife lived alone during the winter.

"Cap'n, I heard you're looking for men," he said, after that preliminary swallow. "I'll be eighteen in March."

Bored as he was with The Kid, Martin did not rebuff him. There was such an honest hunger in the blue eyes that he felt it easier to explain.

"You see, Kid, it ain't years that count, except in regulations: it's age."

"Sure, but I'll be eighteen and my father'll be glad—"

"No, no; you don't see what I mean. It's age; not years. A man don't grow up with how long he lives." Martin screwed his brows as he struggled with his inarticulateness to say what he felt. "A man grows up with what he sees an' what he thinks about what he sees. This service ain't a place for a kid who's after romance an' adventure. None of that in it. It's a place for one who's content to rot from idleness for months an' then risk his life an' break his back for pay that ain't enough. There's some that might do it at eighteen, but, mostly, it seems it's only men who're old as th' hills . . . in th' way they think."

The Kid searched the keeper's face, not comprehending.

"Well,"—with that swallow again—"d' you think you'd want me later?"

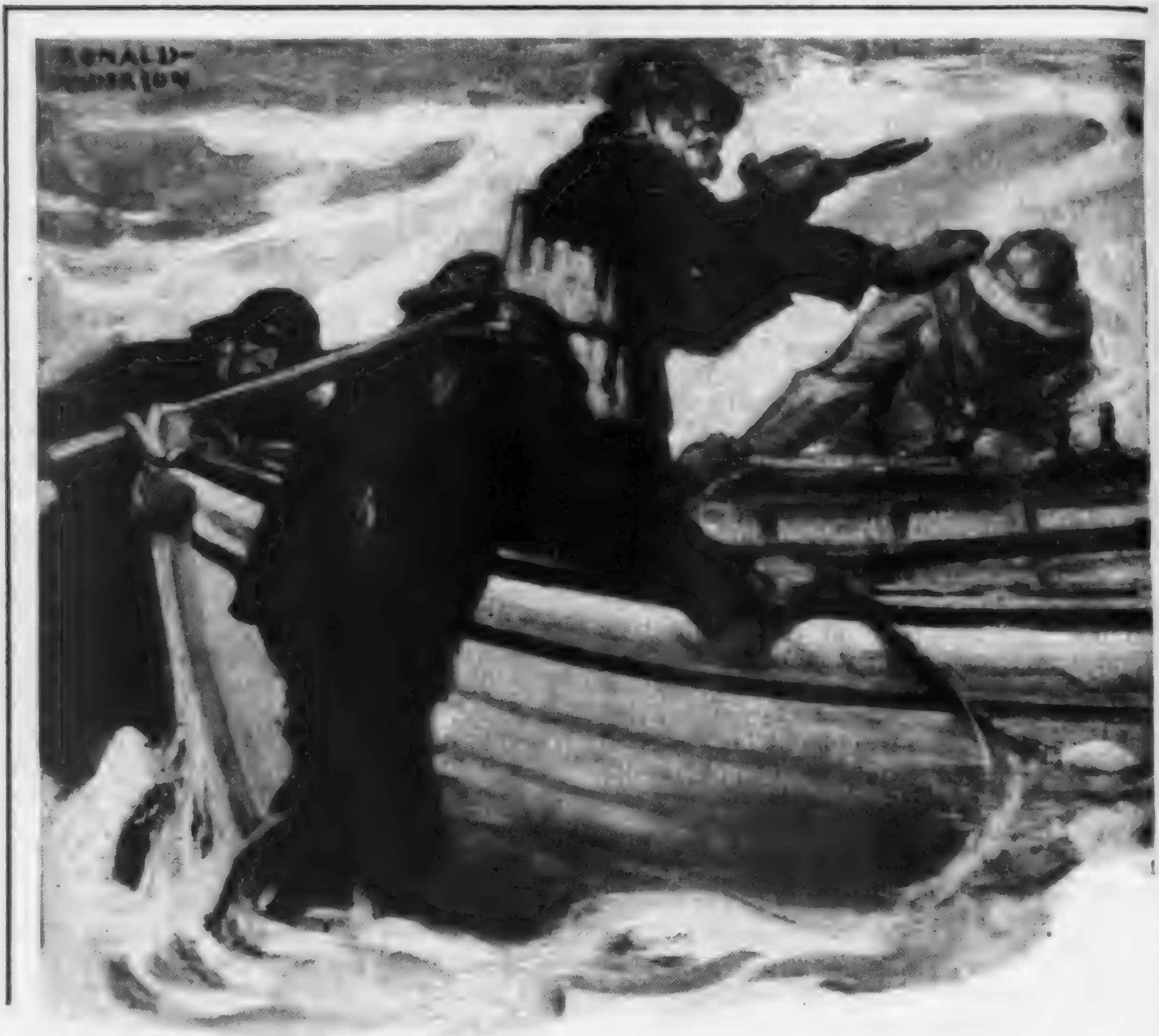
Martin sighed and scratched his beard. What he wanted to say was that there are men of a kind who will do for paltry compensation the things that most men would not do for any price; that many respected men would not even do to save their honor. He wanted to say that these men are, outwardly, like regiments of other men; that, perhaps, they are considered the inferiors of armies of men; but that in them, somewhere, is an appreciation of values that sets them apart from their fellows and lets them go through life, for the most part, unheralded and unsung . . . and too often to their heroic deaths without due comment. But Martin could not say—perhaps not even think—these things, so he became a bit impatient with himself and replied abruptly:

"No. Not if you'd be eighty in March. There ain't a place for you."

Finality, there, but The Kid was not rebuffed . . . only temporarily. It did not stop his high dreams or dampen his hopes. He kept on with his talk, though there were fewer to listen, even to mock, now. He was a stale joke and only rarely was he given attention; then the ridicule was broad and laden with bitterness. The loafers told him he would be afraid to go out with the crew on any important call and were vulgarly explicit in designating the degree of that fear. Coburn and Burke and the others of the crew who wintered in town supported such statements and told The Kid that one trip in half a sea would shut him up.

"Oh, no, it wouldn't!" he would state with a serious shake of his head. "Not much, I wouldn't be afraid! A fella ain't afraid when he wants to do a thing as bad as I do and when there's adventure an' romance in it!"

They harped on fear until they convinced themselves that The Kid had no courage and they sneered at him, angry because they could not anger him. . . .



March, and the station commenced to take on life and The Kid, thin and ragged but with a high light in his eyes, burst into the boathouse where Svenson and the keeper worked on a motor. He waved an envelope excitedly before the two men.

"Got it, Cap'n!" he cried.

Martin looked over his spectacles.

"Got what?"

"My dad's consent to take a hitch."

The keeper spit. To Svenson he said:

"Gi' me that S-wrench."

That seemed to work into The Kid's spirit and he stood silent a brief interval and then, before turning away, he said:

"Well, if you ever do need a man, Cap'n, I'll be standing by."

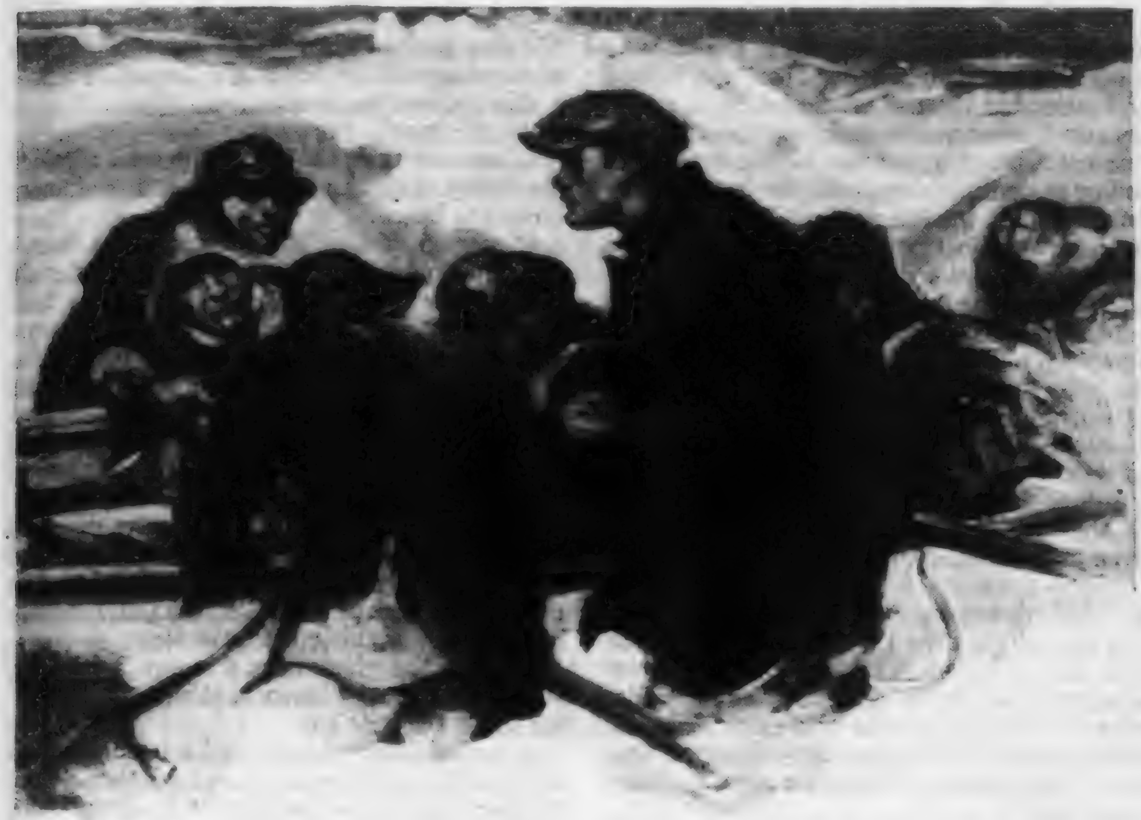
Martin did need men. Wages for common labor were up and all through the summer Numbers Six and Seven were temporary employees, not enlisted men but hired from month to month. Martin could not comply with the order to recruit up to strength.

The Kid did not go back to him again. He did not talk so much to people about the Coast Guard and when, for want of better diversion, some one singled him out for a taunt or a gibe he winced a bit. He would try to smile when they plagued him but the result was not wholly convincing. He worked at odd jobs and on fair evenings could be seen sitting on the pier near the station, watching the widely-spaced procession of great carriers that moved upward toward Duluth or down for Chicago or Cleveland or Buffalo; passing ships that some day might need the help of the men who moved about the Coast Guard reservation and who now and then flung toward him some derisive observation or greeting.

So summer waned and the lake, instead of lying blue and vivid with life under azure skies, tossed in a deathly gray beneath low scudding clouds. Day and night the watch stood in the look-out tower; through the hours of darkness the beach patrol tramped the surf edge, alert for ships in distress, but only minor happenings called out the crew, only trivial assistance was given to men not sorely in need.

Until late November.

Ah, November on Superior! The steamer track from Duluth canal, where the ships with their cargoes of grain and ore leave sanctuary, to Point Iroquois, where they find the haven of St. Mary's river, crowds four hundred miles;



The Kid came again. He walked into the water to his knees and stood close to the boat so Martin could look into his eyes, wider than ever, now. "I'm standin' by, Cap'n," he said.

and in places the gales from the Arctic have a full hundred and fifty miles of sweep to stir water that lies a thousand feet deep into tumultuous seas. Bold shore lies to the lee where rollers may curl from fathoms of depth to bash their crests against mountains of age-old rock. Harbors are few, cold becomes intense, and owners and masters and crews gamble with the elements to rush commodities to destined ports before insurance companies refuse the risks or ice blocks the way. No gentle puddle, is Superior!

And in November those small bands of men who admit of no romance or adventure in their lives redouble their vigilance because Superior has claimed so many ships and men . . . in November.

This November was not unlike many another savage month that has been recorded since men began transporting by water the grains of the west and the ores of the north to ports that lie in a gentler zone. Ice formed over the shallows and was broken up by steady gales and welded again by the cold until it floated or snuggled the beaches in massive husks. The harbor piers and the Coast Guard buildings became sheathed with ice formed from spray, and ships that passed were hoary with a chill veneer.

But nothing happened. November was all but gone; within a few days the lights would be dark; shortly thereafter the locks of the St. Mary's canal would close for the season and then traffic on this, the greatest of inland seas, would go dormant until another spring. And with the narrowing margin of time in which disaster might occur, tension screwed up tightly and down in the Coast Guard station the men went about silently, as armed forces will in the face of impending battle. . . .

Then came the twenty-seventh and the great blow. It struck suddenly, sweeping in from the northwest, growing from a chill breath to a living gale in the course of a brief afternoon; it gave little warning, for the barometer had not commenced its plunge before the blow struck. Storm signals crept to the tips of their staffs along the lakes and press dispatches flashed the word that eighteen great carriers had cleared Duluth only a few hours before the storm gods opened their reservoirs of fury.

Eighteen carriers out in that screaming weather, wallowing for shelter, with their cargoes and their crews, plunging through the snow squalls, laboring under a growing burden of ice, for the mercury shrank alarmingly.

The lake water, driven forward by the wind faster than deep currents could drag it back, rose quickly. It put the piers awash, it crept up to the floor of the boathouse on the reservation and the ice came with it, piling up with grindings and mutterings.

In the early evening Martin tumbled his

crew out and called for help from the town to do what he could; but he was too late, he had underestimated the rise of the lake and before they could commence to make equipment safe a great cake, lifted by a roller to the top of the window of ice that fringed the beach, thundered down its rough incline and smashed the whole side from the boatroom. Another came, and others. The motor lifeboat was stove in, its port bow a ruin, and the motor surfboat was shoved from its trucks, rammed into the far side of the building and its propeller ripped to ruin.

They dragged the twenty-five-foot *Beeber-McLellan*—their last boat—back to a safe place and set posts against more ice, but the ruin had been done and now, even should they dare to risk the fury in a boat they must go in one driven only by oars.

IT WAS dawn, a tardy, leaden dawn, with no sign of the storm's abatement when the watch saw the great hulk nose in from the curtain of snow out there. He slid down his ladder and ran shouting toward the crew that still toiled against the ice and they dropped that work which, on the instant, became an insignificant detail.

Low in the water, rolling ponderously, with great seas boarding her stern to go frothing the length of her and smash to smother against the high-standing texas, the ship came on, and as they gathered to watch she spoke, one long, muffled bellow of a whistle which said as plainly as a human voice could have said:

"Stand by! It's so narrow!"

Such a small mark to shoot at, the breadth of those piers! They thrust into the lake two full points east of north which meant the freighter must swing her starboard rail to the seas. She did, and they saw her buried in froth; saw her drift off, and her movement change. . . .

"Can't make it; he's got 'em astern!" growled Martin.

Astern they were, propellers churning the water to drag her back and away from the shallows for another try at the mark she must hit, at the mark on either side of which lurked disaster.

The keeper turned to Coburn.

"Man th' beach cart and stand by," he said without excitement. He was leaning against their one boat as he spoke, but he knew that if that craft yonder missed her haven and beached no boat could live to help her. The breeches buoy would be the only hope of life for those men. . . .

But even as the crew turned to man the beach cart Svenson let out a low oath and eyes turned lakeward again. Something had gone wrong. She had swung around, broadside to the weather; she had lost her weight; she was drifting! And again the whistle spoke in short, husky barks. Steering gear failed, propeller threshed off; any of the many things that might happen to render a ship helpless had happened. . . .

"Right, now! Forward!"

Lines over their shoulders, the crew rumbled the heavy cart with its cannon and equipment down the beach.

It seemed on that first grounding as though the ship would roll completely over but she did not. Canted at a terrific angle she lay a brief interval but the next heavy sea picked her up, righted her and dragged her over the ledges, putting her down in a smother of spray. Her bow stood stiff and high and her stern sagged desperately; out of line, too, for the impact had broken her hull and great flakes of ice fell from her side as the steel plates buckled and gave.

They saw that portion of the crew that had been aft go forward, running the five hundred feet of open, sea-swept deck; dropping flat, clinging to lines when rollers boarded, scrambling up and lurching on for the texas.

By then the whole town was out, a trickling flight of men and women to the beach, clustering about the Lyle gun.

They fell back with excited cries to one another when the keeper waved at them; they watched with tense faces as he knelt to sight; and with misgiving and hope they saw the light shot-line follow the fleeting projectile out into the wind. It went high and true; the strand dropped across the ship's bow.

Figures emerged from the pilot house and secured the line. It twitched outward and, after a long wait, came taut. The whip-line traveled out, its block dragged through the lather of surf and the watchers on the beach saw many hands, working with the speed that desperation can give men, drag it into the pilot house and Martin's glass let him see the line made fast to the post of the steering wheel. A good anchorage, that; as good as the electric light pole near-by to which the shore end of the hawser would be made fast, permitting them to take out enough slack so the men yonder might not sag into the surf too much as they swung shoreward in the breeches buoy.

Slow work; painfully slow work. The ship's funnel went slowly down and overboard. The roof of the cabin was upended and torn away in sections; the stern settled lower and the buckled plates amidships drew apart, showing ragged edges. Slow work, and in the face of the rapid assault of relentless seas.

They manned the whip-line and started the hawser on which the buoy was to travel snaking outward. It fed itself into the surf, the weather end completed half its journey . . . and stopped!

Somewhere the new line, ice weighted and stiffened, had snarled. They on shore could see the cluster of men in the pilot house working valiantly and waited breathlessly, waited while the great craft stirred under the hammering and thrust her bow higher. . . . Flags fluttered from the tilted deck, wig-wagging methodically. . . . There was no time to shoot again, to wait while all those thousands of yards of line could be handled. The hunger of the seas would not permit that.

"It's the boat or—" Old Martin did not name the alternative. "Here, you men; help drag her."

Four times the number that could find a hold on the surfboat followed him at a trot. They slid and carried it back to where hawser and whip-line emerged from the surf and there old Martin stood a moment, surveying that welter of tortured waters.

The seas angled in across the piers; rollers twisted about the wreck, curling in from bow and stern to meet in a churning, tossing confusion of frustrated crests until between shore and ship there was no run to the seas, only a mad mingling of eddies and currents. What chance had a boat in that?

Martin knew a boat unaided had no chance, but his boat would have aid. At his order the whip-line was passed around the electric light pole up the beach, the crutch went up, the slack came out. Then while the crew and volunteers ran the boat across the shore ice and into the seething froth the keeper passed a painter from bow to the whip-line and another from the stern. She was secure, then, to a makeshift trolley.

"All right!" he cried. "In with you. . . ."

And, steadied by those painters, the boat moved outward as the six oar blades swung to meet the first rearing heave of a broken roller.

Ah, such a passage; *such* a passage! But for her self-bailing construction the boat would have swamped in that first plunge; but for the painters she would have rolled over and over before a third of the distance had been negotiated. But for the strength in their backs and hearts they would have quit long before they reached the worst of that going.

ON SHORE none spoke. Men drew close to one another, fearful even to witness that peril without a near presence. They saw old Martin go overboard with a great sea; saw him cling to the life line looped along the rail; saw him flounder aboard and retake his tiller and throw out an arm in a driving gesture. They saw Burke, at number six, hurled among the others as the boat stood on end and careened backward. They saw spray fly high, saw the craft retreat, saw the ragged stroke steady again and saw her go on, disappearing for intervals until only the creeping painters on the whip-line gave evidence that a boat and men were there.

They saw her gain the scant lee of the wrecked bow where Burke stood up and heaved a line . . . again and again; but the wind kept the line from the hands above that would snatch it. No use to try that longer; it took time . . . and the seas were swift. Then, one after another, seven men were seen swinging themselves down the whip-line to fall or drop into the lifeboat. Seven, and while others clustered at the rail ready to go Martin and his crew backed away.

Backed away; there was no turning in that confusion of waters. They backed in, with the rescued men lying among them and beating at the ice which clogged the bailing valves. When the stern grated the beach twenty waded in to grasp the gunwales and hold her steady and others lifted out the nine. Nine in all, for besides the rescued men Svenson and Wilcos of the Coast Guard were carried moaning up the beach. The strain and the cold had done for them and now old Martin, beating the ice from his beard, called out for a volunteer.

"An' quick! There's twenty left an' she's done for. . . ."

"I'm here, Cap'n."

It was the first time any in the crowd had noticed The Kid. He had been there from the first call sent out last night but this had been no morning to give heed to the town joke.

"I'm here, Cap'n," he said again and slapped his ragged mittens together, partly in excitement, partly from cold.

Martin made no reply. Haffner, his Number Seven, who had been left on shore, was already in the boat.

"One man," urged the keeper, eye on the crowd. "One more."

One, a fisherman, silent, stalwart, stripped belt and oilskins from the exhausted Burke and ran into the surf while The Kid stood with his broken shoes in the water, watching them with an odd look in his eyes.

Again the torturous trip; again the return when strength was spent, and six more of the stranded crew were landed. . . . Six left out there with the beat of the seas so swift!

McDonald—Number Three—gave up, cursing stiffly as he was helped to shore.

"Another man!" called Martin, with a suggestion of dismay in the tone.

"Cap'n, I'm—"

That time the keeper turned on The Kid.

"*Man*, I said!" he cried and swore shortly. "Man. . . . Get back!"

And with a hand on The Kid's chest he shoved him away and faced the crowd. An instant followed with little movement. Then a man, rather gently putting off a woman's grasp on his arm, stepped forward and left her weeping, her back to the lake. There was not strength in her to watch her man brave that.

Fear was justified. Fear and misgiving was on the faces of the crowd as the boat put out. The passage was slower, this time, for the fresh arms at the oars could not offset the fatigue that dragged at those who had made the other two trips. Twice they retreated as the seas caught the boat when the stroke was ragged; for minutes they could do no more than hold their own. But they carried on, toiled through.

The hand-over-hand progress of the men from the ship down to the boat was quicker, more feverish, then. Four came and the small craft was carried shoreward; the men in her struggled to go back for the others; failed . . . gave up.

"Two left!" old Martin cried before well in and this time, for certain, he was desperate. "Th' cap'n and one man. She won't last. Another man to help. . . ."

He waited as he had waited before. No responsive movement rewarded his plea. He looked into the face of one who helped hold the boat steady and the man looked away.

"Pete?" he called to one on the edge of the crowd. Appeal was in the tone and a charge of some sort, a challenge. But the man shuffled and shook his head, mumbling a word about children. . . .

"Anybody? They can't pull it alone." He gestured to his five men, bent over their oars, breathing heavily.

AND then The Kid came again. He walked into the water to his knees and stood close to the boat so Martin could look into his eyes, wider than ever, now.

"I'm standin' by, Cap'n," he said, with that swallow. "I've been practicin' in my skiff all summer."

One more look from the life saver to those on shore, a long, searching look which ran from face to face and then, almost in disgust, Martin spoke:

"Number Seven oar. Give him a life-belt, you . . ."

"The fool!" a man muttered and his companion nodded and added: "An' he can't pull his own weight, let alone the fear of it!"

"Up you go!" They boosted The Kid into the boat and he tumbled to his feet, rubbing forming ice from the oar with his ragged mitten.

"All right! Run her out!"

And old Martin, crouched a bit in tensity, this time, watched his men bend to the toil.

Coburn, groggy from exhaustion, rallied himself to set the stroke. He moaned as he lay back and set his face toward the furious sky.

A sea boarded and Number Four let go his oar and fought to remain inboard.

"Steady, now! It's all of us, includin' them yonder . . . or none of us! Pull, you devils!"

That was it, then; all or none! They pulled for the best that was in them and the boat lurched her laggard way outward and as they moved so painfully Martin could read in the fixed grimaces of pain and fatigue before him confirmation for his growing doubts. From man to man his gaze traveled as he steered and he read only the story of frittered strength until his eyes fixed on the face of The Kid.

He swore through his teeth, then, because on that face was fear. Gone was that searching for romance and adventure, gone the confidence, gone the hopefulness. The Kid was scared; scared white and to the point of helplessness as he felt the boat leap beneath him, as he saw the twisted, broken remnants of seas sucked into the caldron that pier and ship created.

"Pull, you, Kid!" barked Martin. "Pull, you fool!"

The lad's eyes turned to him and he tried again to pull but his effort brought only futile wavings from the oar. A clipping leap of spray caught the blade, caught The Kid off balance, too, tore the oar from him and with a scream cut short as the stout butt met his chin he went over and backward.

"Fool!" cried Martin again. "Fool I was, to bring you!"

None other turned to see. The man beside The Kid snatched at the oar as it pivoted and the boy himself on hands and knees, lifted his face to the wreck beyond.

The texas was going. Cakes of ice, boarding the wreck, had hammered away supports on the starboard side of the pilot house until the structure sagged; as he looked it gave and settled and then wilted down over the windward rail. Two figures, clinging for hold, appeared on deck, fighting the water and two faces turned toward him. It seemed just that; they turned toward him; not toward the oncoming boat; toward him, The Kid, looking to *him* for help!

He floundered back to his seat. He saw the man before him wilt and break the stroke. He saw that instead of dragging the icy hung painters outward along the whip line they were drifting backward. He saw Martin lean over Coburn and plead with him. He heard a man cry out that they were through, that there wasn't another pound of pull left in the boat . . . He heard and saw . . . and he saw before him, floating in the spindrift and snow, vague outlines of faces, looking to *him* for help.

The Kid leaned back on his oar, shutting his teeth, feeling the muscles of back and legs knot with the strain. His own voice called out: "Pull! . . . Pull!"

He saw Martin's gaze whip back to him as oar blades flashed before his eyes in ragged measure. The man cried out again that it was no use and The Kid laughed, a thin, shrill laugh.

"Goin' to quit?" he taunted. "With two . . . dependin' on you?"

He squeezed his eyes shut as he strained and could not see Martin's amazement and, because he could not see, gave no heed to the keeper's hard, "Shut up!"

He spoke again! "Quit, when you're . . . all that stands between 'em . . . and th' lake! . . . A fine bunch . . . to depend on!"

He opened his eyes as he bent forward and saw Coburn's face turn toward him.

"Sounds fine on shore: that . . . you quit . . . That you let me . . . try it alone . . . said I'd be scart. . . . I was . . . but there's two men . . . You're a fine . . . *bunch!*"

He finished the stroke with a gasp of effort.

"Oh, you're fine at ridin' a kid, you are . . . if you was as good at pullin' . . . You'd quit, now? . . . With me to see it? You yellow-bellied four—"

A boarding sea drowned the balance of it.

Even in the turmoil of his heart and the tumult of weather The Kid sensed a change. He was angry, mad, recoiled to the depths of his soul. For the first time he experienced hot resentment for their jokes: for the first time he was hurling defiance. He had taken their ridicule without feeling much sting, but now it was as though in a few moments he re-lived all those months of abuse and the mockery that he had shed returned to sting him to the heart. He was no longer a boy, seeking romance and adventure. He had left that quest behind when fear came; and he had left fear behind when the realization of life's preciousness, of death's nearness descended on him as those two faces peered from what was left of the wreck. He had a job to do and he needed help!

HIS hands were numb with cold; his back muscles seemed starting from their tendons with the strain, but he called out again that they were quitters, four-flushers, and that he'd have a tale to tell if he ever got ashore.

"Shut up!" a strained voice cried, not Martin's, this time.

"Like hell I will . . . I'll tell it . . . I'll tell the . . ."

He looked up at the keeper's ice-masked face. With a sidelong glance he caught the movement of the painter on the whip line, crawling along steadily, inch by inch: moving outward . . . *outward!*

"And you'd let a kid . . . show you . . . up, eh? Get overboard you . . . rats and I'll . . . pull her . . . alone!"

Again Coburn looked back at him and his face was dark with anger but The Kid did not notice. He was laughing his mockery into the stormy sky.

And then Martin commenced to talk; he cursed them for an uneven stroke. He spoke to man after man, calling him by name.

"Together, now! . . . He's showin' you up . . . Th' Kid's showin' you up!"

The Kid talked no more. Blood torrented in his ears, drowning even the scream of the gale. His breath was quick and irregular; things swam before his eyes. His weeks of irregular living came in for an accounting now; the hours that he had spent in last night's cold were taking their toll. . . . His eyes were closed and his jaws locked in endeavor but he laughed, a muffled, moaning sound.

They went on. Under Heaven, they went *on!* His taunts had broken through the pride in those men, had transmuted pride into strength and as The Kid pulled, they pulled, pulling their very hearts out. . . .

The Kid sensed a change in the boat's movement. He pulled the harder and swore at them. A shout came to him and someone struck him in the face and held his arms against the savage movements of rowing. He tried to stand up and fight . . . fight the fools who had quit, and was swallowed in water.

Martin caught him by one ankle as the wave ripped The Kid past. They dragged him back into the boat, a limp, moaning figure, as the master of the wrecked carrier fell among them.

"Cap'n, have you stren'th to man that oar?" old Martin asked.

The rescued officer did not reply; not in words. He crawled to the place The Kid had recently occupied and they went backward amid the strewn wreckage of the doomed ship's upperworks. . . .

It was late afternoon.

The Kid sat alone beside the cook stove in Martin's house. He had found himself there on a couch, covered deep by blankets and had shoved himself erect just as the door opened.

Old Martin spoke no word of greeting. He stood there with his back to the door, eyeing The Kid. The stare that met his was from wide, serious blue eyes; eyes that had looked on death; no longer eyes of the immature, but of one who senses the riddle of life's dearness.

The keeper cleared his throat oddly.

"All right, Kid?" he asked.

The other nodded. "All right,"—faintly. "All right, now . . . but, jing, Cap'n, you sure scart th' hell out of me today!"

Martin came close.

"Scart? You wasn't scart the half . . . You . . . I . . . You still got that letter from your daddy?"

The Kid nodded, not quite comprehending.

"Would you like to take a hitch? This year's most done but the' 's another comin'."

"Yeah . . . another comin'. And you want to fill up?"

"That's it!"

The Kid swallowed.

"An' you'd like to take *me* on, Cap'n? A kid like *me?*"

His eyes were wider than ever and his voice shook with a species of humility.

"Yeah, a kid like you," old Martin said gruffly. "*Just* like you, son."

A Fairy Godmother *to the* Helpless

Mrs. Elizabeth Bartlett Grannis has devoted a lifetime to helping people who have been unjustly committed to insane asylums. She obtains their release and gives them a home until they find employment

by Rollin Lynde Hartt

MRS. GRANNIS has figured in some startling cases of people who have been put away in asylums when their presence became inconvenient. There are almost incredible stories of human greed and heartlessness in the record of sane men and women who have been committed to institutions for the mentally defective. Most of the unfortunates are victims of greedy and unscrupulous relatives who want their money.

MORE than a hundred sane people—perhaps several times that number, for the records are incomplete—have thus far been rescued from insane asylums by Elizabeth Bartlett Grannis. The tale of how she does it has probably never been told before, and is in many respects exactly the opposite of what you might expect. Mrs. Grannis is a jocular, peppery, infinitesimal lady in her eighty-sixth year whose life has been a series of astonishing absurdities. She herself is delightfully absurd—a combination of lace, frills, gold-bowed spectacles and righteous fury, with a fighting weight of ninety pounds. And what a momentum she can put into those ninety pounds when she charges into a fray.

No one pulls a long face when he thinks of Mrs. Grannis, reformer though she is. Instead there comes a grin. It wouldn't be surprising to see her break into a jig. She once danced one with the sedate William Cullen Bryant, whose reverend beard has adorned the schoolrooms of three generations. She once firmly refused to become Woodrow Wilson's step-mother. She knew Horace Greeley and still scolds about his "dirty old coat." Walt Whitman poked fun at her straight-laced principles and tried to bully her into taking a glass or two of champagne. She was the original "Garfield for President" advocate. On a table in her old-fashioned parlor at 5 East Twelfth Street, New York, stands an amusing Rogers group, "The Funny Man," presented to her by the sculptor. Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, Mary A. Livermore and Frances E. Willard were cronies of hers. She has outlived them all, and the Rogers group is now an antique.

You can know Mrs. Grannis for years without once hearing her speak of her work in the asylums. That has been a mere incident in a career of devotion to good causes, all of which were ridiculed at the start and nearly all of which have since triumphed, giving her that best of satisfactions, the last laugh. Meanwhile, undismayed alike by hard-boiled henchmen or suave notabilities, she scares whom she will. But it is in the asylums, especially, that a scare attends her arrival. Though she does not for a moment assume that sane people outnumber lunatics there, she sees the working of laws that seem to her nothing short of scandalous.

"The lunacy laws are not alike in all states," says Mrs. Grannis, "but there isn't a decent law anywhere. In New York State, two doctors and a judge can send anybody to an insane asylum without any kind of investigation whatsoever. If someone is to be got rid of—a wife whose husband has fallen in love with another woman, a husband whose wife has met a more attractive man, or a person whose property some relation covets—unscrupulous doctors will pronounce the victim insane, particularly if the victim is excited or hysterical. And I'd like to know who wouldn't be excited and hysterical when confronted with the prospect of lifelong imprisonment among lunatics. Once put away, the poor creature is helpless. In the asylum, attendants don't trouble themselves to consider individual cases, but bunch them all together as insane; it's just a big mill.

[*Continued on page 144*]

Thirty-eight years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Bartlett Grannis of New York City succeeded in obtaining the release of a sane woman who had been wrongfully committed to an asylum. Since then Mrs. Grannis has carried on similar rescue work, meanwhile quietly but persistently fighting to abolish the state of affairs that makes such imprisonment possible. She feels well rewarded by an abundance of evidence of gratitude from her protégés.

Once put away in such institutions as these, the consideration of individual cases doesn't trouble the attendants. The unjustly detained must depend upon some such outside aid as is provided by Mrs. Grannis.

John McDonald, of Philadelphia, is toy buyer for one of the world's largest department stores. At Christmas time he rules over a fairyland that requires thousands of miles of travel in search of novelties and months of preparation on the part of skilled craftsmen here and abroad. An extra force of five hundred salespeople helps him play Santa Claus to Young America.

He Buys Toys *for* Santa Claus

John McDonald combs the globe for playthings to amuse American children. He says we buy the cream of the world's toy production and that our standards are noticeably higher from year to year

by Clara Belle Thompson

CHRISTMAS and toys go together as inevitably as Santa Claus and reindeer. Almost everyone recalls vividly some breath-catching trip through the toy department of a big store at the serious age of five or six—the jolly but awe-inspiring Santa Claus, the enchanting rows of shining toys, the fresh smell of evergreens, the rush and chatter of the busy crowd, and the pleasant sense of expectancy. Today the great stores, more than ever before, are palaces of enchantment for anyone who can catch even momentarily that awe-stricken delight of childhood.

CHILDREN are the most exacting purchasers of toys—take it from one who has studied thousands of juvenile customers. Little girls demand dolls dressed like themselves and doll furniture correct in every detail. One little two-year-old, with frightful disregard of the proprieties, inverted all the dolls presented for inspection and discarded them one after another until she found one wearing bloomers like her own! Boys are more particular about mechanical toys; your five- or six-year-old contractor must have his miniature auto truck painted a soberly practical color and built so as to be capable of carrying and dumping a load.

The busiest Santa Claus in the eastern United States at this season of the year is John McDonald of Philadelphia. He is toy buyer for one of the world's great department stores, and at Christmas time he rules a fairyland of delight and beauty. Always a constant joy with its wide aisles and gleaming cases, his department doubles in size at this time and quadruples in loveliness. And back of it all is a knowledge of world markets, an organization of industry, and a lifetime of keen application that are a revelation to anyone who talks vaguely of "picking up toys."

In this realm of toys the children gaze open-mouthed at Santa Claus at work in his workshop. There is the real chimney on which he practices throughout the year, the gorgeously trimmed tree with its continual snowstorm, and all the enchanting array of presents. Santa Claus says just the right things to the thousands of children who smother him with questions. The funny, happy little speeches all sound as if Santa were thinking them for the first time at just that moment. They are the despair of grown-ups who have tried perspiringly to pinch hit for St. Nicholas at family reunions and children's entertainments. But back of them went weeks of careful coaching and Santa Claus' garb has been criticized and gone over a dozen times before it reached that degree of historical perfection. Thousands of dollars and much careful stage management have gone into the whole scene, and everything else that goes with it.

On a full-track railroad, trains dash through mountain tunnels and over bridges and crossings. There is a big tank full of every kind of boat and sailing craft. There is a marvelous laughing gallery. In the midst of all this out come the Mother Goose characters and the Three Wise Men and The Child to begin their endless procession which is a triumph of the electricians' art and the mechanicians' wizardry. More than six months are required to perfect this display, which brings experts from all over the United States and Canada to study its novelties. Every year there is some new special scene, such as a complete toy replica of the Delaware River Bridge and its surroundings. This season it is an ingenious piece of artistry called The Wedding of the Teddy Bears, of which more anon.

It is a far cry from this realm of magic to a bicycle shop in the "gay nineties." Yet here is where the story really begins.

Young John McDonald wiped a finger mark from one of the handle bars and dropped a bit of oil in the bearings. He was only one of half a dozen salesmen in the bicycle section of a big sporting goods house, but he had a fondness for his wares. His particular portion always glistened and shone, in the places proper to glistening and shining. A casual customer drifted through the store, and paused in front of a fine looking machine. This occurred in the good old days, when men belonged to bicycle clubs, organized bicycle tours and "scorched" villainously fast in bicycle races. As McDonald approached the visitor, he proved his casualness by making for the nearest exit. McDonald accompanied him, remarking: "That had the new air pump. Ever see it work?"

The man had not, and returned to see it in action. He asked a question or two that showed an understanding of machinery. "If you have an extra minute," said the young salesman, "I would like to show you our workshop. We are working now on the very point you inquired about." So the man went through the workshop. On his way out he performed his boy scout deed for that day. He made out a check for one hundred and fifty dollars to cover the cost of a new bicycle, and he stopped to see his good friend the owner of the store. His errand was brief and to the point. He wanted to register his favorable impression of the young sporting goods salesman. From that day, although McDonald did not know it, his sales days were numbered. In a comparatively short time, behold him a full-fledged buyer.

Buying sporting goods proved interesting. Helping the world to play appealed to the young man as tremendously important and necessary. In his mind he presently decided that there was only one thing more fascinating than teaching grown-ups to amuse themselves, and that was to teach the children. So when a large Mid-Western house made overtures to him anent toy buying, he did not refuse.

His firm gave him carte blanche and he had a glorious time. Completely convinced that beautiful setting is a necessary concomitant to fine merchandise, he reveled in exquisite decorations. Anything he saw, an art shop, a museum, a fashion display, was likely to contribute ideas.

When Toys Were Cheap and Crude

Meanwhile, the toy buyer of an established old firm fell ill. In a short time it was evident that he needed not an assistant but a successor, for his illness was beyond recovery. Such a situation does not long remain a trade secret, and applications began to pour in. However, disregarding the extra mails, searching, authoritative eyes traversed the expanse of a continent, intent on the qualifications of a man to fill an important post. They stopped—these eyes—at a house which showed an unusual appreciation of toys. And what they saw, after further investigation, convinced them. So John McDonald came to John Wanamaker of Philadelphia.

That was almost ten years ago, early in 1916. Mr. McDonald immediately left for the European market, with the realization that his first foreign trip for his new firm was to be greatly handicapped by the war. Many buyers all over the country were loud in their cries of distress at being cut off from the German toy market. "Impossible to make a proper display without German goods," they were saying. Mr. McDonald said nothing. But what he could not find in England or France, Italy or Switzerland, he sought in the Orient. There he found a task all laid out for him. Labor was abundant to create the toys he required, manufacturers understood his needs, but the quality he demanded was beyond all comprehension. One small Celestial, with a sharp glance of his black, beady little eyes, asked: "Why so good?" Others took up the same slogan, and Mr. McDonald heard on all sides "Why so good?" "Why so good?" But he was wise enough not to make an effort to explain. He simply put his orders on the table, and got them filled.

Then he hurried home to begin creating the toy world of his dreams. And while this world was still the product of his vivid imagination, it had deep foundations imbedded in sound common sense and thorough information. Ten Christmases have seen materialize feature after feature of that dream. As soon as he realizes certain successes that seem doubtful of attainment, certain others still more difficult hold forth a greater lure. And the task goes on.

Mr. McDonald remembers when a toy was considered in terms of ten cents, twenty-five cents or fifty cents, the main thought being something cheap and funny. Now by far the greatest volume is in merchandise retailing at one dollar and up. With the change in price attitude has come a corresponding demand for excellence in workmanship.

"Americans," he explained, "demand the finest toys of the world. On a recent buying trip, I saw a young competitor making serious mistakes. He was purchasing at the time in the German market, and his goods were including the cheapest output. It is always a temptation to buy anything that looks like a bargain. But this man had forgotten or he did not know that Germany manufactures for the South American trade and the European as well as for ours. The manufacturer will display all his goods, but only a small portion is suitable for our consumption. The rest is for another market, a less discriminating one. I made a slight overture to this young buyer by saying: 'I am not stocking those lines.' 'Oh, you're not, aren't you?' was the answer. 'Well, I am.' I can tell exactly what will happen to him. When he reaches home, he will be chagrined and amazed to see that his merchandise may retail lower than other stores, but it will not sell nor will it compare in quality.

"A customer stopped me the other day and asked: 'Is this your newest doll?' It happened to be not only very recent, but exquisitely gowned, so I assured her that her guess was correct. 'I will take it then,' she said. I had one of my salespersons see to the boxing and charging, and while we were waiting, I remarked: 'Your small daughter ought to be charmed with such a doll.' The woman smiled rather ruefully a moment, then admitted: 'I have no child. But the fact is that I do my own sewing, and I get such good workable ideas for my clothes from your dolls.' It did me good to be able to tell her that I keep a corps of dressmakers busy all the year around whose business is to follow the prevailing mode and to instill their own artistry into their creations."

The same care follows in the special finishing on doll furniture, in the building of sail boats properly rigged to sail, in the making of tables, chairs and desks according to accurate specifications, in the erection of doll houses meticulous in every detail, even to the radio in the living-room and the cat curled up in the kitchen.

Children Make Shrewd Critics

But fine merchandise is not always an earnest of fine sales, as Mr. McDonald very well knows. It is necessary to understand the attitude of the prospective customer in order to sell her. So Mr. McDonald has become inevitably something of an authority on the mind of the parent and the mind of the child.

Children are very observant, and will notice in a minute any deviation of the miniature from the copy. A tiny lady of less than two who had no great ease at standing alone but who was already in command of quite a workable vocabulary was escorted to the doll department to select any doll that she liked. With frightful disregard of the proprieties, the young customer inverted every doll that was presented for her inspection. She gave every one a casual glance and returned it to the salesperson with the brief remark: "Don't want." Finally she picked up a little-girl doll of a modified Mamma variety. "Oh," she crowed. "Oh, oh, oh! Baby must

European families of toy makers stick to the same specialties for generation after generation. Eighty per cent of our toys are now made in America, but for painstaking detail it is still necessary to go to the Continent. The cottage workers in these pictures are German peasant families that specialize in making toy boats and toy pianos.

have. Look, mother, bloomers just like mine!"

It is this quality in young people that has changed dolls from bundles of excelsior covered with a coarse slip and topped with a head to miniature babies. Before the war the composition body with a bisque head was most popular. Then with the need to manufacture dolls at home came the unbreakable, cotton-stuffed body with the composition head—an ugly ensemble. Succeeding years saw an improvement in their appearance until by 1923 they were the best sellers in America. The present leader, however, is a still higher tribute to youthful discrimination and is appropriately called New Born Baby. She is a true cosmopolite. Her dainty head is a bisque from Germany, her fine little hands are celluloid fashioned in Japan, her body is a sturdy American product and she is assembled in America.

In addition to insisting upon faithfulness in reproduction, children want toys that lend themselves to expenditure of effort. Mr. McDonald, recognizing this truth, ordered a moderate supply of the foreign clockwork auto and a large stock of the American machine that was worked by hand. The resultant sales justified him many times over. A dozen children would watch a salesman wind the foreign car and allow it to run for them. Then with brightened eyes they would give a shout and run the other car themselves. Performing toys are passed with a single glance of appreciation, while little girls will spend hours dressing and undressing their dolls and little boys take whole afternoons in building houses or solving game puzzles, or running auto trucks. The trucks incidentally are none of your gaudily painted spool boxes on four wheels. Not at all. They must be modeled after the large trucks, painted a soberly practical color and be capable of carrying and dumping their load for the five- or six-year-old contractor.

Christmas the Banner Toy Season

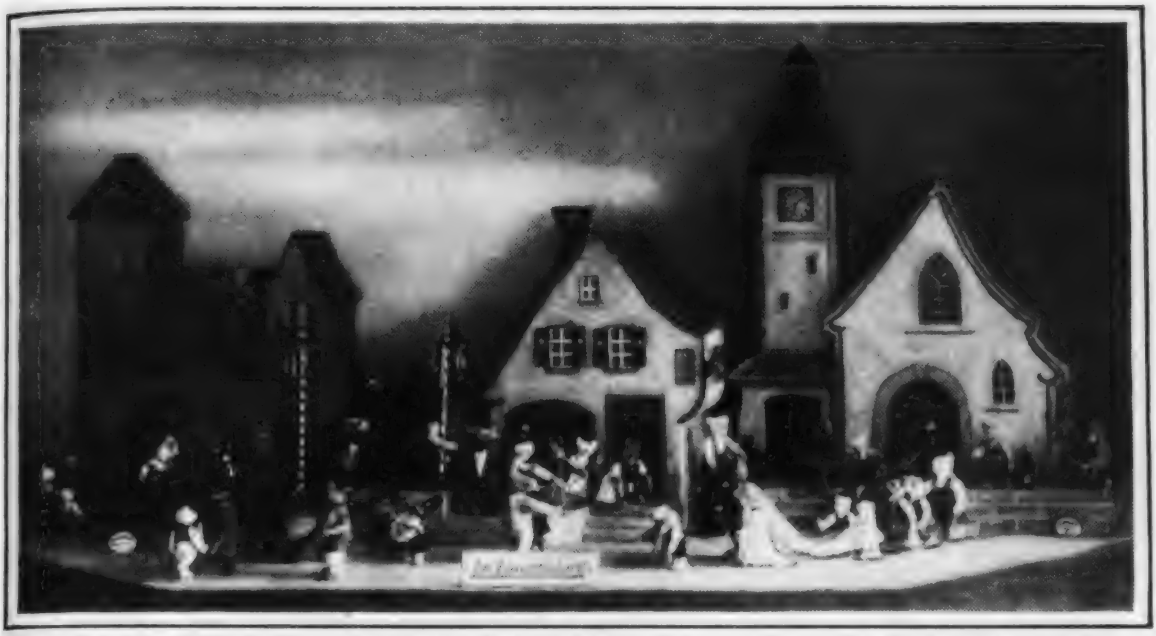
But the problem of toys is more nearly the problem of the parent than that of the child.

"So many fathers or mothers visit the department on a run," was Mr. McDonald's way of explaining a certain arrangement in his department. "They have fifteen minutes to make their trains, and want something nice for Mary's or Johnny's birthday. And what do they ask for? Some toy that gave them a great deal of pleasure when they were young. A man told one of my saleswomen the other day that he must have a certain kind of hobby horse. The girl told him with more truth than tact that it had not been on the market for fifteen years. The man was by way of becoming determined on that particular article, when I joined the circle. I assured him with more or less accuracy that I had one at my own home which I would not replace with anything. But—and here I began to ease him toward Scooter-Bikes—my young nephews were turning it down in favor of the Bikes. Of course, what he wanted was a toy that would give his little son the greatest amount of pleasure."

It is at Christmas time that the special displays in Mr. McDonald's department become most alluring. Take for instance the Wedding of the Teddy Bears. This scene was an outstanding show piece of the Leipzig Spring Fair. Every year at this annual event the originator of The Teddy Bears has a fine specimen of his handiwork. But it was not until this spring that Mr. McDonald saw a piece that the American children could not manage without. It is a mechanical piece twenty by eight feet. The bride and groom are emerging from the church with the minister and the attendants, while a sexton merrily rings the bell. The innkeeper next door welcomes the wedding party, while guests take advantage of the pleasures of an outdoor dance hall. The traffic policeman keeps order, the cameraman "shoots" the party, and everyone is very gay. It maintains the modern trend for costly weddings, too. The purchaser of the piece must be willing to exchange $3,500 for it.

Mr. McDonald knows the toy market as a bibliographer knows books. He has representatives in Italy, Germany, England, France, Austria, Switzerland and the Orient. They cable him the minute a new toy is whispered about in any foreign market. He knows the manufacturers in all these countries, and they—after years of pleasant and most profitable dealing with him—are glad to get in touch with him in planning new toys or in making improvements on older models. But the American toy market is even more important.

"Americans are under the impression that many toys are manufactured in Europe," said Mr. McDonald when he was going over orally the various markets. "As a matter of fact, 80% are made right in the United States. Only those are made in Europe that are stamped plainly MADE IN GERMANY or MADE IN FRANCE or MADE IN AUSTRIA or whatever country may be involved. Our customs laws demand such a marking, and not over 20% of the toys consumed at home carry it. Most large toys, especially all wheel goods, are made at home, for no one else can touch Americans in this branch of the trade. This may be due to the fact that the auto has such a vital place in American life. But for painstaking detail it is necessary to go to the Continent. Families for generations will turn out the same kind of toy, and so characteristic will become the product that I can often tell not merely the country of manufacture but even the village. Countries stand out for certain excellencies. For example, Germany has her tree ornaments, Noah's Arks, small mechanical toys, doll houses,



The elaborate and expensive "Wedding of the Teddy Bears" was an outstanding show piece at the Leipzig Spring Fair before it was imported by Mr. McDonald. The bride and bridegroom are emerging from the church with the minister and the attendants, while a sexton merrily rings the bell. The innkeeper next door welcomes the wedding party and guests take advantage of the pleasures of an outdoor dance hall. A traffic policeman keeps order, the camera man "shoots" the party, and everyone is very gay. It is a mechanical piece, twenty by eight feet, and is priced at $3,500.

stuffed toys; Switzerland has her musical toys and her music boxes; Czecho-Slovakia her cheap wooden toys and her metals; Paris her doll's jewelry, brass instruments, novelty dolls; Japan her tennis racquets, wooden tops, air planes; Austria her doll trousseaux and fine game sets; and England her novelty stuffed animals."

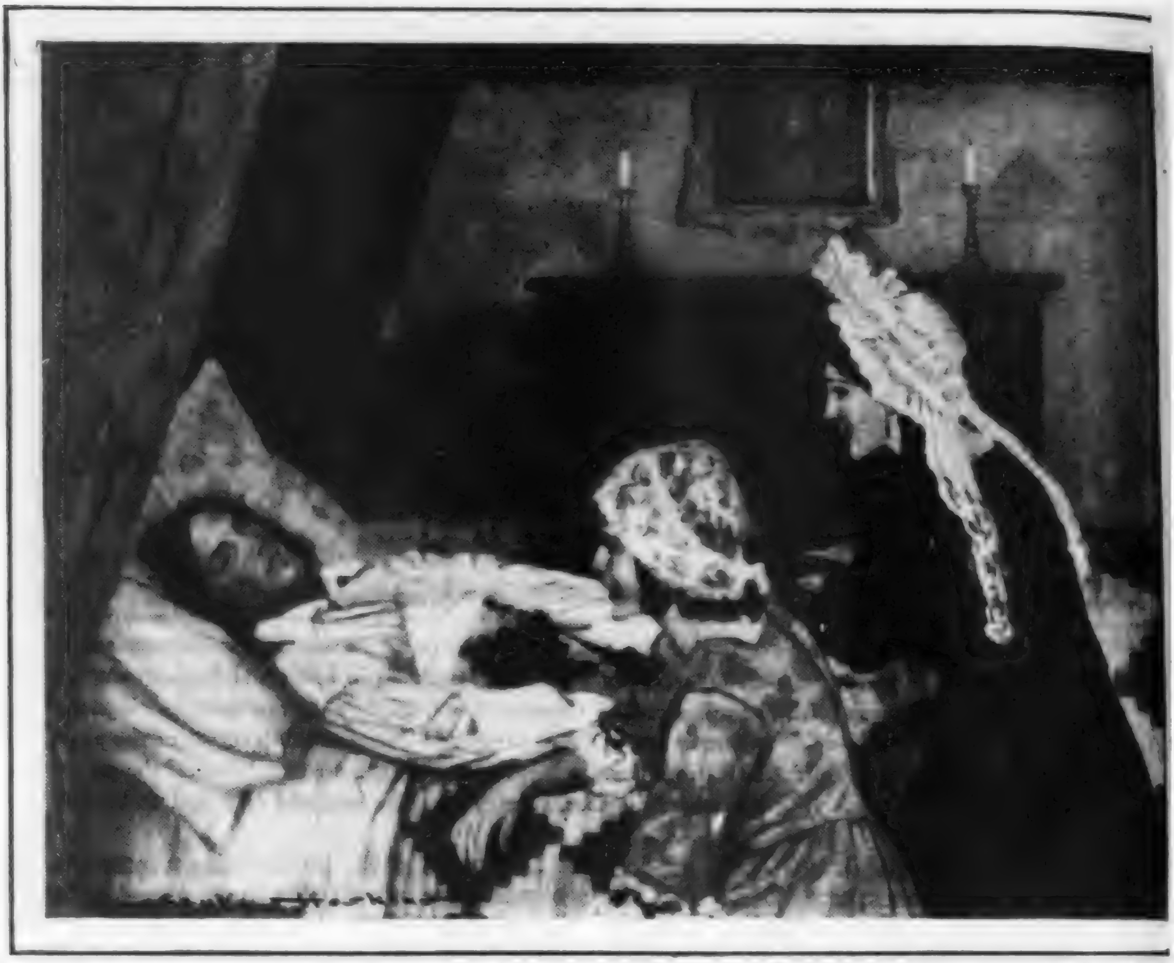
Of course, a man who can tumble off the names of obscure little Austrian villages with more facility than an ordinary individual can handle the towns of his home county, has his experiences tinged with a thousand interesting contacts. One morning Mr. McDonald was reading his breakfast paper, and he noticed another account of the delayed flight of the ZR-3. "By Jove, what an ad that would be," he said to himself.

Presently, five cables were sent to five important officials. Four answered "Impossible." But the fifth replied: "Perhaps." More cables, much pulling of delicate wires, and when the ZR-3 made her initial trip to the States, she carried as her merchandise a bundle of toy air planes for Mr. McDonald. When the big ship landed at Lakehurst, Mr. McDonald was there and so was a complaisant customs officer to open a temporary port of entry. The duty was paid at once, and a high-powered car received the tiny planes and the passenger, Mr. McDonald. The Jersey police were equally as courteous as the Federal official. So one hour and half after the Zeppelin had reached her American home, the toys that she had carried were the feature of a window display sixty-five miles away.

The pogo stick, incidentally, represents the biggest free advertising that Mr. McDonald has ever received. He found it about to come into use in Germany, gave it a few improvements and ordered truck loads before it was recognized as a best seller. Ziegfeld featured it in the Follies, newspapers used it as a circulation prize, fashionable folk took it up as a good racing medium.

One of Mr. McDonald's greatest prides is his dainty doll trousseaux. These are fashioned by the tiny fingers of a little old gentlewoman of eighty-six, who is not dependent but who thinks that women should have a useful occupation. She carries her tiny garments wherever she happens to be, the shore, the mountains, at home, and when she feels in the mood she works. The dolls that are to be beautified by her wares are twelve inches tall and their trousseaux are packed in miniature chests of scented cedar; exquisite piles of the sheerest needlework.

Mr. McDonald's responsibilities are naturally heaviest in the few weeks before Christmas, when an extra sales force of five hundred must be selected and trained to supplement the regular staff. The organization of this well-drilled little army of salespeople is one of his greatest enjoyments and of course he has every reason to be proud of it. He does not have to say that he loves his work. Everybody knows it. Mention toys in his presence and such a rush of vivid talk is unleashed on the subject that there is no possible need of any further explanation.



They came in a tip-toe, and stood gazing upon me. But when I

By
Robert W. Chambers

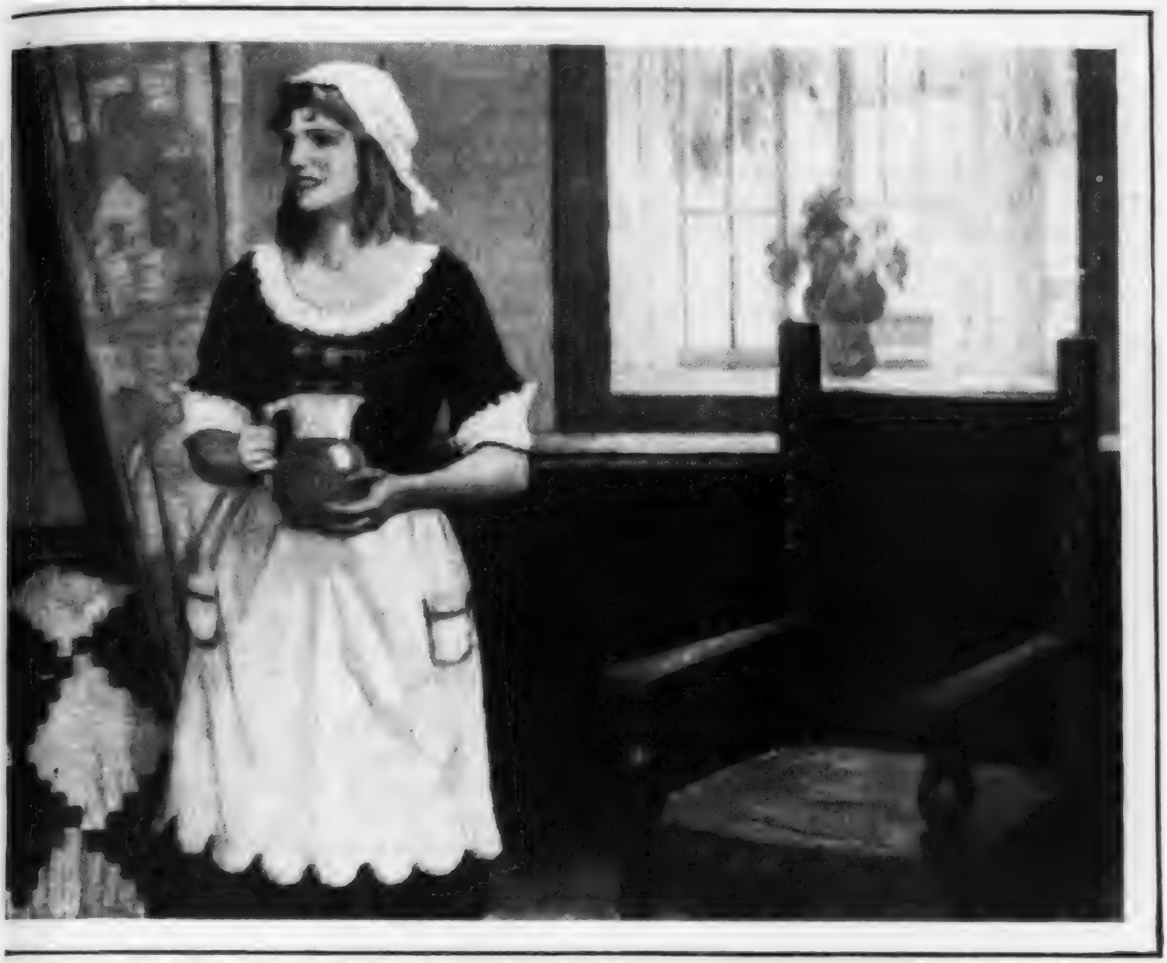
The Man

A story of the days

Illustrated

IT WAS at the hanging of Leisler and Milburne in 1669 that I first met Sancia—that saucy minx who at once laid claim to my heart. She was, as I knew, an orphan, living with the Widow Oort, as charming a woman as I have ever known, and greatly admired by Captain William Kidd who was shortly to marry her. Later I met the three strolling by the water-side and, at Sancia's request, joined them. Captain Kidd was one of New York's most honored citizens, as fine, brave, simple and honest a gentleman as ever lived. At supper that night he proposed that I should serve as secretary to the lovely Mistress Oort since she, although clever in many things, could neither read nor write. The prospect pleased me for I was tiring of living in the house that had been my father's and teaching the art of swordsmanship in which he had been so proficient.

New York in those days was the rendezvous of pirates, or, as they were politely termed, seafaring gentlemen in the Red Sea Trade and *On the Account* privateersmen. Every one knew of their nefarious practices, although no severe action was taken against them. The governor had been bribed—all knew of it—and the careless gentlemen were tolerated, if not welcomed, in every tavern in town. One day Robert Livingston, Frederick Philipse and a few other prominent men came to see Captain Kidd on a matter of business. These men, I



smiled. "Dirck!" cried Sancia. And, "Oh, Mother! He knows us."

They Hanged

A novel by the author of "Cardigan," "The Common Law," etc.

when New York was young

by Gayle Hoskins

knew, not only countenanced piracy, but even supplied the freebooters with munitions and liquor. They proposed that Captain Kidd should join them in outfitting and financing four vessels lying in the harbor, and engage in the Malabar trade. Immediately the captain saw through their scheme, for the captains of the four ships in question were notorious pirates. He would have nothing to do with the enterprise, and the gentlemen left, after Livingston had commended him for his honesty.

This month's instalment

IN AUGUST peaches were ripe and never have I seen such a-plenty in all my life. In the Out-Ward, and thence northward, in all the gardens, farms, bouweries, everywhere, the peaches hung so numerous upon the trees and lay so thick under foot that one could not take a step without treading upon the juicy fruit, and the hogs became so glutted that at last they would eat the fruit no more but left it to millions of butterflies, hornets, ants, and wasps.

Now, concerning myself, I went every morning to Wall Street to wait upon Madam Oort; and there very quickly and easily accomplished my duties as scrivener, writing what letters were required and casting up business and household accounts.

I was used like one o' the family by these simple and kindly folk; I breakfasted, dined, and supped with them when I would; learned to know them and understand them, to respect and love them.

For I think I never knew more honest folk, nor gentler nor more generous.

In Sarah Oort was thrift born of sense and self-respect, but nothing shrewd or grasping, and never did I know her to seek an advantage over another to that other's loss or undoing.

She was frugal, yet always there seemed to be plenty; she was considerate of all, and the happiness of her servants and tenants and of those beholden or dependent upon her, was pleasant evidence of this sweet woman's kindness.

Save only in writing and ciphering, she was accomplished. She played both harpsichord and guitar, and sang with much charm. With the needle, in wool, in linen, in silk, she was wonderful indeed. She could draw landscapes and water scenes and color them prettily.

And she could make verses, but not write them, and so it was that, in her mind, she did secretly compose those lines which were a farewell to Captain Kidd when he sailed in August on the last trip he would make before she married him.

I have forgot part of those verses which I took from her shy lips and wrote down for her, but I remember this much:

Though wind and wave take you away,
Yet both shall bring you back again,
For both the law of God obey
Who ruleth wind and sea and men;
Therefore my fond heart trusteth Him
That you shall sail and be secure;
Through sunny days and starlight dim—
Because His mercy shall endure,
And from the wide and wave-tossed sea
He'll bring my William back to me.

There were several verses which I wrote down and copied in a careful and elegant hand, and drew, above with my pen, two turtle-doves a-billing, which I know very well how to draw and shade with my quill.

I would not vaunt or boast of such an accomplishment, but must confess that it was a chaste and ingenious design, and my dear Madam Oort was pleased to praise the conceit, and to thank me for my embellishment.

As for Sancia, when she saw it, nothing would do but I must make for her verses and design turtle-doves and hearts entwined to frame them.

Now, I have no skill in verses, and the lines I wrote for her limped and halted from birth, but she swore they were sound and gallant, and made me design doves and swans upon the paper, which I did, and I flatter myself there was some beauty in these poor efforts of mine.

Late in August, wind and tide favoring, Captain Kidd sailed in the *Sarah-O* sloop following by a fortnight one of his ships in the Holland trade, though he was for England.

It was a tender leave-taking between him and his gentle lady and Sancia. I sat in the garden the while, watching the humming birds among the hollyhocks and lilies.

Presently they all came into the garden, and we went out and down the street and turned into Great Queen Street where were the Wet Docks.

The *Sarah-O* lay off the Half Moon battery in mid-stream. A boat was awaiting him at the foot of the stairs, and his servants stowed away his box and bundle.

He embraced his lady once more, and Sancia, and all strove to put a good face on it.

To me he said, "See that you transcribe every word that Sarah sends me; I would not miss a comma or a dot. Look to them when they need you. We all love you, Dirck, save only that minx, Sancia."

At which we all made out to laugh, and he picked up his box of pistols and his cloak and went down the water-stairs and got into the boat.

I gave Sarah Oort my arm, and Sancia took me by the hand, and there by the water we stood and saw his boat make toward the sloop, saw him board her, saw the small boat hoisted aboard, saw anchor lift and sail hoist, saw the *Sarah-O* move, sail into the wind, swing wide in a graceful arc, and stand for The Narrows, mainsail, topsail and jib bellying white in the steady offshore wind.

Without a glass we could see Captain Kidd standing aft and waving his hat to us. But after a little we saw him no more. For a few minutes the sloop glided white against the green woods of West Jersey, and, later in mid-channel. Then Nutten Island cut her from sight.

The widow had her handkerchief to her eyes, then quietly wiped them and smiled at me.

So, saying little, we walked back to the house on Wall Street, where, out of plums and peaches the household was making sirups and jellies against the coming winter.

"When shall we go a-fishing in the Kolch?" demanded Sancia, detaining my hand.

"When you choose the day," said I.

The widow said that we should wait until the fruit season was ended, and that Sancia had a world of work to do among the plums, peaches and early grapes.

"Will you sup with us?" asked Sancia wistfully, with that trailing sweetness in her voice which ever meant cajolery and persuasion if I were otherwise minded.

But I had seen that burly, whiskered fellow, Captain Tew, go into the Dark Ship Tavern, and with him was John Ireland and Thomas Wake. And I own I was curious to learn when these three pirate captains meant to sail, and whither, if they had truly made a bargain with Colonel Livington and Pell and the others.

So I thanked her and said that I was to sup in company—my own—which was no great lie.

"Ladies?" demanded Sancia.

"None," said I. Which was true, and God knows none could give them that title who supped in company at The Dark Ship.

"Wenches?" insisted Sancia, jealously, "trollops?"

"Come," said the widow, taking her hand, "are you to soil your lips with such inquiry which befits none gently bred?"

"Nevertheless," said Sancia, stubbornly, "there be wenches in taverns, and Dirck frequents the one, and I know not if he does the other—"

"Shame," said Sarah Oort, gently, yet as she looked at me there was a smile faint in her eyes, "—and I say to you in all candor, Sancia, that if you take so high a tone with Dirck he will presently sicken of your company—"

"Oh, Dirck," she cried, "it would hurt me if I thought that you ever laughed and dallied with a tavern trull—"

"What's in the little minx!" cried Sarah Oort, drawing her to the door. "Will you cease to pester Dirck, you silly thing? Men are men. Let them alone until you marry one. Then let *him* alone. If he love you he will not seek the company of others and if he do not, then all your tears and prayers and scoldings cannot avail."

Drawing Sancia in the door she gave me a laughing glance, yet despairing, too, and full of wisdom.

Sancia regarded me with piteous yet hostile eyes, "If you are untrue," she said, "I never shall forgive!—never. I shall console myself with another, and you may go to the devil—"

"Sancia! Are you mad!"—for she had caught hold of the door and would not go in.

So I went to her and kissed her desperate little hand clinging to the door, so that it relaxed and fell away into mine. Then I kissed it again.

"I have no commerce with such women," said I, "and never had and never shall. And where you get such notions I know not—"

"Servants chatter," said the widow, "and at Sancia's age a maid is all ears. Come, then, silly child, and help me look to my damsons or you eat no pies this winter!"

IT WAS too early to sup, though, for that matter, I had always an appetite under my belt as ready as the sword at my belt—God forgive me!—for anger is a vain thing and gluttony a sin.

I walked toward my small house on Great Queen Street, but first reconnoitered it from the city gate with caution, because I was not sure whether the girl, Maddaleen, might not loiter there still, she having lately talked of the plums on my trees, and said she had a mind to make me jam for tarts. I told her I loved neither jam nor tarts. I told her, but to no purpose, for she only laughed, and says she: "Then perhaps you might love me!" which observation I did not notice, but went out whistling a careless tune, and vexed at her hardiness, and because she was a pretty thing, to trouble me.

Well, I did not see Maddaleen, so went to the door and unlocked it with my great iron key, and so indoors where all was cool and dim, and a nosegay on a table—that jade's work again!

Here I took off my best doublet and my shoulder-belt, with its slim sword a-trail and hung these and my felt hat upon nails.

Then off with my boots and pulled on moccasins, and opened my shirt to the coolness from the back door which was open and through which I could see green leaves and sunshine and hear bees in the resida and thyme.

Now, in the pleasant, golden gloom I sat me down in that large arm-chair my father loved, and which was made in King Charles's time.

Here for a while I sat a-thinking of my father and my mother, until the sweetness and pleasure of memory turned into that lonely longing which starts a-dragging at the heart. And so I took up that great book of my father's, called "The Loves of the Gods," and read those parts pertaining to battles and the chase.

But there was too much love in it; and they were loose folk who prayed to those ancient gods who were but guzzlers and wenchers. And the goddesses a parcel of trollops like those at the court of the Second Charles—saving Mrs. Stuart, and please God, a few more like her.

THERE was a well in my garden and a good one, not brackish but sweet and cold.

I went out and let down a bucket to fill a sugar cauldron. Then I undressed and got into my bath and there sat and cleansed me.

When I was dry again I put on my second-best shirt, and dressed me otherwise in a new jerkin and breeches of Indian leather as soft as cotton, laced without buttons and made gay with bows and rosettes or orange ribbon.

I put on nut-brown hose and brown shoes with gilt buckles, and a new shoulder-belt laced with gold. Into the loop of this I thrust my slender Spanish sword, pulled my shirt through the sleeve slashes until it puffed, put on my brown hat of beaver with its orange feather, and then looked at me in the glass.

I was well enough, I thought, save for that thin shadow over my lip—for the damned thing would not hasten to grow. No! And I feared it made me look as though my mouth were unwiped from a pull at the chocolate-pot.

Now I went out, locking my door, and so, in the sunset light, strolled through the city gate and along the water-side toward The Dark Ship Tavern.

For I had a mind to see what I might see, and keep my ears open to learn whether or no this

Captain Tew and John Ireland and their mates had made a compact with Livingston and Pell for the Malabar trade. If they had, I was none too easy concerning the *Sarah-O* and other ships of Captain Kidd. For these men, Tew, Ireland, Maze, and that rat-faced Wake, were plain pirates and nothing better for all their commissions and warrants and reprisals. Their bills and clearances and all the papers they carried were either without meaning, or frauds connived and winked at by officials in the city.

They crimped in port when they could, they tempted or forced on the high seas. At any royal proclamation of amnesty, immunity, pardon, they crowded on all sail and came a-rushing into port, their broadside guns still powder-burnt and sooty, their scuppers still stained with human blood, their sea chests stuffed with Mogul gold and Portuguese and Spanish, their hold crammed full of bales and bolts that they had never paid for save with shot and cutlass.

Well, thinking of these things, I strolled along in the pleasant evening weather where many folks were coming and going about their business or pleasure.

I saluted all I knew with every care lest any lack o' breeding in me be measured as a reproach to my dear parents.

A little way along two honest burghers joined me, the Inviters—Conrad Vanderbeck and Dick Chapman—still clad in their dingy black and long cloaks and carrying their bell.

They had been to Brooklyn on their funereal business and were tired but merry, and a trifle drunk, and they jingled fat fees in their breeches pockets.

"Madeira, rum, and a vat of beer and sugar-cakes all we could eat," said Dick, "for it was the schepen's wife, Marritje Rosen. I drank an anker o' beer myself."

They would have drunk another at the Sea-Horse Inn, but I refused and left them there.

Then Carel Van Doon, ensign in the garrison, joined me and walked, and he bragged of this and that and of women who loved him, till I was fair sick, for he was truly a Dutch *blatherschuyten*, and I was glad when he made off after a girl who looked at him from a dusky alley.

So, leisurely, I came to The Dark Ship where there should be respectable company but was not always. For when such ships as Tew's and Captain Wake's came into port, sober folk supped elsewhere.

Now, no sooner did I enter than I saw Thomas Tew, and he saw me—a whiskered, powerful man with hairy hands, and wore perfumed love-locks all wet with nard, and, for the rest, doted on velvet, for, despite the warm weather, his doublet and sleeves were crimson velvet and his sash white velvet set with turquoise and silver.

"Ah," he cried, "the sword-master's boy! And there was no better sword-master in the New World," he added with an oath.

"How do you do, Captain Tew?" said I politely, and gave him a hand that gripped as smartly as his own great hairy fist, and he let go first.

I shook hands with Captain Ireland, who gave me a horse dealer's look and said I should sign articles and come aboard him where tall fellows were growing scarce.

He was an iron-visaged man, gray and grim as one o' Cromwell's troopers, but had a shifting eye, and wild, and talked and mumbled to himself and buzzed when drinking.

To Captain William Maze I bowed—that great, bald, sprawling oaf with his horse-face and huge flat feet. He once took lessons with the broadsword of my father, who could teach him nothing, for he thrashed like a wind-mill sail out o' gear in an eastern wind.

"Well, my pretty sea-chick," bawls he, lifting his slopping pewter—

"Will ye ship along o' me,
And sail the Spanish Main;
And the first ship we see
Shall ne'er see port again—"

And they all lifted pewter and jack, spilling foam and slops over their velvets and silks, and bursting into the old sea-song:

"Fire a gun to larboard,
Fire a gun to starboard;
Port-fire, Greek fire, galley-fire, ablaze!
Hull her aft and forward,
Rake her driving shoreward,
Any rag's the proper flag for old Bill Maze!"

I took a brimming pewter from the tap-boy and nodded to that pallid little ruffian, Captain Wake—he of the bony cheeks, and rat-teeth, and his hair and mustachios like wetted horsehair.

"A health to old Tom Wake," bawled Maze, "for he looks like a corpse and is colder. By God, when I was aboard Culliford the rats died and lay on their backs, and they all looked like Tom Wake when he's dead in his cups."

"Let go everything," growled Ireland, "for there's a hurricane blowing called Bill Maze."

WAKE showed his long, yellow front teeth at Maze. "You've feet like rafts, so be done a-kicking me under the table," said he, and flung a chicken wing at him which flew aside.

Tew shouted for brandy which he drank neat as he ate—a most horrid and loathly sight. But my stomach was young and strong, and I cut a smoking capon in two and yielded half to John Ireland.

With this, and with bread, and a cup of French wine, I was supping finely, and losing not a word, to learn how the bargain lay between Livingston and these four men.

When sober their speech had become careless and bold enough in New York, as toleration and license increased with the shameless bribery of officials. But when heated with wine and spirits, they paid no heed at all to what they said, and boasted and laughed at deeds which should have hanged them all in England.

Captain Tew, who was the most profane man ever I knew, was now bragging of his vessel, the *Amity*, sloop, and cursing and swearing that nothing afloat could match her. With which Captain Wake took issue and vaunted his ship the *Susanna*, vowing he would set a burning candle in his powder bin if he sailed not three times around Tew twixt Sandy Hook and Gardiner's Island.

Then John Ireland drained his hot pineapple rum and flung a crab from it at Tew:

"On my great ship," growls he, "I need a long-boat, and your damned sloop will do. But you I would not have for a boatswain's mate, Tom Tew, for you stink of nard like a wench of Saint Marie!"

A huge roar of laughter shook the room, and I turned to see who else might be supping there.

Some respectable travelers and sea-faring folk, with wives and also daughters, were hastening to make an end to their suppers and leave this noisy place. There were other sea-folk and their women, less respectable, who laughed when these pirates laughed, and who blushed not at their oaths.

A most villainous cloud of tobacco dimmed the place and it reeked of pineapple and beer and wine and the fumes of smoking food.

Tew was ever snatching at the skirts o' the tavern maids, who served us, and a-pulling them onto his knees where he made them drink Madeira, though they spat out the brandy and boxed his ears and pulled his greasy love-locks.

Captain Maze wore great gold hoops in his ears, so monstrous that they had pulled the lobes down almost to his shoulders, and Tew swore he resembled a Hindu god, and was all for our seizing him and driving a ruby into his forehead between his wicked eyes.

In the scuffle, wine and rum slopped over Wake, which made him snarl and fetch a clip at John Ireland.

At that—swish! out jumps Ireland's cutlass, and Wake whisks his hanger from its soiled leather, and they struck once, clashing across the table, but that was all, for I had out my Spanish blade in a trice, and beat theirs wide and up and down. Then amid the shouting, cursing and screams, Wake pulled a dagger, and Ireland's pistol was out, but I pushed up his arm as he fired, so that the ball hit the beams above.

Tew twisted the dagger out o' Wake's grip, and, oh, God, how he cursed and foamed and stamped and bellowed!

And, "Damn your eyes and be damned to you," he bawled. "What are you about, Tom Wake? I'll never sail for Malabar with such a Moor as you be! I'll never sail, no, nor with John Ireland, either! And your Livingstons and Pells and Skinflint Philipse can keep their money and their commissions, for I'd as lief consort with wildcats in a cage as sail in company with you—"

But Maze was clapping him on the shoulder and filling up his overturned cup, and I put up my sword, and prevailed with John Ireland, and, in the end, made Captain Wake give him his hand.

"If," said I, "you are to sail all together with commissions, and trade in consort, and share dividends, with Mr. Livingston and his associates, is it sensible to cut one another's throats ere you weigh anchor and stand for—well, let us say for the Red Sea—"

"Why, you impudent sprig," cried Maze, "who says we shall stand for the Red Sea?" But Tew roared with mirth, and:

"Have you never sailed *On The Account*, then, Billy, that you seem so thin skinned when there is talk of the Red Sea?"

But John Ireland was growling again and his two bad eyes flickered at me.

"What is it to you?" he rumbled, "where we sail, and to what purpose?"

"Aye," snarled Wake, "the sword-master's son is to trade with Captain Kidd; and William Kidd would not listen to Livingston or enter into any agreement with us."

"Tush," said Tew, "Captain Kidd is friendly to all and meddles not in what does not concern him."

"Nevertheless," sneered Wake, "he hath sailed for England. And if there be men-o'-war at the Nore, and if they sail to cross us, then, by God, we shall know what business William Kidd hath thrust his nose into."

"Mr. Wake," said I, "the proper rhyme to your name is 'snake.' And how does that suit you?"

AT THAT he got up and fiddled for his cutlass, but thought better of it, and Captain Maze pulled him down.

"A staunch little cockerel," cried Tew, slapping me on the back, "who will not squat in the runs and hear a dung-hill crow!"

"Dung-hill," screamed Wake, struggling to rise again, and held by Maze squirming like a rat.

"I said it and named you," roared Captain Tew.

"If you dare match with this cockerel you'll get his gaff in your guts and you know it."

"Let be," said I. "I have no quarrel with any gentleman here unless he force it on me. And that he can do very easily if he but name Captain Kidd to his disadvantage."

"Well said," grumbled Ireland, "and Kidd is a quiet man who meddles with no other man's affairs, but sends his ships about their business and sails aboard the *Sarah-O* to trade in England, as he has a right to."

Wake's corpse-like face was sweating and he licked his bloodless lips as his envenomed eyes traveled about.

"Kidd went aboard Bob Glover off Sandy Hook," said he, "and the *Sarah-O* and the *Charming Mary* stood for England in company. And that I have from a pilot who saw it with his proper eyes."

"What about it?" demanded Tew with a horrid oath.

"Why, if I meet them, I'll take the *Sarah-O* and the *Charming Mary*, too," cried Wake, and glared at me malignantly.

I laughed. "And what," said I, "would the ten guns of the *Sarah-O* and the sixteen guns of Mr. Glover be about, Mr. Wake?"

Tew shouted and laughed and lifted his cup to pledge Mr. Wake: "Why, you damned pirate," he bawled out, "how dare you talk of stopping honest ships on the high seas? Is that fair trade? Is that your compact with Colonel Livingston and Mr. Pell and Skinflint Philipse? Would you hoist Old Bones, then, and run out your wicked guns to stop the English flag?"

"Am I to be plagued by a sea-louse," screamed Wake, "and may not scratch my itching? By the dirty Mogul gods, I'll scratch if bitten, and let all sea-vermin hear what I say."

"The wolf and the lamb," quoth I, grinning. "And have a care that you do not stir a lion under the woolly pelt, Mr. Wake."

"Cockerel," cried Tew, "thy friend Kidd can give proper account of himself to Tom Wake, and so pay no heed but let it go and, in God's name, let us drink—"

"The Red Sea Trade," bawled Maze, staggering to his feet—"and bumpers all. Up jack and pewter. Up every glass and cup. Here's to New York City that gives us shelter and bed and meat and drink and wench—"

"A wench!" shouted Tew. "Wenches to pledge us in the Red Sea Trade." And he turned to survey the company in the room and see if any drabs were there.

Respectable folk with their wives and daughters had left, or were hastening to take their departure, but there were some people remaining, and, among them, to my surprise and displeasure I noticed Maddaleen Wyck with two other girls, and young Malloch Strawn was with them in his regimentals.

"You!" cried Captain Tew, "with the plump neck and rose cheeks. Will you pledge us luck in the Red Sea Trade my pretty little love-bird?"

"Enough," said I, "would you quarrel with the lieutenant yonder whose convoy she's among?"

"Well, then," bawled Maze, getting to his great feet and shambling toward the girl, "I kiss what I like, and when and where I like—"

But I got in front of him, and, setting my hand against his broad chest, gave him a violent push backward so that he stumbled and fell flat on the sanded floor.

Like a wild bull he was up again, and his sword out, and at me, and everybody shrank and fell back to be clear of his sword, as I have said, which he whirled like the sail on a tempest-driven wind-mill.

My blade caught his and must have been shattered had I not eased his, and caught and eased it a dozen times in the twinkling of an eye. Then my blade glided to his sword hand, and bit; and stung him again in the arm.

But this only goaded him, and he changed his sword to his left hand, holding out the other arm all dripping.

"Hell and furies," he yelled, "I shall do your business for you now."

"Put up," I panted, "or I shall do you a harm, Mr. Maze."

His sword seemed but a wreath of lightning in the candle's windy light, and for a space I kept clear of it and let him press me, and I kicked aside tables and chairs as I retreated.

IN KITCHEN and tap-room I could hear a great outcry, and bawling for the Watch; and wished that it might come, for I did not desire this brawl.

"Captain Maze," I said breathlessly once more, "I tell you, put up and stand aside because I do not wish to harm you."

"Well, then," he yelled, "I'll clip your comb and hackle, my pretty cockerel, and trim your spurs to my proper taste." At that he fair flung himself upon me, letting drive a rain o' cuts and thrusts, and backed me to the till where, for a moment, I feared he would nail me fast.

But again I caught and eased his hasty blade, and presently played with it a little.

"Now," he shouted, "I spit you. Thus!"

"Well, then," I gasped, "if you must have it—"

He took it with a kind of yelping cough where it slid into him 'twixt bone and liver. When I freed my blade he still stood, made a slow stroke at me, lost his sword. Then he fell with a crash against a settle, and lay there feebly wagging one great foot.

Tew came up, cursing and blaspheming. "Have you done his business?" he demanded of me.

"No," I said, "if you get him to his bed and have a surgeon."

"Lift him," growled Tew, "before the Watch arrives. Take him aboard the *Gentle Dove*.

His long-boat awaits by the water-stairs!" He went to the tavern door where a crowd had gathered, and among them were a number of Maze's crew.

These presently unhooked a shutter from the Dark Ship's windows, and got Maze upon it, and so bore him out into the darkness, followed by John Ireland and Tom Wake.

"By God," said Tew to me, "you shall come aboard the *Amity*, and shall command the first prize I take if you consent. I swear it. What do you say, stout heart and young? Will you sail with Captain Tew and make your fortune? Or will you rot in New York and die o' rum and pox in a stinking alley?"

Which so madded me that I could scarce keep my fingers from his hairy throat.

"Captain Tew," said I, "I may come aboard you yet some day. But if ever I do, it will be by the board and on the high seas, and never at your invitation, nor that of any other filthy pirate."

If he drew on me, I cared not, his insult had so enraged me, and I was ready to prick him deep if he touched his pistols.

But he only stared at me, and then burst into a bellowing laugh.

"God," he said, "what a brave cockerel is this—and I must do with my dung-hill henny-fowl and let him go."

Then he gave me another look, not scowling, but regretful, and turned on his heel and went out into the starlight trailing his long sword over the stony way.

I NOW heard very plainly the rattle of the Watch; and a man in the darkness cried out to me that they were a-running along Broadway.

But I was madder, now, and my wild sword-play with Captain Maze seemed to have made supple and eager my body and my limbs. My brain, too, was all afire, so that I determined to make an end, also, of this matter of Maddaleen Wyck while I was about it.

I wiped very carefully my sword on a napkin and put it away, and then I pushed my way through those who had crowded and shouldered into the tavern to see what was to be seen of the late brawl.

Two of the girls with Maddaleen had fled in the tumult—they were shop-keepers' daughters and young and giddy like Maddaleen, and no harm in their empty heads, I swear. Elsje Dyckman was one and Betsey Brown the other—but Maddaleen still stood by the back door of the tavern, half frightened, yet excited, and on tip-toe to see what would come next. And Malloch Strawn stood beside her with his scarlet laced sleeve about her buxom body.

Which maddened me more than ever, I know not why, and, coming presently to them I stood before them.

"Mr. Strawn," said I, "is the Dark Ship a proper place for Maddaleen Wyck without her mother's countenance and protection?"

"Well, I'm stabbed," said he coolly, "if it concerns you! And who the devil are you, Dirck Hazlett, who come blustering and pretend to teach me what I am about?"

"Malloch," said I, "would you have the Watch catch her here and disgrace her? Or is it true what they say in the city, that you have no tenderness or scruple concerning any woman where it interferes with your selfish pleasure?"

"Meddle with your own business, Dirck," says he turning pale, "and keep your quarrelsome nose out o' my affairs or I'll soon give it a tweak you'll not forget, my toss-pot cock-o'-the-walk."

I slapped his jaw shut, and I think he bit his tongue, for blood ran out over his chin.

At that moment I heard a watchman's rattle very near. I seized Malloch and flung him through the rear door into the tavern garden, which was walled high with brick. Then I pulled the foolish girl, Maddaleen, through the doorway, took the key and locked the door on the outside.

IN THE starlight I saw that Strawn had his naked sword out, and I pulled mine from the scabbard, and took Maddaleen by the hand.

"Run, you little fool," said I, unlatching the garden gate, and gave her a hearty shove into the mews. Then, with an eye on Malloch, closed, barred the gate, and came toward him slowly, whipping the rank grasses with my blade.

"Damme, Dirck," says he,—thickly for his swollen tongue—"you shall pay me your life for this outrage."

"Malloch," said I, "the outrage is yours, and a dirty business to cheapen an honest girl whose widowed mother lies a-bed at this hour."

"Enough," says he, his voice shaking with rage. "Get you to guard or I run you through—"

I beat aside his sword and gave ground.

"I have no mind to harm you," said I, "if you give me your promise as an officer and a gentleman to keep clear of Maddaleen's skirts."

But that seemed to infuriate him, for he bounded forward and engaged me so wildly that I had all I could do to beat him off.

"Will you put up and go home to barracks, you crazed jackass?" I demanded.

"I'll lay you on the grass first," he panted, and flew at me again; and again I beat his sword this way and that and up and down and wide aside to show what a fool he was.

"Go back to the Fort," I said. "I never loved you, Malloch, and that is why I hold my hand and bid you go."

"Dirck," said he, "we are well born, both of us, and love not each other, and never have. So let us settle this hatred here and now, for I mean to use Maddaleen as I choose, and I mean to marry with Sancia Caradac, and be damned to you."

A chill came over me, and then a heat that set every separate vein a-boiling.

"Oh," said I calmly, "I had not understood. So," said I, walking toward him and striking his steel right and left, "here's for Maddaleen Wyck," and lashed my blade through his left shoulder, "and here," said I, "is for the name you dared to name, and shall name no more—" and I whipped my point through his body touching the lung and rib, and jerked it free as he fell backward into the rank grass.

As I went up to him and looked down I heard the Watch's rattle loud on the river-front, and a great stamping and noise of halberds in the tavern.

"Malloch," said I, "are you passed?"

He moved in the grass and strove to answer, but a rush o' blood covered his lips and face.

I pulled the key from my pocket, unlocked the back door, and flung it wide.

Inside was all a glare of lanterns and halberds, and I cried out, "Here lies a wounded man. See to him."

Then, ere they arrived, I was out o' the garden door and into the mews, and already had turned the corner into Whitehall when, in the darkness, a man stabbed me.

Down I went, feeling the black rush o' death; and in the chill and horrid void I saw a face, and knew it for the corpse-face of Captain Wake.

"Now, damn you," says he in a whisper, or so it sounded in my dulling ears—"take your spying and your secrets to hell with you. And be double damned to you," says he. And that is all I heard of his sermon, and his face dwindled and went out like a pale flame in darkness.

I AWOKE from the black swoon to a torment of burning pain, and discovered I was lying on my own bed, and my body naked to the belt.

There was a lighted lantern on the chair by the bed, and some candles, too, and I saw blood on the bed-linen, and on my body, and smelled spirits and vinegar.

Then I saw Maddaleen Wyck, bearing a pewter basin and napkin who came from the kitchen, and who, seeing me regarding her, went red hot, and then white again.

"Lie you quiet, Dirck," says she in a trembling tone, "for they have not done for you yet, and you shall live to reckon with them. I have cleansed your hurt with spirits and it is full o' clean lint."

"Thomas Wake stabbed me," said I weakly.

"O God, was it Captain Wake?" says she. "I did not see; I was hid in the mews and saw you come out from the tavern garden, and I ran after you. But when I came to the alley's end you lay there in the runnel. And the Town Watch had come into the tavern garden where I heard their cries and shouts of murder . . . Oh, Dirck, I scarce knew what I did, so frightened was I—"

"How came I here?" I groaned.

"I lifted you and bore you."

"All the way here?"

"Aye. It was fright gave me strength, I think. Did you kill Malloch?"

"No—not if a surgeon attend him."

I looked down at my smeared body. Wake had stabbed me above the right nipple. But there was no blood in my nose or mouth or throat. I breathed hard and hotly, though without choking.

"What o'clock is it?" I asked.

"Day breaks above the East River. I should get me home and indoors and abed before my mother rises."

"Get you to bed, Maddaleen, for fear o' scandal," said I wearily, "but before you go, set me a bowl of water near so I may drink."

"Oh, Dirck, dare I leave you?" whispered she.

"Come in the morning early," said I faintly, "and if you find me very ill, then only shall you fetch the Huguenot surgeon, Riel Lanois, who is both my polite friend and a certain man, and who never would betray either you or me."

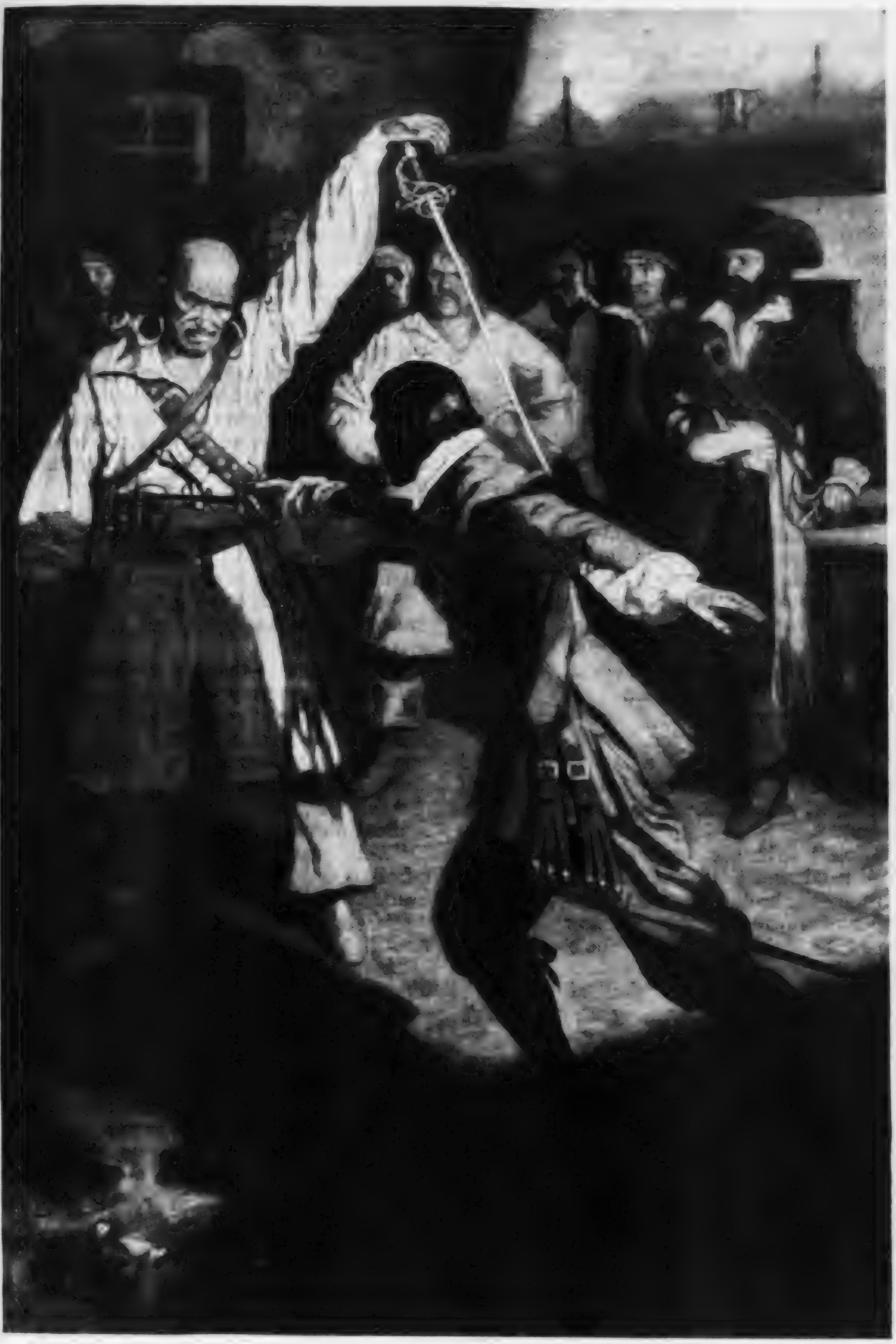
The girl began to cry, and leaned down and kissed me. And, "Oh," she whispered, "there is like to be much trouble for you and me along o' this night's frolic. . . . Lie down, still, Dirck Hazlett, whilst I cover thee, dear hothead! Stir not. . . . Oh God, I must get me to bed lest mother stir early. . . . There has been a fox among the poultry. . . . O Lord, . . . I be all blood and must contrive to cleanse me. . . . Lie quiet; I shall come very soon again. . . . It already is daylight, and I shall return before you sleep. . . . And so God be with you."

I heard what she said, but her voice grew small as though she were far distant. Yet I saw her extinguish the lights and lift the lantern to the floor. And after that I saw great flames, and seemed to feel them in my very bones. . . .

When again I saw this girl, Maddaleen, to know her, I still lay as I last remembered, but was in my shift. It was day, the sun shone through the windows, and made a pattern on my bed. My body was as though dead, but my mind was alive. An immense fatigue weighted me, so that thought stirred feebly and slow, and speech was an effort from which I shrank.

Maddaleen Wyck sat by the window, sewing; her handsome head darkly bent against the sunshine, and potted flowers on the windowsill.

She was singing to herself, in a low, contented undertone. I gazed at her for a long time, unstirring.



"Well, then," I gasped, "if you must have it——" He took it with a kind of yelping cough where it slid into him 'twixt bone and liver.

After a few minutes I saw her thread break off. She lifted her needle to thread it and turned her head to glance at me.

Seeing my eyes open did not seem to surprise her at first, but when I smiled, she dropped her sewing and was instantly beside me.

"Dirck," she said, "you see and know me?"

"Surely," I whispered.

She sat down by the bed and gazed at me hard until she no longer doubted that my senses had returned to me.

"How long?" I asked.

"Oh, Dirck," she sobbed, "we are in September, and it was in August you were hurt. My God," she wept "—look upon this boy who is weaker than a baby newly born. You are all bones and skin, Dirck, where you lie, and no features save those great hollow eyes. That was the cursed fever, Dirck. It burned your mouth white within and without. And the flux, we thought, had ended you—the dreadful, angry issue from the inflamed lung."

She put her head down on the bed and cried for a few moments, then sat up with laughter flashing through her tears.

"God and Riel Lanois saved you," said she, a-wiping her eyes on her laced apron.

"You saved me, Maddaleen."

"To be drowned, then," said she, "for I swear no steel can slay you."

She laughed and cried a little and seemed happily distraught, and clapped my hand and caressed it, showing me it was bony and white as wax.

"Look," says she, excited, "here is that sword-hand which laid that pirate, William Maze, by the heels. Here is the hand that ran Malloch Strawn through. See how weak and white it lies between mine." She stooped and kissed the bloodless palm.

"How does Mr. Strawn?" I asked.

"Out o' bed and a-sunning on the Fort's parapet where the sea-air mends him."

"That is well," said I. "And Captain Maze?"

"Very ill, with that sickness your sword carries, Dirck. Yet he sailed last Monday. All four o' them sailed—Tew, Wake, Ireland and Maze. There was a fresh breeze on the North River and wind enough in the Lower Bay they say. All four ships in company passed out Sandy Hook at noon and stood to the southward. That was the gossip in the city. All sails set and a northwest wind. They say that Maze lay abed when his crew made sail, and that Captain Tew sent a *schipper* aboard Maze—Durwent, it was—who took command, and would carry the ship till Maze could stand on his big feet again. Oh, Dirck, how you upset those same vast feet in their morocco boots! It was like a tree falling when his great body went down with a noise o' steel and pistols and silver coin spilled, and clash of his brass-set bandoleer and cartridges—"

I felt my stiff face drawing to a smile, and Maddaleen laughed and pressed my hand.

THEN, thinking, for a space, I pulled weakly at her fingers, and said, "No scandal sticks to your skirts, Maddaleen?"

"Oh, none, I thank God. Mother was abed when I crept in by the kitchen window. I cleansed me—for I was foul with your blood and the mud o' the mews runnel—and then I got tea and soupaan and honey against my mother's rising, and when she had risen, and we had breakfasted, and after all my tasks were done, mother went into the shop and I fled back to you. Oh, Dirck, you were monstrous sick and did not know me, and I ran to the Huguenot, Riel Lanois, and fetched him. That is the story. He saved your life—"

"*You* did that."

"It is kind to say it, and sounds sweetly in my ears, Dirck—"

"I am beholden to you for life."

"Alas, no," said she gaily, "for any other must have done as I did, and with more sense, and skill, I fear."

"Nevertheless—thank you—Maddaleen."

But she waved my words aside, still laughing, and said she must see to my wine broth which had been brewed of tender meat, and which now was set a-simmering on the kitchen hearth. But I held her finger, still:

"Tell me, has this business made much scandal with my name?" I asked.

"Well," she said, sobered, "all know you love a frolic, Dirck. There are always plenty to wag heads and roll up pious eyes."

"My reputation stinks o' the pot-house, you mean?"

"Dirck, I shall not lie to you. The city hummed with it, and some cried out on you, and some said it was good riddance to Captain Maze who was no better than a pirate. Livingston and Pell and the great folk were against you, and swore you were a brawler, and none safe from your sword who angered you.

"But honest stout DePeyster said that a drunken and notorious pirate got a trimming which honest folk ought to applaud, and enquire not too loudly concerning the trimmer."

Again I felt the smile drawing and twitching at my thin features.

"Aye," she went on, "and there were plenty to cry out, 'A Jacobite plot!' And others to reply, 'A Romish plot.' Others still, swore that it all smelled rank o' Canada and of Frontenac who had paid you to cripple such sea captains as might sail again with Sir William Phips."

At that a feeble sound stirred my lips. It was laughter.

Maddaleen enchanted, laughed too.

"And what of my business with Malloch Strawn?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing. He would not tell with whom he had fought."

It was the silence of an honorable man. I had expected it and would, of course, have so conducted had he laid me on the grass.

"No scandal there, then?"

"None, Dirck. Oh, Lord, what a fool was I to listen to him. We three girls sat a-swinging on the old apple tree where Whitehall comes into the parade. That was it. That was how it came about. And Malloch came from the barracks, very fine in his new regimentals. You know how such a business begins, he jested, we plagued him, he said I durst not eat a *cookje* with him in the coffee house. Well, we three girls swore he should sup on his own challenge. Lord! well—and it was upon your point that the poor fellow supped! . . . I must look to your broth, Dirck, for the surgeon will be coming."

She released her finger, rose and went into the kitchen. I could hear her moving about. I lay still, feeling the fatigue of my awakening.

Before she returned I fell asleep, and when again I woke there was Riel de Lanois seated at my bedside. His hand was on my pulse, he was not looking at me; he was looking at Maddaleen who stood near holding a blue bowl of broth. She saw me open my eyes, and then Riel turned and looked at me.

He was a brown man, crisp haired, handsome, sturdy, with a wiry, impatient body, but the coolest, kindest hands I ever knew.

He smiled upon me, now stroking the wrist he was holding.

"So my friend, Dirck," says he, "you have decided that you do not wish to make a voyage into Heaven?"

"No; New York contents me for a while."

"Ah! You flatter our pretty city. Well, then, I also prefer it for the present, meaning no disrespect to the Eternal City of the Good God. Eh, bien. How do you find yourself, my friend, Dirck?"

I smiled and looked at the pot o' broth.

They aided me to eat. I was soon satisfied. Then Riel examined my wound, which was now well healed but red and tender still.

"A deep prick," said he, "and became empoisoned. Then fever, of course, and the inflammation and the flux. Well, then?"

"How long?" I asked.

"Abed? Oh, when you feel you can stand upon your long legs, why, then you may stand upon them, my friend."

He took from his case some phials and called for cups and sweet water, and I looked on while he and Maddaleen mixed powders and stirred these with water.

He gave the cups to Maddaleen and came and patted my arm.

"You do well, my friend—ver' well indeed. I shall come tomorrow. Then, after two days pass. Then—damn seldom."

He laughed in his gay and charming way, made me a bow, and went into the kitchen where Maddaleen had gone.

Lying there I heard their voices, his quick laughter, and hers in gay response.

Then, for the first time, I remembered Sancia.

I SLEPT. When I awoke again Maddaleen came with a China orange and seated herself on the bed's edge. She made a hole in the orange, and, pressing it to my lips squeezed it so that the juice dropped into my mouth.

"And how does that smack?" says she gaily.

I nodded. Presently I said, "Has Sancia Caradac been here to enquire?"

Maddaleen got up and laid away the half-sucked fruit. "Yes," she said.

"When did she come?"

"Every day."

"What! Was Sancia here this very morning?"

"I tell you she comes every day with her mother, Madam Oort. Yes, they came this morning while you slept—"

I lay silent, looking out at the late afternoon sunshine. Already it was the fall of the year because I could see the brown edges of grape leaves crisply curling, and how plump and ripe were the bluish clusters hanging in dappled shadows.

Beneath the trellis I gazed at the North River where it makes the upper harbor with the East River and the sea. Golden calm the waters, only a blinding glint where the tide still ebbed, and a pleasant wash of wavelets on the beach. Winter was still far away. No gulls had come back. I saw sandpipers flitting and a-lighting with white-barred wings aslant, and blackbirds with red wings flying over the water, and heard the great blue and silver halcyon spring his watchman's rattle as he fished for minnows along the water's edge.

"Maddaleen," said I, "is there anything for me to fear from the Mayor and council or any Justice of the Peace, regarding my late indiscretions?"

She had taken up her sewing again.

"They say," said she, "there is nothing for you to apprehend. Among honest folks there is much talk about the sea captains who frequent this port, and how in England they call us a shameless people and declare New York is no better than a pirate's nest. So it is not likely that any Manor-Lord or Patroon dare take up this matter of Captain Maze, but are likely to let matters lie as they lie."

"Have any constables come here with enquiries?"

"None, Dirck."

I lay and watched the sun spots wax and

wane among the grapes. "What is the news" I asked, "since I have lain here like a sapless log?"

"News?" says she, folding her hands and looking up to think. "Let me consider— Well, Count Frontenac hath sent another horrid threat to Peter Schuyler in Albany. So Ingoldsby buckled on his pistols and is gone thither in a pink with a company of soldiers from the fort to stop the French from sending presents to our Mohawks. As for New York City, it remains as it has been. Ships come and go. Our governor hath not arrived from England. The ship *Nassau* is here with Captain Coats and a rough crew, and a dozen already in the stocks. Another captain arrived in a brig with Coats—one, Captain Hore, who declares that he passed Tew off Barbados, but had no commerce with him. Also, Captain Rayner is arrived off Sandy Hook in a great ship, and there he continues to sail up and down but will not come in, and none know why, unless his guilty fears have turned him coward. They say he needs provisions and that a sloop of Colonel Philipse is gone out to him."

"These men are known pirates," said I. "I am acquainted with that wild Irishman, John Hore, and know that he sailed *On the Account.* He careens at Saint Marie's and I know, further, that Livingston and Philipse sell to him. And as for Coats, he sails in company with Captain Mason and Captain Rayner, and I know them all to be in the Red Sea Trade, and no better than pirates whatever their commissions, or from whence secured, or of whom. What ship is it that Rayner commands?"

"*The Humming Bird.*"

"What is she, then?"

"I know not, Dirck; yonder she lies beyond the Wet Docks at the foot of Broad Street."

But I could not see her from where I lay and made Maddaleen describe her, and so learned she was a snow.

Said I, "Captain Kidd knows that vessel well and was chased by her and fired on. She is a dirty pirate, and every man who sails with Rayner and with Hore who is brother-in-law to Bob Glover, is a pirate, too. And God alone knows why our King does not send a frigate to these waters and destroy all this gentry afloat and ashore."

"That would not suit out great folk," said Maddaleen, laughing.

"True," said I. "Where would the Madagascar trade go to if the Patroon of Philipse Manor did not sell his stores to the birds-o'-prey in Saint Marie?"

That made us merry. Then Maddaleen fetched lemonade for us both, and aided me whilst I drank a little.

She had her arm around me, and I rested my head upon her shoulder.

"Now," said she, "you cannot escape." And, half laughing, she kissed me.

Her breath and her lips troubled me, so sweetly warm they seemed. I lay still, looking up at her, and saw the smile soften and fade on her face. Then she laid her cheek against mine.

"Am I bold?" she murmured.

But I was thinking why I had fought with Malloch Strawn, because he had cared nothing for this girl's reputation which she had been rash enough to risk.

Maddaleen was a fool—affectionate, warm, gay-hearted—but a fool. And I seemed to divine what as yet remained in her breast unawakened—impulse to passion and a recklessness the bounds of which I knew not.

Lying there I began to swear softly, and she sat up and gazed at me.

"Damnation and a dozen devils," said I, "did I do for Malloch so I might do to you what he would have done?"

"Are you mad?" she faltered.

"No. You are my friend—dear and kind and brave; therefore, have done a-kissing me."

At that she went rosy, and I went red, too. When the jade saw me blush she laughed, and "O, Lord," says she, "O, Lord, defend us." Which vexed me.

"A devilish good prayer, too," said I, "and see that you stand as fairly by your ally whom you invoke as I shall strive to stand in His Alliance."

"Dirck!" says she, "do you not love me?"

"I love you well, Maddaleen, because of your courage and kindness and—"

"Is there budding in your breast no tenderer sentiment?"

"I am tender of your welfare."

"Oh, Lord, do you think you are my mother?"

She got up and set aside the lemonade, her full lips pouting, but with a few veiled and slanting glances down at me.

"One would suppose," said she, "that you are the maiden and I some hardy gallant sworn to your undoing. As though heaven would fall a-trembling if we but touch finger-tips. . . . Or a new bonfire blaze in hell. . . . And God knows what you are about o' nights in your taverns and wine-shops—where are trollops and minxes a-plenty, and brazen, too! And false! And you cry out on all the angels if virgin lips but brush your cheek as lightly as a very breeze. Do you prefer your trulls and their painted mouths, Dirck Hazlett?"

But I lay sullen and was madded, but had not yet lived long enough to understand any woman. Nor have I yet, for that matter. So I let her think what she liked, but was determined she should not trouble me or stir me or make of me a hypocrite and far worse than the man I had so nearly slain.

She took up her sewing, but again laid it by and came and sat on a stool beside me, taking my hand.

"Forgive me," she said, "I am sorry I plagued you."

As I pressed her soft hand there came a stirring on the stoop and a knocking. Maddaleen went to the door and opened; and I saw the Widow Oort and Sancia.

They came in a tip-toe, and stood gazing upon me. But when I smiled, "Dirck!" cried Sancia, clasping her hands. And, "Oh, Mother! He knows us."

Sarah Oort came to my bed, seated herself, took both my hands, and gazed at me out of her sweet, kind eyes. Sancia knelt down beside the bed and fixed her deep gray eyes on me.

"I am sorry," said I, "to be laid by the heels when I should be doing a scrivener's duty as I promised—"

"Oh, Mother," cried Sancia, "listen to this poor boy who lies here at death's door and still thinks on us."

I laughed; "Sancia, I lie at a very different door—the door of health. A day—or two or three—and I shall be up and abroad and ready again to serve your dear mother to the limit of my poor ability."

Sancia got my hands away from her mother and knelt there pressing them and exclaiming how they were so bony and so pale.

Maddaleen had gone, and taken the lemonade to the kitchen, and thither Madam Oort now went, taking from her silver-laced pocket a jar of jelly which she had fetched for me.

Sancia sprang to her feet and sat upon the stool, still holding fast to my hands.

"Dirck," she said, "you have near been the death o' me. Oh, heaven, what grief, what suspense! I wished to come and remain, but Mother would not listen. Why should Maddaleen Wyck remain, who is naught to you—and I be forbid?"

"That is why," said I.

"It is senseless. However, it shows I am a woman grown, does it not?"

I began to laugh, but saw it hurt her pride and ceased.

"I am glad," she said, giving me a stormy look, "—I am glad that they feared mischief if I remained here. No child gets into mischief with a gallant. But I am vexed with you, Dirck. You have angered me and frightened me most horribly. Why did you quarrel with pirates in a low pot-house? *Why?* And what was that *other* brawl which rumor whispers of?"

"Brawl? Which brawl?"

"It is said that you fought another man about a woman. Oh, Dirck, you did not quarrel over a woman, did you? If you did you can go to the devil—" She crushed my hands in hers and her gray eyes blazed, then instantly in tears she begged forgiveness and kissed the hands she had punished.

"All the same," she said, through her tears which dried without falling, "I reign alone in your heart or I abdicate. I tell you I will endure no hussy whether it be custom or not. You shall not think on any other woman. Or, if you do, you may go to the —"

"I know," said I, laughing.

"Very well, then. Are you my gallant? Mine alone?'

"You know that, Sancia—"

"I will *not* brook another."

"You need not—"

"Lord!" says she in a sudden and tearful tempest, "what a very damnable plague is a man to a woman if she be in love with him. I do not desire to be enamored! When it was rumored that you had quarreled with a man and fought him over some loose woman, Dirck, it was near being the death o' me—what with rage and a broken heart, and distracted, too, to know who this jade might be. Also, I was frantic to learn if you would survive your wound. Oh," says she, "a fiddlestick and be hanged to all men—for all are wicked and false—though every hour I am praying God for one o' these same wicked men—"

She sprang to her feet and walked about the room. There was a nosegay of China asters in a blue bowl and she plucked from it a handful of blossoms and fell to pulling the petals from them.

"Why should Maddaleen nurse and care for you while I bide at home?" she demanded.

"Maddaleen comes to set my house in order."

"Yes, and she is a pretty thing," retorted Sancia, staring at me.

"She is both comely and industrious," said I, "also kind and faithful."

"A very paragon of virtues. Do you love her?"

"One loves one's friends—"

"Do you caress your paragon, Dirck?"

"No," said I, which was true.

"And she? After she has toiled and moiled does she soothe and smooth and —"

"Will you have done a-plaguing me?" said I. "I have no inclination for dalliance, or, if I have, I do not indulge it. Otherwise, my love for man or woman is the love of a friend for friends, and nothing either lighter or deeper."

Her eyes, which had been hardy and bright, suddenly softened and filled, and her lips trembled.

"Oh, Dirck," said she, "do you mean that for me also?"

And with that she came and leaned over and put her arms around my head, laying her soft cheek to mine.

"If you play me false," she whimpered, "I'd not die of it for very pride, but God knows I'd wish for death."

I did not like to put my arms around her. She was too near to womanhood to comfort and caress; nor did I care to encourage and stimulate the nascent and shadowy emotions agitating her.

The truth was she both touched and plagued me with her romantic notions and assumptions of maturity. I loved her dearly; but, by very nature, must remain unresponsive to her absurd and immature passion. And this, and her fierce impulse and fiery pride, made me ill at ease.

"Sancia," said I, "when I tell you I have no mind for women you should take my word for it."

"Do you include *me?*"

"Damnation, no! I don't include you—"

"Then you have an inclination for me, Dirck?"

"I have an inclination to love you if you will let me—"

"Oh, I will, Dirck! I will! Oh, Lord, they are coming from the kitchen. Quick, kiss me, Dirck."

Exasperated, I clipped her lips, she tumbled off my chest and sat up coolly enough whilst I lay there red as a poppy and felt mean o' the eye and all guilt.

"Mother," says she, in a voice sweetly unconcerned, "Dirck tells me how kind and attentive to his needs is Maddaleen Wyck, which should make us all very grateful to her—"

She stood up, took her short skirts 'twixt thumbs and finger-tips, and looked at Maddaleen. "I thank you kindly," she said, dropping her a curtsey.

Maddaleen spread her scarlet Dutch skirt and curtsied, looking straight at Sancia.

"A labor of love, Sancia," said she with a bright, flushed smile.

Sancia's gray eyes darkened and grew stormy. But she said softly, "Love never labors, it serves, and its duty is but inclination. You shall discover this one day," says she, "if ever you experience the gentle passion, Maddaleen—"

Sarah Oort, who had stood surprised, then curiously amazed, began to laugh, and she caught both girls by the hands and led them to my bedside.

"A fiddling cat and kittens!" cried she. "What's all this nonsense concerning love and duty? All my poor Dirck asks is meat and drink and medicine and a basin and napkin to bathe him. And if that be labor or love, I make bold to guess it's all one to him. Dirck—my poor dear, brawling Dirck who are grown so near to my heart—shall I send these two children a-packing and come and care for you myself?"

"Oh, Madam," said I smiling, "if my poor gratitude were the apple of Hesperides, how could I choose among you lovely three?"

Whereupon she laughed and took me by both ears and kissed me.

"Poor lad, you shall not choose, then, but love us every one as we love you." And, to Maddaleen, "All own your skill and your humanity, my dear, and all must envy you while they applaud." And to Sancia, "Be happy that thy boy-friend is so wisely and gently nursed and strive to emulate efficiency when it becomes thy turn to serve."

She looked very beautiful to me as she stood holding and pressing my bony hands.

"Hasten," she murmured, "for I feel great need of you, Dirck. And you may guess more reasons than the one I own to—which is that I miss you."

She laughed, and in her violet eyes I saw the tenderness, and knew she was thinking of her Captain.

Sancia took my hand from her mother and gave me a dramatic look.

"Remember!" she said.

Madam Oort said to Maddaleen, "I pray you remember me in friendship to your mother and say that I understand her tender pride in so sweet a daughter."

They curtsied and Maddaleen expressed her thanks and compliments.

Sancia's gray eyes met Maddaleen's. Both smiled, murmured customary politeness, curtsied, and parted.

And I turned over in bed and lay looking at the wall. And somehow, thinking of gray eyes and blue, thought somehow of the dagger stroke of Captain Wake. And, in my honest heart, I wished a riddance of all women, for I did not understand their minds and was becoming somewhat weary of their ways.

BY THE end of September I became able to go about on my proper legs as I chose, and in October was so far recovered and restored that I never had felt better in all my life.

I was now nineteen years old, straight, vigorous in body and limb, and so far, had acquired no very bad habits, never but once having been drunk—and thought I would die of it then—so outraged my manhood no more in that fashion.

And now this sickness from Wake's dagger, which had inflamed all my body with a poison and had nigh done my business for me, had laid me by the heels so long that for the first time, I became somewhat respectful of wounds, and resolved to avoid 'em and to enter less lightly into quarrels and disputes hereafter. Only excepting my reckoning with Captain Wake, and hoped he would soon put into port again.

But most of all my illness had taught me to be shy of all women, for I had my fill o' them and was resolved to entangle myself no more.

God knows I was grateful to Maddaleen, but did not desire to be mauled by her or by any other woman. No! And I loved Sancia as a sister, but her airs and vapors and affectations caused me discomfort, and her childish ardor perplexed and vexed me. For a man at nineteen hath no mind for marrying him a wife. No! He entertains freer inclinations. He is restless, unstable, full o' curious wonder concerning the world and men, and impatient to explore beyond horizons.

And I cared not if it were the Queen o' Sheba, or that yellow-haired trollop who set Troy afire, or Madam Aphrodite herself—I would not mate with any o' them for a ship full of Mogul gold.

What? *I*, marry me a *wife?* My God what folly! And what days and nights of ennui. I had rather been hanged.

As for the lighter aspect of what men call love, no! Never a greasy wench in New York could say I tickled her. Never a trull could gossip to accuse me of dalliance. Nor might any pretty woman in town say truthfully that I had offered more than a gay civility, a passing jest, a salutation, hat in hand.

Well, in October, I was recovered and had again all my strength, and more, and had grown taller, so that now I stood some three inches less than six feet in my stockings.

It was fine weather in the city. Apple trees were fruited deep; grain yellowed the cleared fields beyond the city walls; cider mills were busy; some forest trees had turned scarlet and gold.

Sea gulls were returning, flocks of wild geese and swans and ducks already had settled upon the North River and the Bay. At sunset, on my stoop, I sat and watched their customary evening flight when vast clouds o' waterfowl in countless thousands rose and flew in circles through the glowing sky or swept like high clouds far out to sea.

There was little need for butcher's meat in New York. Game could be had for a few stivers. A haunch of venison at your door cost eighteen, wild pigeons, a dozen for one guilder, of siwan, fat partridges four stivers the pair, wild turkeys four pence for one that weighed twenty-five pounds.

I remember, one afternoon, that a black bear swam from the East Jersey shore across the North River and was slain in an orchard on the Maiden's Path, and hung up for sale. Some like bear's meat, but I find it too dark and rank.

Many ships came in and many sailed, honest traders, privateers, suspect pirates, all kinds of captains, crews, and ships—from the scheeper of a humble hag-boat to the strutting booted captain of a great ship, his scarlet sash stuck thick with pistols, gold lace on jerkin, jacket, and feathered hat, and great hoops of gold in his lop and sunburned ears.

Of these gentry I saw a-plenty where I supped at The Dark Ship, and knew or became acquainted with them all, the respectable and suspectable alike. And there were some who had heard of me and who laughed or scowled regarding my little difference with Captain Maze. Some, even, who had late news that Maze had recovered and now sailed on his own ship which was standing for the Red Sea in Company with Tew and John Ireland.

Of Captain Kidd, too, there was good news—three sealed letters which I discovered in the Tavern parlor. So I paid postage and carried them to my dear Madam Oort who kissed me in tears for the happiness I brought her, and sat all day long with these same three letters, which, God pity her, she did not know how to read, and which Sancia and I read and re-read to her till she had every word by heart. Yet still held tightly to them and devoured the inky scrawl with gaze insatiable.

Such a great and devoted love as was Madam Oort's for Captain Kidd did something humble and sober our fiery Sancia, I think. I believe the wilful jade began to suspect and comprehend something concerning the nobility and power of mature passion.

For that afternoon, when we three had dined at Madam Oort's we asked, very reverently God's favor for our Captain on the high seas. Then we drank him safe into port with a glass of his own old Madeira. Sancia followed me when I had taken my leave of Madam Oort, and drew me to the back door and into the garden, and made me sit upon the settle under the fruit trees.

"Well?" said I politely, but in no humor to be mauled. Which she seemed to divine for she only rested her cheek against my sleeve.

"Dirck," says she, in a small and wistful voice, "we be truly very young, you and I."

"Speak for yourself," said I, nettled.

"I do," said she, humbly. "I know I am really nearer to childhood than to womanhood, for all my loving heart and jealous. . . . Be patient if I sometimes vex and weary you. Will you be so, Dirck?"

Her confession touched me and I put my arm around her and petted her shoulder.

"Lord," says she in a dreaming way, "how beautiful is the love of a woman for a man. How heavenly my mother's face when you prayed at grace for Captain Kidd. Did you see my mother's eyes?"

"No, my head was bowed, and yours, also, should have been—you saucy pate."

"I could not help but steal a glance at mother. Her face rested between her praying hands, and her wide eyes gazed on distant things. . . . As though she saw God . . . or him she loves. I tell you, Dirck, there are more strange and hidden mysteries in a woman's love for a man than you and I dream on. So divine was mother's face! It made me lonely, somehow. Be gentle with me, Dirck."

"I mean to be."

"I know I sometimes vex and weary you. But something tells me the fault lies not in us but in our years—I am a fool, too forward, and you a little lagging. I know I am vain and full o' silly airs, and am truly not yet grown. I know I am still hard and bright and bitter to your taste—"

"Lord," said I, "nectarine must first turn green and hard ere it blushes and softens."

"Aye. Sour fruit stirs none to inclination. To myself, sometimes, I seem a thing apart, unplaced, lonely beyond all words. Had I parents—my own mother that bore me—God knows. . . . But I am wicked and ungrateful to think on it. . . . Yet, it may be that which leaves me unsatisfied and stirs in me a very passion for possession and to be possessed. Mine is a solitary heart and lonely mind in spite of all. Unless you take these two orphan organs for comrades to your own—" she laughed—"and lead me into the snug security of your guarded and secret self. . . . As though we were kindred of one blood. . . . Or are like to be—"

"In this mood," said I, "you draw me very near to you, Sancia. I understand such things and words. And now that you speak with sense and reason, and with such simplicity, I also dare to speak my mind which is, in short, that romantic love is an unfamiliar state of mind to me; and, what is unfamiliar, sometimes becomes irksome.

"Otherwise I love you honestly and dearly, and I admire you, and take pleasure in your manner, comeliness, grace, speech and company, only excepting when you play the grand lady, or wax too soft, or grow stormy-eyed and jealous—"

"Oh, Lord," says she, "what a wretched maid am I to be all these hateful and premature things."

"You are my dear friend," said I, "and I owe you a brother's devotion. Thus we should link minds and hearts in tenderest accord—which," I cried in my enthusiasm, "is the finest, bravest companionship in all the world—and I would fight any man to the death for the little finger of your oldest glove."

She lifted her head and looked at me out of those deep gray eyes. If they were a child's eyes, nevertheless, there seemed to grow a sudden and ancient wisdom in their starry depths which vaguely disturbed me until she laughed. Three times she laughed at me. I laughed, too, not knowing why.

"Ah," said she, "you have taught me all there is to learn about a man, and now I think I understand. And shall, henceforth, use you to your liking, Dirck, always and hereafter. How wonderful and how complex a grown man's mind is when finally he discloses it to a simpler and younger heart."

"I am happy that we understand each other," said I, wondering what she meant.

"I also am content. And am seriously beholden to you for this lesson. For now I shall no longer vex my head and heart with those ardent longings, sentiments, and fond alarms for which I am not yet fitted. And you shall feel no irksome bonds to fetter you. You are to be and to do as you choose without importunity or reproach. Only a happy approval and a warm welcome ever shall await you when it pleases you to bestow a leisure moment upon me."

"Sancia," said I, delighted, "your understanding and kindness overwhelm me. And I solemnly protest to you that the freer I am the closer grow the bonds that knit me to you."

"I know that, now," said she with an odd smile.

"Loyalty," said I kindly, "is made o' true cloth that outlasts romantic stuff."

"Aye," said she, "and could be used to patch it, too."

"Kisses and sighs, and passions," I cried, "—of what flimsy fabrics are these to knit into a vest against foul weather?"

"Shreds and thrums," says she, "and of less substance than a shirt o' spider-web."

"There," said I, now all of a glow, "there speaks a true woman of sense and understanding! It is the sturdy affection of kinship that warms body and heart and mind and not the witch fires of passion, Sancia."

"How true," said she, and her gray eyes grew remote. Yet she was smiling.

"Why," said I, "as I feel for you now, you are my own blood and I would suffer my body to be hacked into rags by Frontenac lest a harm happen to the slightest hair of your curly head. That," I exclaimed, "is the sentiment I cherish for you, Sancia."

"How far more wonderful than the petty passion that hungers for caresses," said she, still smiling at me. "So," says she, "the devil take all kissing and sighing and jealousies, and lovers, for I am done with 'em, and prefer the respectable sentiment of a loyal brother."

I drew a deep breath. I had managed well. I was no longer to be mauled and perplexed by sentiment or romantic jealousies. I had my freedom and could use it without fear of hurting this charming child. As for the terror of marriage, it never had been very real to me. Youth sees not far ahead, for there is ever a magic mist which veils the future, and which the eyes of inexperience can never pierce. For, to the young, a week hence is a year hence, and a year is a decade. What threatens tomorrow is an idle threat and no more alarming than a lark's whistle on the west wind.

"So," said I, in great content, "you will become friends once more with Maddaleen."

Sancia said softly, "Indeed I shall desire to be always near her, now. As often as may be. And shall be at pains to seek her company."

Her regeneration filled me with admiration. I gave her a hearty hug and lifted my hat from the grass and got up. And no less fervently did I take her little hand and kiss it. So out by the garden gate into Wall Street, stepping gay and free to let my sword swing on my hip.

It was a fine October sunset, mild and warm, with a spicy hint of apples and cider presses in the air and of wood-smoke from the chimneys.

On Wall Street I saw some Indians in their feathers—but that was no strange sight to the city, for they came and went very frequently.

But with these Indians I saw a pair o' birds in gaudy bandoleers and buckskins, and knew them to be forest-runners out o' the Northland, and so scented news from Albany which I feared might not be pleasant.

AS I drew near to these Indians I saw they were Mohawks, and supposed that the two forest-runners with them were some of Livingston's pelt traders out of the Indian country along the Mohawk River. For that traffic alone had made him rich.

Yet, when Robert Livingston arrived in America for the first time out of England, he was but a poor and unknown young lawyer, though well enough connected abroad. If he possessed as much as a clipped half-jo to bless himself and curse the clipper I know not, but his fortune was already in the making on that lucky day when the dying Van Rensselaer Patroon sent for a lawyer to draw his will. And Mr. Livingston was that lawyer. And, at that bedside, he met Alida Schuyler, the lovely wife of the sick man. It was the beginning of the luck of all the Livingstons. Even the poor dying Van Rensselaer seemed jealously aware of what fate intended, for he bawled out to his young wife: "Alida! Send away that young man instantly, or, by God, he is like to be your next husband."

And he was. Thus the Livingston fortune was founded upon that of an Albany Van Rensselaer.

And now, in fair trade and foul, lawful and unlawful—and often stinking usury—everywhere on sea, river, lake, and land, Mr. Livingston became monstrous busy. His acquisitive fingers clutched even at Canadian furs, and when Frontenac and his Abenakis and Praying Loups burnt those same and eager fingers of his, he merely licked them and set Mohawk and Oneida and Coureur-de-Bois a-combing lake and valley from Schenectady to the St. Lawrence for pelts, and employed all his talents, influence and energy to divert the fur trade from Quebec and make Albany the center of all such traffic.

I say this much for Colonel Livingston who never was my friend, and has since become my mortal enemy, that he aided his own colony when he aided himself in this matter of the Mohawk trade, and in the erection of his great estate which became a manor, and he its lord.

I say also that he was a brave and fearless man, physically, dauntless if unscrupulous, grand in manner and bearing if not in soul, but never great. For never did this man rise above his secret self which was both mean, arrogant and ruthless; and if greatness be not both magnanimous and utterly honest, then it is not greatness, but something less.

In the matter of the Red Sea Trade, let this man, if he choose, accommodate his chilly conscience to the plea of custom, and plead that other respectable and unimpeachable gentlemen did the like. But, as God lives, Colonel Livingston never can plead innocence concerning those fatal French passes, but must answer for his behavior, along with the miserable Lords of Trade and their avaricious and cowardly King, whose souls I trust may all fry in hell—

I ask pardon for an anger that leaps like a sword from its sheath when I think on these men, and which strikes at terrible phantoms which have not yet even taken shape in this my narrative. But I never can look upon Robert Livingston nor hear his name without remembering the wickedness he hatched. And when the evil flame that he started seared and scorched so many noble names, and even licked the very throne of England's King—and when their lordships ran like foxes each to his proper earth, and the King himself slunk away behind Lord Belomont and my Lord of Orford, striving like Pilate to wash responsibility from his itching and royal palms, then should Robert Livingston have spoken. But remained silent. And it was the most wicked silence that ever muted human lips and tongue, to do an honest man to death.

Well, to my story once more, being calm enough now to mend my quill and strive to recollect my promise to use with every courtesy and politeness.

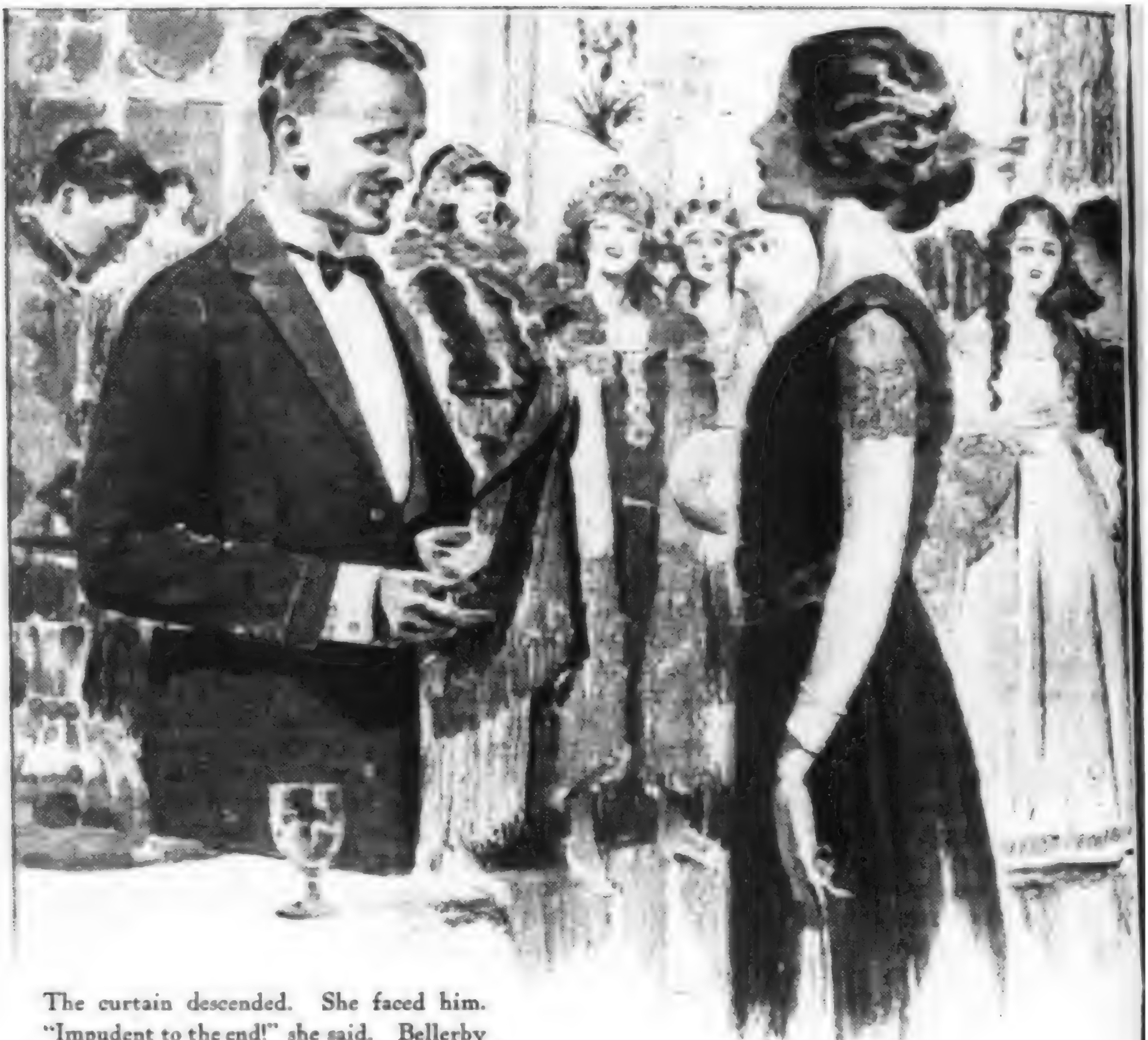
So, back to my Indians on Wall Street, whom presently I saw go out by the stonepoints, making nothing of the city wall. No doubt they had a hut in the woods somewhere beyond the Out-Ward, for such was customary when these savages came to the city.

As for the two forest-runners, they roamed leisurely along the waterside ahead of me, and gossiped and laughed together, and seemed a merry pair, in their brilliant quill-set moccasins and bead-work, and the scarlet thrums on leg and sleeve as bright as a fringe of alder-berries in November.

As I passed them they saluted me and I took off my feathered hat to them, for I would not be outdone in courtesy by two poor forest-runners.

"God be with you, friends," said I, "and I

[*Continued on page 156*]



The curtain descended. She faced him. "Impudent to the end!" she said. Bellerby looked down at her with a benign grin.

By
Guy Fletcher

The Man

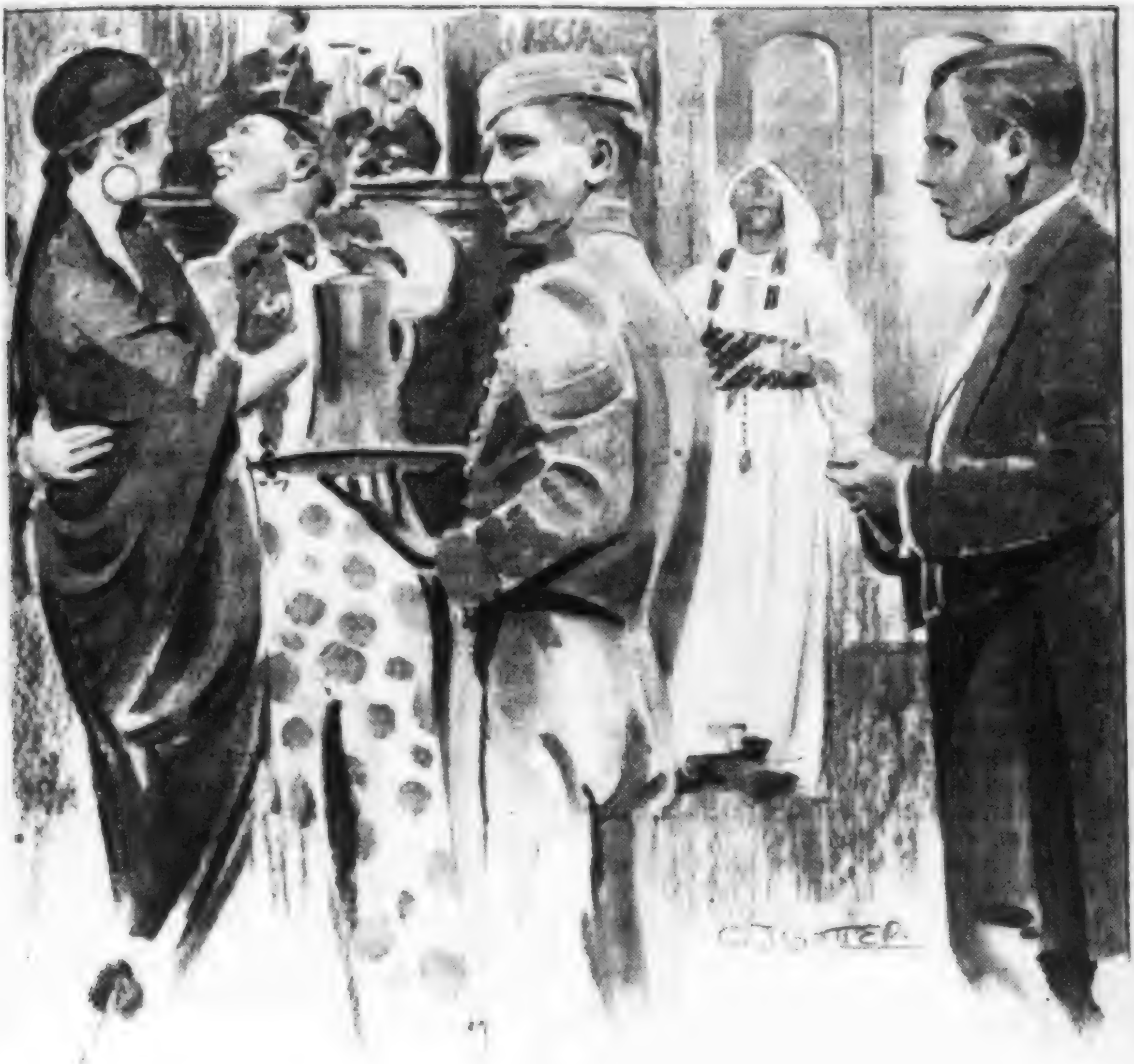
The impudent party next door plays ducks and

ON A gorgeous June day, with a seven-inch cigaret holder between her lips and a smile half of amusement, half of derision in her eyes, Elspeth Wynn watched her furniture coming into the old-world cottage she had had the good luck to rent within ten miles of London.

It was a new stunt this—and she was fond of stunts. She looked up. There were ramblers above her brown hair in the duckiest veranda; she looked down, and a line of Madonna lilies and hymeneal delphiniums ran to the open door set in a fan of ivy under three elms. And two skylarks sang, one in the bluest of heavens, the other, to quote Barrie, in Elspeth's heart.

"Drop 'er yore end, Alf."

She laughed that whole-hearted laugh which had enraptured theater-goers for the last two years. They were so priceless, Alf and 'Erb. Everything they handled was a "she"—even the coal-scuttle: they were on the wardrobe now. And listening and glimpsing the gem of a girl who was to "do" for her and who was now flitting up the path with a load of cushions, Elspeth felt happier than she had done since the morning after the night when, according to all



Over *the* Wall

Illustrated by
O. J. Gatter

drakes with the plans of a spirited spinster

the newspapers, she had made her name.

Such a garden!—and her own—for two whole years. Across the lawn were roses, roses; and the laughter in her eyes lost the mockery which was so familiar to the stalls and her dresser and the readers of the weekly pictorials.

"We'll be straight in no time now, miss."

She smiled to Millie, so neat and so pretty in her lilac overall, with her dark hair and big gray eyes; then, shutting her own, she held her cigaret at arm's length and breathed in a million perfumes.

"She's beat us, 'Erb."

Elspeth wheeled to catch sight of her exquisite satinwood wardrobe returning through the door.

"Won't it go up the stairs?"

"Nothin' doin', miss."

"But it must!" There was anxiety in her voice—she had paid fifty pounds for that piece alone. "Try that window."

Alf raised his head. "Want more'n two of us, that will."

"That's a fact, Alf."

Then Millie ran out, and she and Elspeth and Alf and 'Erb all stared up as if staring would whisk the wardrobe in.

When a great voice boomed:

"You'll have to slit it."

Trembling with anger, Elspeth looked round. Above the wall bounding her garden was a sort of paling to increase its height, and over wall and paling was thick ivy; above which showed a man's face. It was a jolly face, a strong face, but it irritated Elspeth beyond words.

She was dumb, in fact; and Alf said: "Only way I can see, miss."

Which loosed Elspeth's tongue.

"Who are you to interfere?" she asked the intruder.

"A friend."

"Well, fade away."

But he said placidly: "Here—you, Herb—come round and I'll lend you the tools."

"Right-o, guv'nor."

"Stop!" cried Elspeth. "I won't have it cut."

"You'll have to," the stranger told her.

"Impertinence!" She blenched and moved to him. "Get off my wall."

"Our wall," he corrected gently.

"Then you're my neighbor?"

"John Bellerby—always at your service."

Her lips curled. "Then perhaps you'll render it when asked for."

"You may rely on that." With which, he folded his arms on the points of the paling and looked down with a benign grin.

Elspeth turned impatiently to the men. "Can't you *try* the window?"

Alf scratched his head. "Really want four of us, miss."

And 'Erb explained: "Two above an' two below."

"Oh, leave the damned thing in the veranda," cried Elspeth with vexation; and the man on the wall guffawed.

TIME passed, and she was still furious—with the men who had taken their packing-cases and mats and gone; but with her neighbor especially. He was so impudent. How dare he climb up her wall—their wall—like a monkey and grin in—and order her about—and direct her furniture to be cut? How dare he?

"Will you have this here, miss?"

"Yes, Millie."

Out of chaos was growing order. Thank goodness, she had had the carpets laid. She stood on a chair driving in nails, and her "gem of a girl" passed up pictures.

"I'll have to catch the Seven-five. When ought I to leave?"

"Oh, twenty to will give you heaps of time."

Tap—and the nail slid to its brass head. "What a posh wall!"

"These cottages are so old. . . . Fancy you being on the stage."

Tap—

"You will be tired getting home at one in the morning."

"Oh, I'm an owl."

"So's Mr. Bellerby."

"Bellerby?" echoed Elspeth indifferently.

"Yes. I do for him, too. He writes. He's a scream—he puts us all in stories. He'll put you in one."

"*Will* he?"

Millie nodded. "He's all nerves when he's working. It was the war, I think. He can't stand noise."

"Oh, he can't stand noise?"

"No. If a barrel-organ comes round, as it does sometimes, he goes quite mad."

"What fun! I might get one. Let's hang that picture."

And then: "Millie, how are we going to get that wardrobe in?"

"I really don't know," replied the girl tactfully.

But Elspeth did. It was cut the next afternoon, carried up the crooked staircase and screwed together in her bedroom, none the worse in appearance but its value halved. Yet what annoyed her more was that Bellerby had been right. She must find out about a barrel-organ.

It passed from her mind with Bellerby though, as the days went by and she grew used to the long up-hill walk from the station and basked the whole of non-matinée in her garden. For one thing she never saw him, for another she was absorbed by her new home. It was such a joy to cut one's own flowers even if the pluck were needed sometimes to play St. George to a centipede.

One day she rose from the deck-chair under the pear-tree and wandered to her cottage through a fragrance of flowers. Through French windows she entered her drawing-room. Such a charming room—so cool, with no glaring light. She sat down at her piano and began to play and sing. And presently the old-fashioned bell-pull in the worm-eaten door-post was wrenched into action, and she rose and went to the window.

Who was it? She saw the lilac-clad Millie go down the path and return with a note.

"From next door, miss."

"From next door? Why?"

She opened the envelope with surprise that grew to astonishment till she remembered the barrel-organs. And then she laughed and read the missive again.

MADAM:

Please! . . . Have mercy on a fellow-artist and practice in the afternoons, when he doesn't work.
Faithfully,
J. BELLERBY.

Practice!—that got her goat. She was on the 'phone—it was in the next room. She went to it, gave a number. . . .

At eight o'clock next morning Bellerby sat in a leather armchair waiting for breakfast. He skimmed the paper as sunshine was skimming the fields opposite. Gray flannels, a white silk shirt, a shooting-jacket with a hole in the elbow —contented man.

Came the appetising odor of bacon, and Millie entered in her lilac overall.

"Hullo—hours fit in with the party next door?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Like her?"

"She's easy to get on with."

He moved to the table. "God, what a girl. So beautifully helpless and so helplessly beautiful."

"Going to put her in a story?"

"Might."

He tackled his bacon, and round popped Millie to call Miss Wynn. She unlocked the door, took some paper and some letters from the box, and climbed the path. Then stopped dead.

A piano stood in the veranda. Now? Why? —She knew why.

WITH heart still a-flutter, presently she took up the tea. Placing the tray on a small table by the bed, she pulled up the blind. Sunshine flooded the room, poured on the pillow, lit brown hair to gold.

"That my call?"

"Your tea, miss."

Elspeth sat up, rubbed her eyes. "Already? Any earwigs about?' She yawned. "How fresh you look."

But Millie didn't smile. "Your piano—it's been out all night."

"I gave it permission." Another yawn. "Wish they would run an earlier train. Any letters?"

"On the tray."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, miss."

"Millie, be an angel—fetch me a cigaret."

The girl obeyed, but was seething. As if calling her an angel would pacify her. She pretty well guessed what was in the air. She could have killed Miss Wynn.

And as if she had known what was coming, suddenly, after breakfast, she heard louder than the splashing of water to the sink: "La-la-la-la—la-la-la-la!" up and down, up and down.

"Cat!" she said.

Louder, louder: "*Ar-ar-ar-a-r—ar-ar-ar-ar!*"

She went out drying her hands. There sat Miss Wynn, at her piano, with the wind blowing Mr. Bellerby's way, her wide-open mouth turned toward him singing *ars* and *las*.

"Miss, miss!"

"Hello?"

"He's working."

"Is he? *La-la—*"

"He can't stand noise."

"Noise? I'm practicing. *La-la-la-la!*"

"He was blown up in the war."

"Was he? *Ar-ar-ar-ar!*"

She was heartless, heartless—Millie went back, but turned before she reached the scullery, for a face showed over the ivy and a great voice roared:

"Stop that damn din!"

It increased.

Then the bell shook as violent as Millie was shaking, but the door was latched; and suddenly from the road, over the fence, came a furious man. Across the lawn, up the grass bank, over a bed of gladioli and violas, he came and crashed a fist on the bass notes.

"Stop it, will you?—or by God I'll have the law on you!"

"Break my piano and by God I'll have it on you!"

Thus they glared at each other like a couple of roosters with extended ruffs.

"I asked you civilly," he cried.

And she: "It's my living as much as yours."

"Rot! You're not in musical comedy."

"Have you bought the earth?"

He was gripping her arms. "Yes, and the air —everything round here—from nine to twelve."

"Bellerby"—her voice topped his—"I'll sue you for trespass and assault."

"Do what you like as long as you stop this row."

"Row?"

"Yes, row."

"I won't!"

"You won't?"

"No."

Upon which he snapped down the lid of her piano, turned the key in it and slipped it in his pocket.

"How dare you?" she gasped. "Give me that back."

His voice came vibrant but low. "You shall have it at twelve."

"You beast."

"Yes. Good morning."

He was going, and she stared after him. Never in her life—never in the whole course of it had she met such cheek. The door slammed behind him.

And then like an angry child she shook the locked piano—hurting her nails; then stared at the wall. Revenge. But how?. . . Of course, the gramophone.

She rushed in, not even seeing the white-faced Millie standing by the trellis: found what she wanted, fetched it out. And now in the sunshine, amid the glory of summer flowers, she sat on the lawn and played two records unceasingly for three solid hours.

Amazing—yes. Passers-by were amazed, no doubt the birds were. For these were the soulful songs she played: "It ain't gonna rain no mo' " and "Hard-hearted Hannah the Vamp from Savannah."

"You'll have to slit it."

Trembling with anger, Elspeth looked round. Above the wall bounding her garden was a sort of paling to increase its height, and over wall and paling was thick ivy; above which showed a man's face. It was a jolly face, a strong face, but it irritated Elspeth beyond words.

She was dumb, in fact; and Alf said: "Only way I can see, miss."

Which loosed Elspeth's tongue.

"Who are you to interfere?" she asked the intruder.

"A friend."

"Well, fade away."

But he said placidly: "Here—you, Herb—come round and I'll lend you the tools."

"Right-o, guv'nor."

"Stop!" cried Elspeth. "I won't have it cut."

"You'll have to," the stranger told her.

"Impertinence!" She blenched and moved to him. "Get off my wall."

"Our wall," he corrected gently.

"Then you're my neighbor?"

"John Bellerby—always at your service."

Her lips curled. "Then perhaps you'll render it when asked for."

"You may rely on that." With which, he folded his arms on the points of the paling and looked down with a benign grin.

Elspeth turned impatiently to the men. "Can't you *try* the window?"

Alf scratched his head. "Really want four of us, miss."

And 'Erb explained: "Two above an' two below."

"Oh, leave the damned thing in the veranda," cried Elspeth with vexation; and the man on the wall guffawed.

TIME passed, and she was still furious—with the men who had taken their packing-cases and mats and gone; but with her neighbor especially. He was so impudent. How dare he climb up her wall—their wall—like a monkey and grin in—and order her about—and direct her furniture to be cut? How dare he?

"Will you have this here, miss?"

"Yes, Millie."

Out of chaos was growing order. Thank goodness, she had had the carpets laid. She stood on a chair driving in nails, and her "gem of a girl" passed up pictures.

"I'll have to catch the Seven-five. When ought I to leave?"

"Oh, twenty to will give you heaps of time."

Tap—and the nail slid to its brass head. "What a posh wall!"

"These cottages are so old. . . . Fancy you being on the stage."

Tap—

"You will be tired getting home at one in the morning."

"Oh, I'm an owl."

"So's Mr. Bellerby."

"Bellerby?" echoed Elspeth indifferently.

"Yes. I do for him, too. He writes. He's a scream—he puts us all in stories. He'll put you in one."

"*Will* he?"

Millie nodded. "He's all nerves when he's working. It was the war, I think. He can't stand noise."

"Oh, he can't stand noise?"

"No. If a barrel-organ comes round, as it does sometimes, he goes quite mad."

"What fun! I might get one. Let's hang that picture."

And then: "Millie, how are we going to get that wardrobe in?"

"I really don't know," replied the girl tactfully.

But Elspeth did. It was cut the next afternoon, carried up the crooked staircase and screwed together in her bedroom, none the worse in appearance but its value halved. Yet what annoyed her more was that Bellerby had been right. She must find out about a barrel-organ.

It passed from her mind with Bellerby though, as the days went by and she grew used to the long up-hill walk from the station and basked the whole of non-matinée in her garden. For one thing she never saw him, for another she was absorbed by her new home. It was such a joy to cut one's own flowers even if the pluck were needed sometimes to play St. George to a centipede.

One day she rose from the deck-chair under the pear-tree and wandered to her cottage through a fragrance of flowers. Through French windows she entered her drawing-room. Such a charming room—so cool, with no glaring light. She sat down at her piano and began to play and sing. And presently the old-fashioned bell-pull in the worm-eaten door-post was wrenched into action, and she rose and went to the window.

Who was it? She saw the lilac-clad Millie go down the path and return with a note.

"From next door, miss."

"From next door? Why?"

She opened the envelope with surprise that grew to astonishment till she remembered the barrel-organs. And then she laughed and read the missive again.

MADAM:

Please! . . . Have mercy on a fellow-artist and practice in the afternoons, when he doesn't work.

Faithfully,
J. BELLERBY.

Practice!—that got her goat. She was on the 'phone—it was in the next room. She went to it, gave a number. . . .

At eight o'clock next morning Bellerby sat in a leather armchair waiting for breakfast. He skimmed the paper as sunshine was skimming the fields opposite. Gray flannels, a white silk shirt, a shooting-jacket with a hole in the elbow —contented man.

Came the appetising odor of bacon, and Millie entered in her lilac overall.

"Hullo—hours fit in with the party next door?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Like her?"

"She's easy to get on with."

He moved to the table. "God, what a girl. So beautifully helpless and so helplessly beautiful."

"Going to put her in a story?"

"Might."

He tackled his bacon, and round popped Millie to call Miss Wynn. She unlocked the door, took some paper and some letters from the box, and climbed the path. Then stopped dead.

A piano stood in the veranda. Now? Why? —She knew why.

WITH heart still a-flutter, presently she took up the tea. Placing the tray on a small table by the bed, she pulled up the blind. Sunshine flooded the room, poured on the pillow, lit brown hair to gold.

"That my call?"

"Your tea, miss."

Elspeth sat up, rubbed her eyes. "Already? Any earwigs about?' She yawned. "How fresh you look."

But Millie didn't smile. "Your piano—it's been out all night."

"I gave it permission." Another yawn. "Wish they would run an earlier train. Any letters?"

"On the tray."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, miss."

"Millie, be an angel—fetch me a cigaret."

The girl obeyed, but was seething. As if calling her an angel would pacify her. She pretty well guessed what was in the air. She could have killed Miss Wynn.

And as if she had known what was coming, suddenly, after breakfast, she heard louder than the splashing of water to the sink: "La-la-la-la—la-la-la-la!" up and down, up and down.

"Cat!" she said.

Louder, louder: "*Ar-ar-ar-a-r—ar-ar-ar-ar!*"

She went out drying her hands. There sat Miss Wynn, at her piano, with the wind blowing Mr. Bellerby's way, her wide-open mouth turned toward him singing *ars* and *las*.

"Miss, miss!"

"Hello?"

"He's working."

"Is he? *La-la—*"

"He can't stand noise."

"Noise? I'm practicing. *La-la-la-la!*"

"He was blown up in the war."

"Was he? *Ar-ar-ar-ar!*"

She was heartless, heartless—Millie went back, but turned before she reached the scullery, for a face showed over the ivy and a great voice roared:

"Stop that damn din!"

It increased.

Then the bell shook as violent as Millie was shaking, but the door was latched; and suddenly from the road, over the fence, came a furious man. Across the lawn, up the grass bank, over a bed of gladioli and violas, he came and crashed a fist on the bass notes.

"Stop it, will you?—or by God I'll have the law on you!"

"Break my piano and by God I'll have it on you!"

Thus they glared at each other like a couple of roosters with extended ruffs.

"I asked you civilly," he cried.

And she: "It's my living as much as yours."

"Rot! You're not in musical comedy."

"Have you bought the earth?"

He was gripping her arms. "Yes, and the air —everything round here—from nine to twelve."

"Bellerby"—her voice topped his—"I'll sue you for trespass and assault."

"Do what you like as long as you stop this row."

"Row?"

"Yes, row."

"I won't!"

"You won't?"

"No."

Upon which he snapped down the lid of her piano, turned the key in it and slipped it in his pocket.

"How dare you?" she gasped. "Give me that back."

His voice came vibrant but low. "You shall have it at twelve."

"You beast."

"Yes. Good morning."

He was going, and she stared after him. Never in her life—never in the whole course of it had she met such cheek. The door slammed behind him.

And then like an angry child she shook the locked piano—hurting her nails; then stared at the wall. Revenge. But how?. . . Of course, the gramophone.

She rushed in, not even seeing the white-faced Millie standing by the trellis: found what she wanted, fetched it out. And now in the sunshine, amid the glory of summer flowers, she sat on the lawn and played two records unceasingly for three solid hours.

Amazing—yes. Passers-by were amazed, no doubt the birds were. For these were the soulful songs she played: "It ain't gonna rain no mo'" and "Hard-hearted Hannah the Vamp from Savannah."

No, he did no work.

Nor did he try to stop her. A clock struck twelve. She picked up the records and flung them at an elm. The minutes passed. She heard steps on the road. Then a white something circled over the fence and fell at her feet in the shape of an envelope. She opened it and the key of her piano dropped on the grass.

THIS the bellicose position between Elspeth and Bellerby before she had been in residence a week; but it had reached its zenith.

You can't keep that high-pressure up unless, the cynic will say, you're married. And they weren't married or even engaged or even in love: they were merely neighbors.

He won, I suppose; for she never played the piano again in the morning or either of those particular melodies for the rest of her life. He for his part never looked over the wall. Thus their warfare died.

As the summer passed each meant less to the other. The man over the wall stayed there, and Elspeth put him from her mind.

Such a negative condition might have gone on indefinitely but for Bellerby's habit of putting anyone and everyone in a story. Into one went Elspeth as a matter of course; and when it was done, it showed such dramatic possibilities that it suggested a play; and, behold, before the author knew where he was, one was started, and by the fall of the leaf was finished.

Not unsurprisingly the leading character, the whole reason of the play, was the girl next door. It was apparent she must have the part.

But would she take it?

He remembered distinctly she had called him a beast just as he had never forgotten the gramophone attack lasting three solid hours. Pity! Still there was the position. Face it. How?

"See her," said himself; and he thought it an excellent idea.

Such a demure little door in its fan of ivy. Brave-hearted, he knocked out his pipe and pulled the bell.

Its tinkle somehow conjured up muffins from the winters of his youth, and then, the door opening, he raised his hat.

She smiled—with derision.

"Good morning, Miss Wynn," said he. "I wonder if you could spare me just five minutes."

"I've cut the wardrobe," she said.

He moved past her. "How pretty your little place is."

"Sweet, isn't it?" she agreed, closing the door.

"How's the theater?" he asked, with, perhaps, over-friendliness.

She leaned against white-painted banisters and looked him in the face. "Impudent as ever, Bellerby."

"Oh, come!" That gave him time to recover. "No, no, I'm here on business." And he strolled on.

"We can discuss it here."

He turned. "Just as you like."

She waited; and now he looked at her with a feeling somehow he had never felt for her. She was simply topping.

"What have you come for?" she asked abruptly.

He slipped a large envelope from that spacious receptacle inside a shooting-jacket called a game-pocket. "To bring you this."

"What is it?"

"A play."

"Why bring it to me?"

He grinned boyishly. "Ah, now we're coming to the point."

"Yes, I wish you would."

"My play," said he. "Mine."

"Well?"

"It's a good one."

"Indeed?"

"Money in it."

"Yes?"

"And a part for you."

Her red lips opened. There was something so astonishing—and disarming—in his ingenuousness. It made her gasp. And, gasping, she noticed the hole in his sleeve and his silk shirt and his jolly, rough-hewn face; and then she laughed—that long, rich, whole-hearted laugh that made her Elspeth. "But you don't really—you can't possibly imagine for a moment that I should act in a play of yours?"

"Why not?"

She drew herself up to her five-feet five. "What do you take me for?"

He turned the envelope. "I'd hoped we'd buried the hatchet."

"Buried it?" she said quickly. "You've unearthed it by coming in here."

He appraised her. "Then however good the play, however well the part suited you, you would turn it down because I was the author?"

"I'd sooner be dead than act in your play."

He shrugged. "Oh, well." And then he added: "No use apologizing, I suppose?"

"Not a little bit of use."

"You'd sooner be dead than act in my play?"

"I've told you so."

He said with a twinkle: "Hard-hearted Hannah, the Vamp from Savannah!"

"Insult me as you like."

Her eyes flashed—so did his. "You annoyed me," he told her.

"*I* annoyed you? How?"

"By bringing your piano out and practicing."

"Practicing!" she caught him up. "You accused me of practicing when I was playing and singing in my drawing-room—and I paid you out."

He laughed and looked into her eyes.

"Would you marry me sooner than act in my play?"

She reddened. "Please go."

He said: "Au revoir." And meant it too.

FOR a long time she stood there gazing at the door through which he had gone. She was amazed at him, amazed at his impudence. To *imagine* she would act in his play! A hooligan with a hole in his sleeve—the beastly cheek!

That was the thought she gave to him, she gave none to his play. He annoyed her. And as she retraced her steps up the path, his last ridiculous question recurred to her. Marry him— Good God!

Meanwhile the man over the wall was by no means perturbed. He had hardly expected his neighbor to behave very differently from what she had done. But he had noticed her blush. She was lovely when she blushed. He did want her to act in his play.

So he sent it to her manager, Jimmy Lane, whom without reading it, turned it down.

On a morning in the following March, when daffodils were a-bloom in Elspeth's garden and sparrows pulling up her radishes, the old bell tinkled and Elspeth went to the door.

A woman stood there—a woman of uncertain age, but with no uncertain color in her nose. It was a bitter day: and tramps came on bitter days for boiling water and anything else they could get. But this was no tramp—she must be touting for a charity, Elspeth thought.

Therefore she said, "Yes?" Just like that, in her coldest tone.

"I've come from Yorkshire. Can you tell Miss Wynn I have come from Yorkshire?"

"No, she's out."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"Will she be long?"

"Till about one o'clock tomorrow morning," said Elspeth cheerily.

The woman put a hand to her heart. "Then it's all for nothing. Because I can't stay. My brother's very ill. He read somewhere that Elspeth Wynn has a heart of gold, but she's out, and I must get back. All for nothing, all for nothing."

Elspeth's curiosity was aroused. "What's for nothing? What possible message can your brother have for me?"

"*You* are Miss Wynn?"

She bit her lips with annoyance that she should have let it out, then laughed. "How did you know where I lived?"

"I called at your theater." The woman nervously opened her bag—a big network affair—and pulled out what to Elspeth's experienced eye could be only one thing.

"He wants me to read a play?" she said with horror.

"Asks you—asks you."

"But I'm inundated with this kind of request. Everyone writes them." She raised her voice. "The man next door does. I've refused to read his."

"But this"—the woman's hand trembled with her voice—"this is a life's work—a masterpiece."

"They all are."

She wiped away a tear. "Miss Wynn, every manager in London has sent it back. He—he's bed-ridden."

"I'm terribly sorry," said Elspeth genuinely, "but really I've no influence."

"You have—you must have. You are young, beautiful, with a name and life before you. Help him; make him happy."

And Elspeth, now holding the script, was dumb. What a marvelous woman to travel all the way from Yorkshire with her brother's play. Such a timid-looking, crushed kind of woman with her red nose. She felt utterly helpless.

"Of course, I'll read it—and write you—and do what I can. Come in—let me get you something."

"No, no—I had a glass of milk in the village, and I've a train to catch." Tattered glove-tips fluttered in a shabby purse. "Will you—will you wire if you think . . ?"

Holding the shilling which the woman had insisted on her taking, Elspeth watched her disappear down the road, then went in glancing at the script. It was badly typed and fingered, and corrected in a shaking writing.

Poor devil. Bed-ridden and bothering with plays—hoping for a fortune to come out of this. Pathetic. God, life was pathetic. She thought of out-of-work actors she knew, of a subscription this week to redeem the bedding of a family of nine.

O Lord! She sat in her favorite chair, the script on her lap, her duty plain. She must read it though if it were piffle. "Coombe . . . Bradford;" she had once played at Bradford. Irving had, too—died in its theater. And this man was dying. . . .

She lit a cigaret, read the first page. "Not bad," she said; then, "That's rather good;" and on the second page laughed; and twice on the third. And then without her knowing it her cigaret went out, and in about half-an-hour she knew the unexpected, the incredible had happened. For the play *was* a masterpiece, gripped her in every scene. She finished it—gave a number through the telephone.

. . . "That you, Jimmy?"

"That Elspeth?"

"Listen—a miracle!"

"What are they, dear?"

"Don't be funny, I've got a marvelous play."

"Part for you?"

"Yes."

"Thought so."

"It's a winner."

"Who's it by?"

"Man called Coombe."

"Never heard of him."

"But you *will*. It's a romance."

"No money in 'em."

"Fool! The play's a comedy. It's a romance the way it came to me."

"Well, send it along, darling."

She whooped. "You'll read it?"

In a bored voice: "Oh, yes."

Elspeth put up the receiver, lifted it again, said:

"Telegrams."

SO, PLAYS are put on.

On a Tuesday in May, with the boxes draped in dust-sheets and a handful of people smoking in the stalls, a dress-rehearsal took place at a London theater. At the back of the pit two men stood side by side.

"Elspeth's a wonder."

"And she found the play, old boy."

The producer broke off to call: "Can't hear you, Miss Schmüler."

The lady addressed shielded her eyes from the footlights with a hand and peered into the darkling auditorium. "Vot was dot?"

In a voice of thunder: "Can't hear you. Don't forget they'll be washing up in the pit bar. Speak up, my dear."

"Sorree."

"Don't be sorry, dear. Speak up."

"Mein Gott!" said Miss Schmüler to herself and the rehearsal proceeded.

The men at the back of the pit resumed their conversation.

"Run for a year."

"Run for ever, old boy."

"Where did she find it?"

"Wait and see."

And presently the producer went up on the stage to give the players tips.

"I'm acting like a pig, Jimmy."

"You go on acting like one, Elspeth. Wish I'd a few more pigs like you."

The first night came bringing telegrams and flowers to the stage door, and Elspeth with the first pinned to her mirror and the second drowning her senses waited in her dressing-room trembling like a thoroughbred. Oh, the ghastly nervousness. She dabbed a lip with carmine and her eyes fell on the congratulations. "Bradford—Thoughts with you every moment of tonight—Know you will make my play—Coombe." She laughed and said: "I shall probably damn it."

"Nonsense," said her dresser.

Then a boy's voice shrilled: "Overture and beginners, please!"

She breathed: "O God!" and moved to the door.

To a house packed with quality the curtain rose on "A New Comedy by Edward Coombe" punctually at 8:15; and there was no coughing and much laughter—even on the part of the critics. For the play was the winner Elspeth had foreseen. She didn't make it, neither did she damn it. There were innumerable curtains at the fall of each act; in one of the intervals the libraries did a deal, and there was infinite clapping and cheering at the finish.

It seemed so easy—as it always does on such occasions—to find a success. The most thrilled person was Elspeth—who had found it. And that poor bed-ridden devil in Bradford would wake up tomorrow and—

"'Thor! . . . Speech . . . Speech!" There were tears in her eyes.

Yet the curtain stayed up. And she stood there with the cast gazing at that unseen mass in the auditorium who clamored for the impossible.

"He can't," she whispered. "He's not here. Why he can't—"

And then a man came on—a man with a jolly face, a strong face; and through her brain to the deafening applause there ran: "It ain't gonna rain no mo' "—for it was the man over the wall.

Coombe—Bradford—she had been duped. . . . It was the man over the wall.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, "I don't know how to thank you for your generous appreciation of my first play."

"Bashful Bellerby!" was shouted; and: "Write another!" and everyone seemed to cheer.

But she heard no more. It was his play—she had acted in it; and she had sworn she would rather die—and had meant it, too. Now she seemed to hear him saying: "Would you rather marry me than act in my play?" and she shut tight her teeth. But stood there like a fool gazing at the black coat which belonged to the man over the wall.

THEN the curtain descended, the King was played, the "free list" came around to the back, and waiters brought champagne and delicacies up from under the stage.

She faced him.

"Impudent to the end!" said she.

"But you have acted in my play." He looked down at her with a benign grin as he had done that morning when he had rested his arms on the spikes of the paling.

She uttered an inarticulate sound.

"Did you get my wire?" he asked.

The knowledge that it was pinned on her mirror made her boil. "You ought to be in jail, you and that woman."

"She's clever, isn't she?"

His cheek was colossal.

"Old pro. Yet been resting for years."

"You employed her?"

"Engaged her out of one of your papers."

"*Paid* her to do that?"

"Handsomely."

She just couldn't cope with him. "Then—then Jimmy was in this?"

"My dear, contracts, correspondence—you didn't expect me to live up in Yorkshire when you were next door?"

She said hotly: "I don't think it's funny."

"I do."

"You won't when my understudy plays to-morrow."

And with that she left him and mingled with the brilliant throng on the stage. Someone gave her champagne—she drank it at a gulp. Everyone was chattering.

What did she feel? She ought to be furious but somehow she wanted to laugh. Flitting from group to group, shaking hands, smiling, receiving congratulations, she realized that she liked his impudence and his strength and his jolly face; and she didn't care what he had done. She seemed to hear: "My brother's very ill." Her *brother!* She laughed hysterically.

BUT surely she had some pride. What should she do? Throw up her part. No, she loved it—and her work. Did she love him?

"Fool! Fool!" she thought; and then seemed to see a fellow with a hole in his sleeve, and wanted to mend it. But, of course, it was the champagne and the reaction and just utter foolishness.

She edged through the crowd. "Yes, I'm going. Good-by. So glad you liked it." She reached the swing-doors leading from the stage, he overtook her.

"I'm driving you home."

She gave him a frozen stare. "You're doing what?"

"I'm driving you home."

She wanted to slang him—she was too tired. She gained the stairs. He followed.

"Look here!" she said.

"Up you go." And he took her arm. It was ridiculous. She was being helped by him up to her dressing-room; and she was so fagged out that she knew her weight rested on him; and his arm was round her.

"How long will you be—half an hour?"

That awoke her to reality, to her humiliation, to the need for a fight. She stiffened. Through an open door poured a scent of roses, she pushed him away.

"I don't want you," she said; and to her disgust there were tears in her voice. "I loathe you—I simply loathe you."

He looked into her eyes. "No, you don't," he said; then drew her toward him.

She gasped, and hot words rose to her tongue but slipped off unsaid. His arms were round her! and, strive as she might, she hadn't the strength, the will to resist. It was footling—that she should love him whom she had just said she loathed.

He kissed her hair, said: "Go and change."

She whispered: "You extraordinary man!"

Then caught his hand, pressed it, let it go and ran into her room. He was waiting. There seemed desperate need to hurry.

Next Month's Fiction

Disher — By Will Scott

A complete novelette featuring a detective with a difference—an uncommon solver of uncommon mysteries in the person of the great Mister Disher.

A Coward in His Wife's Name — By William Slavens McNutt

The wife, in this case, spills the beans at a party and precipitates a situation from which her poor worm of a husband emerges with all the laurels in sight.

Two Pair, Joker Wild — By Octavus Roy Cohen

The old familiar comedy situation of the practical joker who embarrasses the honeymoon couple gets some new touches—several new touches, in fact—in this rapidly moving story of a man who started wheels he couldn't stop.

The Old or the New

The stories selected for republication in the January issue are two delightful allegorical tales for holiday reading. One is "The Bee Man of Orn," by Frank R. Stockton; the other, "The Magic Shop," by H. G. Wells.

50,000 Men Attend His Bible Class

Beginning with an enrollment of two hundred and fifty, Dr. David Jones Evans has built up the world's largest Bible Class. Its members come from all walks of life and represent every religious denomination

by Cecilia Farwell

THE largest Bible Class in the world is in Kansas City, Missouri. It has held the cup unchallenged for over two years. The Business Man's Bible Class as it is called, has a regular membership of over four thousand, and a weekly attendance between two and three thousand. But during competition the whole community apparently stands ready to help defend the title "World's Largest" against all comers.

"MEN are interested in religious matters," says Dr. Evans, "if one can only present them in such a way as to establish the relationship between religion and the aspirations and struggles of daily living. They care little for creeds and doctrines. Men can be interested for a moment in the discussion of the Liberalists and Fundamentalists, but they regard all of that as something outside their own personal interests. With the Bible lesson for a beginning, we quickly reduce our study to the concrete things which make up a man's world."

The title was first won in a contest with the Vaughn Man's Class of Washington, D. C., and victoriously defended some months later against a class in Long Beach, California. That contest was an astounding one. Both classes brought out tens of thousands of men to worship together. It was an unheard of thing. The contest covered six successive Sundays. Beginning with a registration, the first day, of over seventeen thousand, the Kansas City class broke all records on the last Sunday of the contest with a registration of 52,321 men. Convention Hall and the streets in three directions were crowded with men, each one of whom had passed through a little turnstile which had clicked off his number. The leader, Dr. David Jones Evans, stood at a window which commanded both the Hall and the street with an immense amplifier over his head and was heard throughout the immense congregation.

One sweltering hot June Sunday morning I stood on the steps of Ivanhoe Temple and watched Dr. Evans's class assemble. By 9:45 over two thousand men of all types and ages had come together on this particular morning. One does not think of the early hours of Sunday morning as the time when the head of the household is particularly in evidence or particularly busy—especially on a hot June Sunday in the Corn Belt.

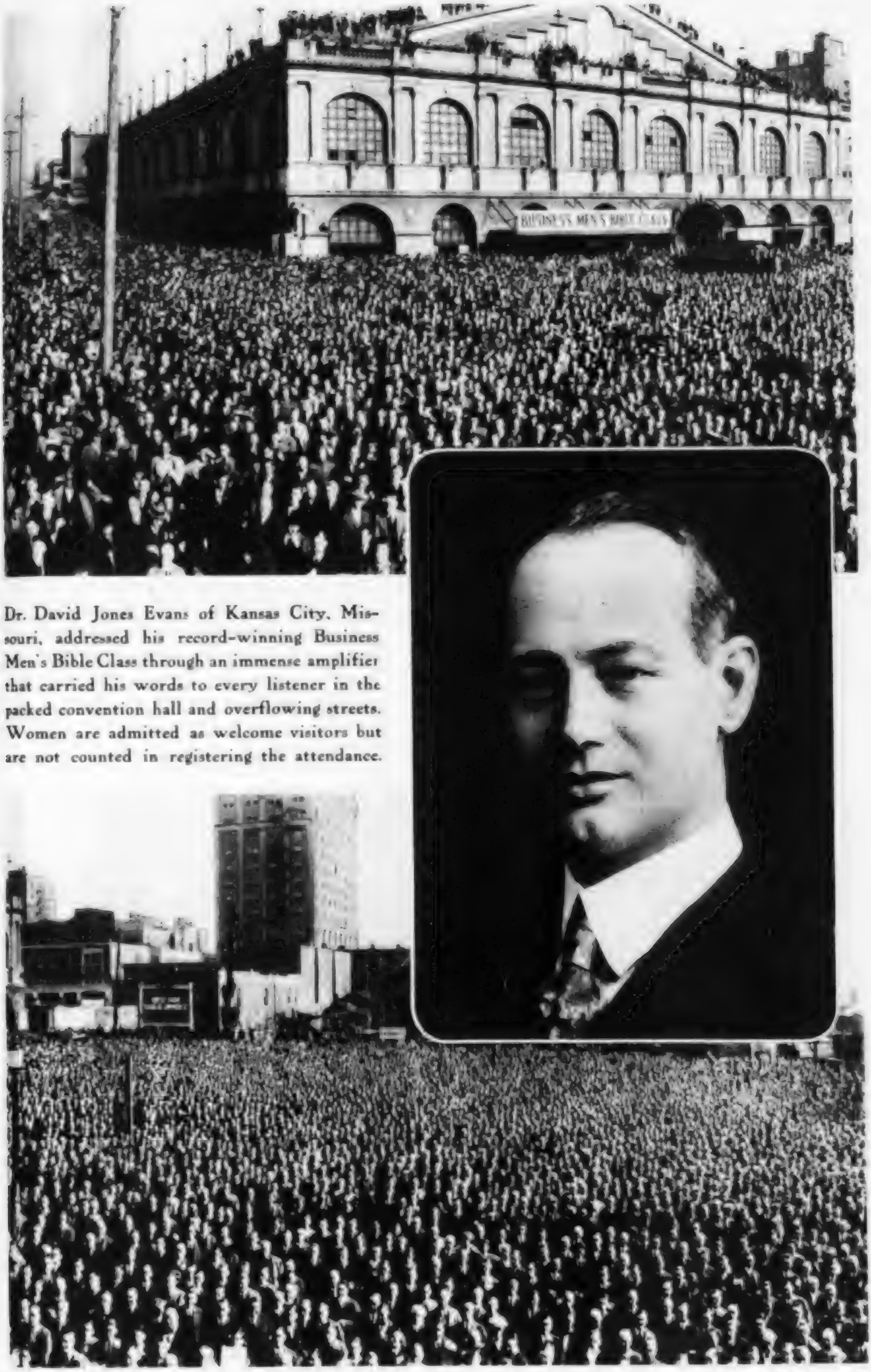
Yet here were all these men gathered at Ivanhoe Temple for "Sunday School." At first one was impressed with the number of white and gray heads seen from the balcony. Then one began to note that young men were very much in evidence, too. Here and on the steps outside was gathering a small army. It turned out later that the registration for that day had been 2,236. From comfortable home verandas—Kansas City is a city of verandas—from breezy golf courses, and from cool, shaded parks they had voluntarily come for an hour of old-fashioned Sunday School.

At least it seemed like the old-fashioned Sunday School at the beginning, except perhaps on a larger scale. There were the usual opening exercises, music and an invocation. Only the music instead of being that of an organ or piano was that of a good orchestra and the solos were by skilled singers.

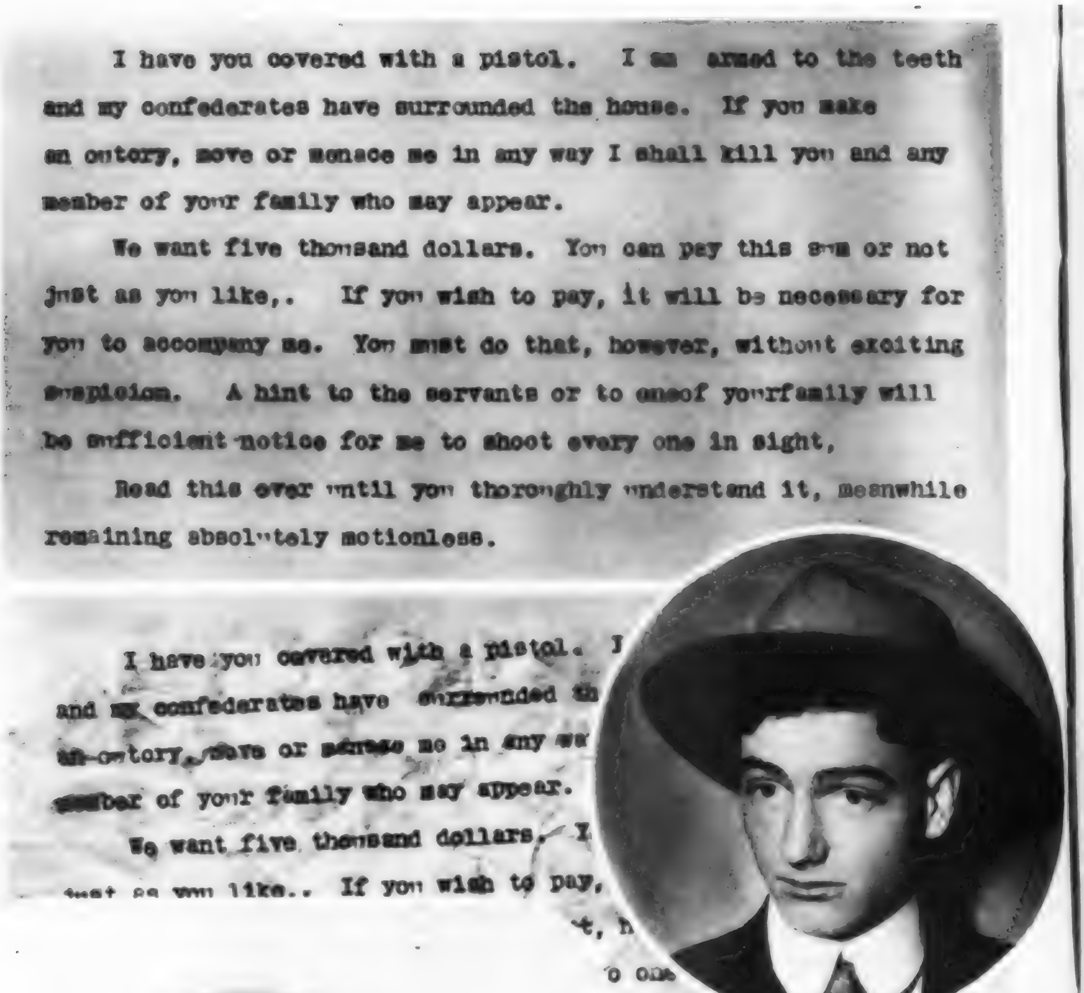
Then came the announcements. Among others was one of a picnic to be held in a famous grove the next Saturday. Later we learned that there were eight thousand, one hundred and twenty-one people there.

During these announcements there slipped into a chance seat on the platform a fine looking man with silvery gray hair. It was Dr. Evans.

[*Continued on page 172*]



Dr. David Jones Evans of Kansas City, Missouri, addressed his record-winning Business Men's Bible Class through an immense amplifier that carried his words to every listener in the packed convention hall and overflowing streets. Women are admitted as welcome visitors but are not counted in registering the attendance.



I have you covered with a pistol. I am armed to the teeth and my confederates have surrounded the house. If you make an outcry, move or menace me in any way I shall kill you and any member of your family who may appear.

We want five thousand dollars. You can pay this sum or not just as you like,. If you wish to pay, it will be necessary for you to accompany me. You must do that, however, without exciting suspicion. A hint to the servants or to oneof yourfamily will be sufficient notice for me to shoot every one in sight,

Read this over until you thoroughly understand it, meanwhile remaining absolutely motionless.

I have you covered with a pistol. I
and my confederates have surrounded th
an outcry, move or menace me in any wa
member of your family who may appear.
We want five thousand dollars. Y
just as you like,. If you wish to pay,
t, h
o one
ery one in
y understand it, meanwhile

J. Fordyce Wood (left), of Chicago, was once a court reporter, subsequently studied law and was admitted to the bar. His dissatisfaction with the work of "hand writing experts" resulted in the thirty years of study, experiment and research that qualify him as an expert examiner of documents. The lower half of the document here illustrated is an actual letter presented in person to a wealthy victim by a daring criminal who figured in one of the most extraordinary cases in American police annals. The upper half is a reproduction of the letter made by Mr. Wood to identify the man who typed the original. The evidence led to the conviction of Liard (in the circle), a desperate super-criminal whose true story is as strange as fiction.

H

V

mu
Fra
clai
Loe
anc
nar
fou
was
anc
Th
Th
fat
pea
Joh
lett
the
aut
bet
S
cou
bu
On
bo
ter
sh
wa
th

mi
m
ha
ar
ca
pe

Hunting *the* Criminal Who Writes

The expert examiner of questioned documents uses scientific methods to detect forgeries and trace disguised handwriting. Fascinating crime puzzles have been solved by analysis of ink, paper, penmanship and typewriting

by Neil M. Clark

AMAZING feats in laboratory detective work are credited to the handful of experts who make a specialty of examining questioned documents. The modern specialist in this field uses chemicals, the microscope, the camera and other scientific aids in preparing evidence to place before juries. Scraps of paper and bits of seemingly unimportant handwriting or printing have been sufficiently damaging, when skillfully analyzed, to send the criminals who wrote them to the penitentiary or even to the electric chair.

VERY soon after Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb confessed to the murder of "Bobby" Franks, a young woman claiming to be a friend of Loeb's called at the jail, and when she gave her name her initials were found to be G. K. R. She was taken into custody and severely questioned. The reason for this was a curious coincidence. The two-page letter sent by the boys to the father of their victim, demanding ransom, appeared over the signature of a fictitious "George Johnson," the name being typed in capital letters. Underneath were what appeared to be the typewritten initials, GKR. Was there, the authorities wished to know, some connection between the mysterious initials and the girl?

She denied knowledge of the kidnapping, and could not explain her initials on the letter, but the truth of the matter was discovered. On their first attempt to write GEORGE, the boys' typewriter had balked. The O had written over the E, and the R was where the O should have been. To the naked eye the result was GKR; but to a camera equipped to magnify the letters several times, it was GEOR.

Twenty years ago, or even ten, suspicion might have rested on this young woman for a much longer time. Only in very recent years has the study of documents in cases of crime and fraud been placed on a basis that may be called scientific. The type of "handwriting expert" who "thought" a document or signature was genuine or fictitious, as the case might be, is giving way rapidly to examiners of documents whose evidence is produced by measurement with delicate instruments, by photography, or by chemical processes. This development is so recent that even many competent lawyers have but a faint conception of the host of facts and inescapable conclusions often drawn by the examiner from typwritten or handwritten documents. He is not satisfied with indications that convince only himself of certain things about a document. He goes on the witness stand with exhibits proving his opinion so clearly that the point cannot possibly be lost. Scraps of paper, analyzed in this fashion, have sent murderers, safe otherwise, to the electric chair, and have secured penitentiary sentences for all sorts of criminals. Cases hinging on this kind of evidence have been carried successfully through the lower courts and the supreme court.

The tools of this trade are of scientific precision. For example, Mr. Jay Fordyce Wood of Chicago, one of the best-known examiners of questioned documents, uses micrometer calipers so accurate that they will detect differences in paper thickness of but the thousandth part of an inch; high-powered microscopes of several kinds; cameras equipped to make enlarged photographs, to filter out obstructed colors in order to reveal otherwise invisible details, to disclose whether chemicals have been surreptitiously used, a fuming apparatus, by means of which writing done in certain kinds of ink can be restored even after it has been effaced; and various other equipment. There are only a few experts in this line, probably not more than a half dozen all told, who are properly qualified. The examiner knows, among other things, that no two makes of typewriter write just alike—there are differences in the appearance of the letters. He knows that even on the same makes the manufacturer makes changes from time to time which may date a piece of typewriting, regardless of its alleged date.

There have been amazing cases. There is the story of a suit that hinged on the validity of a document referring to timber lands in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The land was originally bought for its timber by W. R. Burt. The timber was cut, and later, a large deposit of iron ore was found. Then it was that Henry Gamble came forward with a document between himself and Burt stipulating that Gamble should have "a one-fourth interest in the profits arising from the purchase or sale of the said lands." If genuine, the document was worth at least ten million dollars.

The contract was typewritten and dated May 15th, 1880. It was child's play for the experts to prove that upon that day and month only a few hundred typewriters had been manufactured and sold; that these were all made by one company; that the document had not been typed on that kind of machine, but on one not manufactured before the year 1904; that the actual machine used had a type font proving it had not been manufactured until 1911; and that, if all this were not enough, the paper on which the document was written bore a watermark not designed until 1903! The great hopes built around the supposed agreement fell with a thud. The judge called the contract "forged, fraudulent and wholly spurious," and permanently restrained Gamble from ever using it again for litigation.

Every typewritten document, then, tells a story of its own to the expert, and often he can reconstruct past events from slight clues with as much assurance as a paleontologist reconstructs a giant reptile from a Mesozoic fossil.

How Forgery Is Detected

Handwriting tells the examiner of questioned documents about as many secrets as typewriting, perhaps more. Not even the cleverest forger can *perfectly* reproduce another person's handwriting so that some hint of the fraud may not be revealed by precise measurement or other methods. Tracing in ink over prepared pencil marks is a favorite methods of forgers, but is scarcely ever proof against laboratory detection. If other methods of revealing the fraud fail, it is possible to make a photograph in which the blue or purple ink is filtered out, while the carbon or graphite underneath comes out beautifully clear. Or, if the court will allow it, a little bit of ink of the writing may be bleached out with chlorine or some other chemical agent, and if there is carbon or graphite underneath, the bleaching process does not affect it.

Free-hand imitation is the opposite of forgery by tracing. This is the method generally employed by the "scratchers," those men of the underworld who make their living by forgery. Even they, however, seldom try to imitate a style of handwriting different from their own. Writing by hand is really a complicated process, mental, muscular and nervous, and it is impossible for the mind to think of what to say while consciously directing the muscles to write it, and still do both swiftly. The moment we make the operation conscious by thinking about it—as we must when we first attempt to imitate another person's writing with all its individual characteristics—it slows us up. Hence the forger practices over and over until he learns to write the desired signature rapidly, thereby sacrificing some of the characteristics and form of what he is trying to imitate; or he goes slowly and gets the form right, but sacrifices line quality and the writing appears *trembly* under the microscope.

One evening in November, 1918, motorcycle policeman Twombley and one other were on patrol duty on Union Avenue, the main thoroughfare leading from the city of Portland, Oregon, to the Interstate Bridge over the Columbia River, and thence to Vancouver, when an automobile flashed past in complete disregard of speed laws.

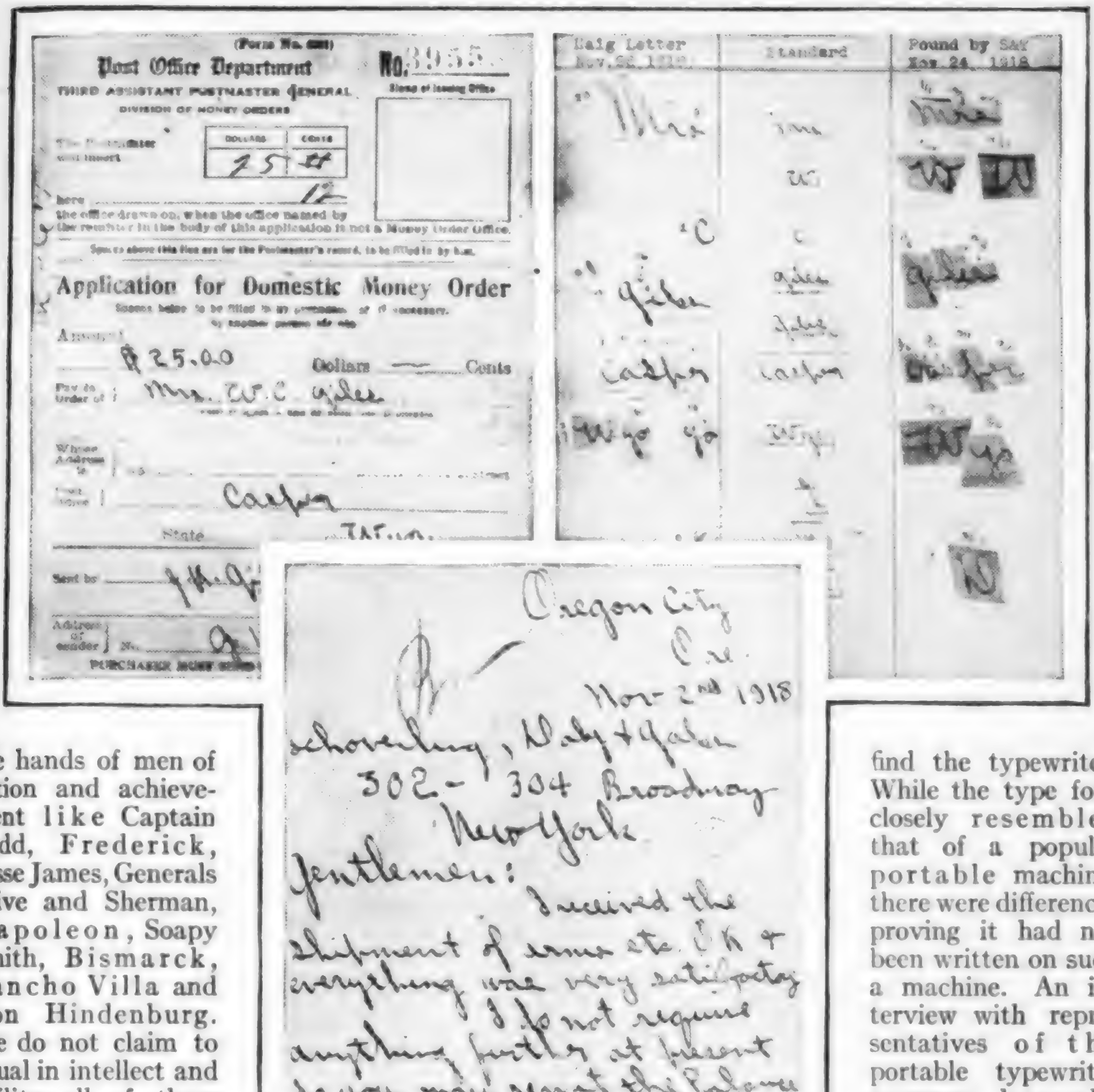
By hard riding Twombley overtook the car and signaled the driver to stop. The latter did not hesitate. Whipping out a revolver, he fired twice. One bullet struck Twombley in the forehead, the other in the heart, and he crumpled up at the curb, dying.

The authorities neglected no avenue of investigation, but as the days passed the conclusion seemed inevitable that some person likely to remain unknown had killed Twombley.

A few days after the shooting occurred, a dairyman brought the state's attorney some papers which he had found in his pasture.

These papers were the forms for letters to be used in a kidnapping, ready to be re-copied and delivered as soon as a victim had been captured. The plot was directed, not against a child or comparatively helpless person, but against a grown man wealthy in his own right.

"Do not be so fatuous as to imagine," said the letters, "that, because of an absence of positive illiteracy in this communication we are of a stratum of society unused to violence. Reflect that one may have a knowledge of rhetorical forms and still make no distinction between the killing of a human and the destruction of any of the many forms of organic life. Murder and cruelty are not the weapons of the degenerate, vicious and inefficient ones of earth alone, but, on the contrary, find their highest expression in


Laig Letter Nov. 22 1918
Standard
Found by S&Y Nov 24 1918

(Form No. [illegible])

Post Office Department

No. 3955

THIRD ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL
DIVISION OF MONEY ORDERS

Stamp of Issuing Office

The Postmaster will insert here the office drawn on, when the office named by the remitter in the body of this application is not a Money Order Office.

DOLLARS	CENTS
25	

12

Spaces above this line are for the Postmaster's record, to be filled in by him.

Application for Domestic Money Order

Amount $25.00 Dollars — Cents

Pay to Order of Mrs. W. C. Giles

Whose Address is

Post Office Casper

State Wyo.

Sent by

Address of sender No.

PURCHASER MUST

Oregon City
Ore.
Nov-2nd 1918

Schoverling, Daly & Gales
302-304 Broadway
New York

Gentlemen:

I received the shipment of arms etc. O K & everything was very satisfactory. I do not require anything further at present so you may remit the balance due me of amount. As a check will not be convenient to me, you will greatly oblige

This exhibit shows the document examiner's method of demonstrating similarity in handwriting. The shipment of arms mentioned in the letter led detectives to an express receipt signed by the criminal under an alias. The middle column in the expert's analysis (upper right) is the "standard," made up of words and letters from the criminal's signed application for a postal money order. The exhibit proved that words in the kidnapping papers (right column) were written by the writer of the arms letter and the signer of the money order application.

the hands of men of action and achievement like Captain Kidd, Frederick, Jesse James, Generals Clive and Sherman, Napoleon, Soapy Smith, Bismarck, Pancho Villa and Von Hindenburg. We do not claim to equal in intellect and ability all of those amiable cut-throats, but we are fairly accomplished at plain, common murder.

"We have nothing further to advise than: That if you do not deliver to us fifty thousand dollars ($50,000.00) in the manner which we will designate we will kill our prisoner within an hour of your failure to comply with our demands."

Owing to the prominence of the men whose wealth and liberty were apparently threatened, no expense was spared. Among other things the papers were submitted to Mr. Wood, who proceeded with his analysis in his own way.

The first great problem, obviously, was to find the typewriter. While the type font closely resembled that of a popular portable machine, there were differences proving it had not been written on such a machine. An interview with representatives of the portable typewriter company brought out the fact that this company had bought out an earlier company manufacturing portable machines. A sample of the type from that earlier machine proved to be identical with the type of the kidnapping letters.

"Find who owns a Standard Folding-typewriter hereabouts," said Mr. Wood to the detectives, "and the chances are you will have found the man who produced these papers."

Some time after the murder a man calling himself Liard was arrested on a charge of bootlegging. It is probable he would soon have gone free on that charge, but in searching his rooms, the detectives found a Standard Folding typewriter! This was the identical machine on which the kidnapping letters had been written. The lower part of small *u* wrote light or not at all; small *a* uniformly wrote too high, etc., etc.

Now, among the men wanted by the police as possible suspects in the Twombley murder was a man named Basil M. Haig. They had a longhand letter over Haig's signature to a New York firm concerning a shipment of arms, and in tracing the shipment they discovered that the express receipt had been signed, not by Haig, but by somebody named Liard.

Thus the clues gathered into a net. Was the man who wrote the Haig letter the same as the man who wrote the kidnapping papers? Of Liard's handwriting no authentic specimens were in existence. On certain pages of the kidnapping papers were a few pencil interlineations. Comparisons showed that one man had written the Haig letter and the kidnapping papers.

The Net Tightens Around Liard

But how was one going to produce any legally provable writing of the man Liard? The officials commenced to wonder if Liard might not be connected with a certain daring robbery of the United States mails. An unknown man some time before had, single-handed, held up a transcontinental limited train in the outskirts of Seattle and made his get-away with something over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds, cash and securities rifled from registered mail pouches. The authorities possessed one small scrap of the robber's handwriting. At the post office at Everett, Washington, a man calling himself J. K. Giles had sent a money order to his sister; the assistant post mistress had seen him write the slip and said she would recognize him if she saw him again.

From his photographic prints of the kidnapping papers and the Haig letter, Mr. Wood was able to cut out sufficient long hand letters to build up the name and address that Giles had written on the postal money order slip. When this synthetic address was placed in one column with the authentic writing of Giles in another column alongside, the conclusion was inevitable. The same man had written both. Furthermore, the assistant post mistress was able to say of Liard:

"This is the man who called himself Giles."

Hence, Liard was not only Haig. Liard was also Giles.

With clues accumulating, it now became possible to learn of Liard's activities from other sources. While Liard himself refused to make any statements, the detectives discovered a woman who would talk.

On the night of the Twombley murder, she explained, Liard, always a lavish spender, needed ready cash. He was prepared to put his kidnapping plot into execution, so he and she drove to the house of the first banker on his list.

The banker was not there. He had been called to Seattle on sudden business. Liard had intended to present the following amazing note:

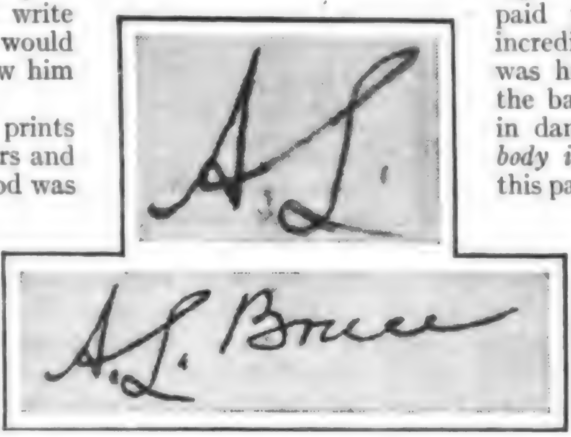
"I have you covered with a pistol. I am armed to the teeth and my confederates have surrounded the house. If you make an outcry, move or menace me in any way I shall kill you and any member of your family who may appear.

"We want five thousand dollars. You can pay this sum or not, just as you like. If you wish to pay, it will be necessary for you to accompany me. You must do this, however, without exciting suspicion. A hint to the servants or to one of your family will be sufficient notice for me to shoot everyone in sight.

"Read this over until you thoroughly understand it, meanwhile remaining absolutely motionless."

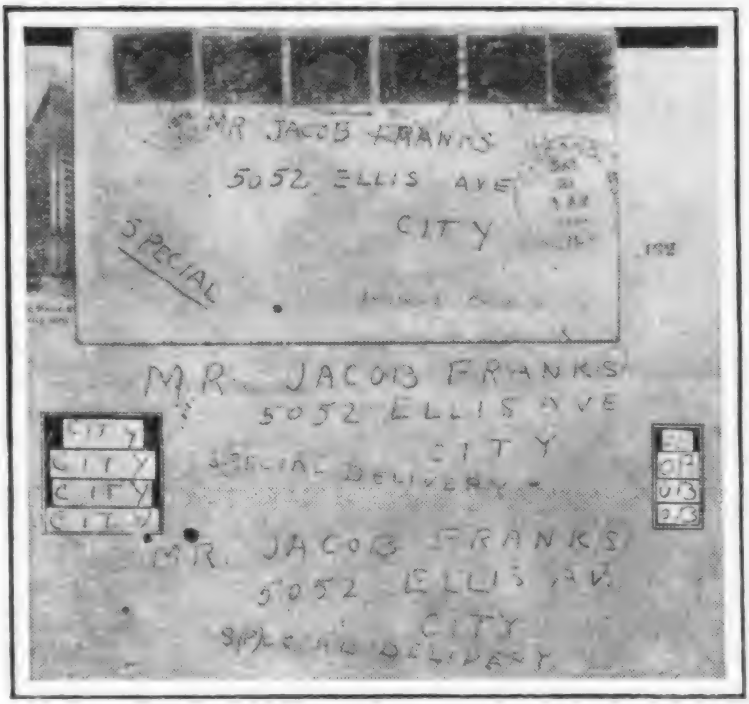
Of course Liard would not have been satisfied with five thousand dollars. He meant to take the banker to a place of concealment and hold him for a ransom of *fifty* thousand dollars, killing him if the ransom was not paid promptly. One of the incredible parts of the plan was his intention to convince the banker that he was really in danger by *murdering somebody in front of him.* It was this part that scared the woman nearly out of her wits. She believed she was to be the one murdered.

Failing that night to get the first banker, or a second one who had been detained downtown, Liard drove to Vancouver in search of somebody whom he might stick up. On the way home he held up the toll-keeper of the Interstate Bridge, relieving him of the day's receipts. It was while he and the woman



An important case hinged on the genuineness of the lower signature. The document examiner suspected that it was traced in ink over a penciled line. By using a chemical that would dissolve the ink and leave pencil carbon intact, he bleached the connecting stroke between the "A" and the "L" and the terminal of the "L". The photograph of the enlarged initials very clearly shows the underlying pencil marks.

were fleeing from the scene of this hold-up that motorcycle policeman Twombley took up the chase to arrest him for speeding. Liard, thinking he was being nabbed for the hold-up, shot to kill.


MR JACOB FRANKS
5052 ELLIS AVE
CITY
SPECIAL
MR. JACOB FRANKS
5052 ELLIS AVE
CITY
SPECIAL DELIVERY
MR. JACOB FRANKS
5052 ELLIS AV.
CITY
SPECIAL DELIVERY
CITY
CITY
CITY
CITY

The envelope enclosing the ransom letter sent by Leopold and Loeb to the father of their victim is reproduced at the top. The two lower three-line addresses are from "request" printings by Leopold, who addressed the envelope. The exhibits inserted at the left and right show the document examiner's choice of peculiar and individual telltale habits. The spacing of the letters in "city" was repeated in every request specimen as was also the combination of diminutive "o" and large "B" which occurred in every case in the word "Jacob."

Now, Liard knew there would be a vigorous search for the murderer and that he might possibly be picked up on suspicion before he could get home. The kidnapping papers were on him, as well as revolvers. That was why he drove at once to a bluff overlooking the Willamette River and threw them and the pistols away. Perhaps he thought they would never be found.

But the papers proved to be Liard's undoing as we have seen. He was given a life sentence; and if Oregon had not at the time adopted a law forbidding capital punishment the state would gladly have hanged him. Remember that this Liard, alias Haig, alias Conroy, alias Giles (the last was his real name), had by now been definitely hooked up with the $100,000 R.R. hold-up in Seattle. Presumably this loot is still hidden somewhere in the mountains, in a spot which Liard alone knows.

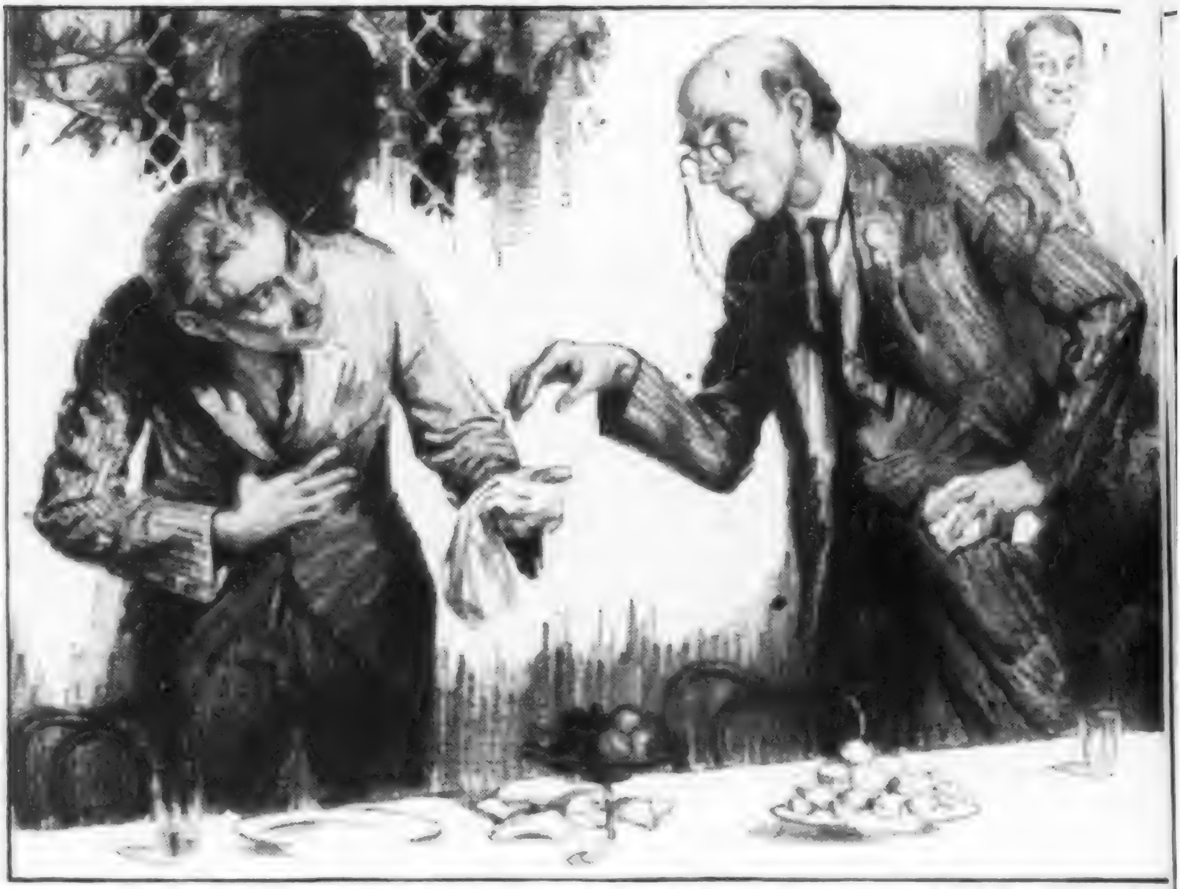
Another side of Liard's anomalous character was displayed during his trial. His mother came to testify, pleading for him, declaring him a victim of insanity, and seeking to have him spared. He refused to own her and declared he had never seen her before. A few years previously she had secured a governor's pardon for him from the penitentiary in the state of Washington, where he had already been sentenced for murder. In many other ways, Liard was apparently as fine a man as one would care to meet; gentlemanly, courteous, thoughtful of others, fond of books and what are called the "better things," a charming and affable man. It was hard to believe that underneath this man was as cruel and far more dangerous than a Bengal tiger, roaming the streets.

In the end, a few scraps of paper "got" him!

In some ways the man who got him is a far more romantic character than he. For Jay Fordyce Wood along with a comparatively few other men is evolving a new profession.

The preparation for this uncommon and amazingly interesting profession was long and arduous in Mr. Wood's case. Born in Michigan fifty-eight years ago, his interest in typewriters began when he learned to operate one. That was in the eighties. Wood became an expert, developing into a very rapid court reporter. Not content with merely pounding the keys, he turned to law. At Columbia City, Indiana, while supporting himself and his family by his typewriter, he studied and had his first experience in practicing, under the beloved late Vice-President, "Tom" Marshall.

Winning his admission to the bar, Wood did not enter practice to any extent, but went to Washington, where he was appointed secretary of the Post Office and Post Roads Committee, remaining in that office for six Congressional sessions. A partnership in a court reporting business took him from there to Memphis, and after a few years in the Tennessee city, a similar opportunity of larger scope took him to Portland, Oregon. From there he transferred his headquarters, five years ago, to Chicago, where he has since devoted all of his time to the examination of questioned documents. This specialty he follows with as much enthusiasm as any detective of fiction.



"Sold, a million dollars, to Optimist Jones for one hundred iron men," he

The Million

The story of an inoffensive little man who

by H. Thompson Rich

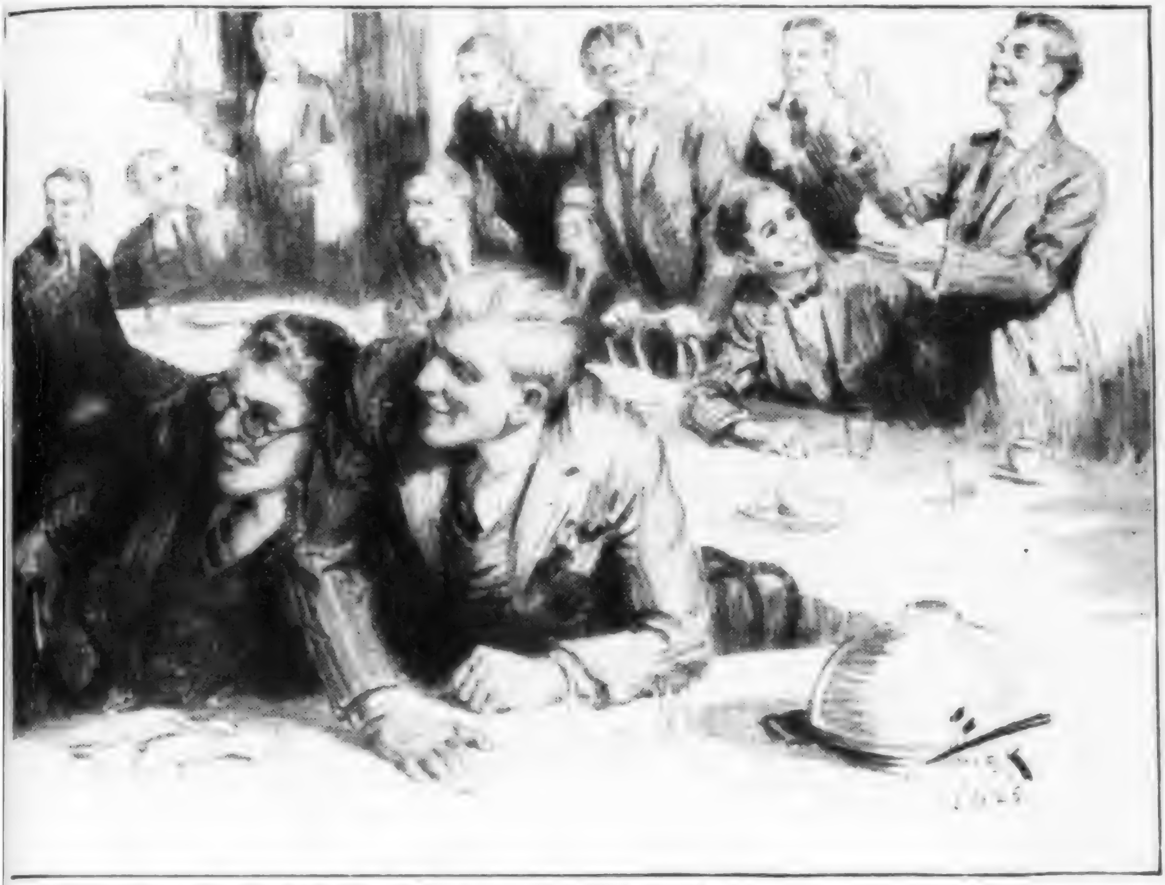
ANTHONY K. JONES, variously regarded at the office as "a queer case," "nutty," and "a crank," had a secret passion. It was the perusal of those seductive booklets that lure the stay-at-home to far lands. Two or three such pieces of literature were always bulging out of some inner pocket. It was as hard for Jones to pass a steamship agency as for a radio addict to get by a music store or a movie fan beyond a cinema palace. A drunkard, in the old days, would not have had more difficulty avoiding a saloon.

Jones's derangement took the form of "a milk paranoia complex," as the psychoanalysts would say, or in the language of Webster, "hallucinations of grandeur." Actually his case differed little from that of a million other wage-slaves who harbor the faint but persistent belief they are destined to be something more than mere dogs in the financial juggernaut—with this trifling exception, that he was the heir apparent of a rich farmer uncle in Iowa, Kennicot Dobbs, hale and plow-keen at eighty.

Did not the K. in his middle name stand for Kennicot? And was he not the only living relative of the old man? These thoughts comforted Jones, as he was borne bumpily homeward on the bus, through the warm rain of an April afternoon in Southern California. Behind his evening paper, spread out in all its three-color glory, was a tract that prefaced its ten pages of insidious allure with the caption:

ROUND THE WORLD

Via the Hawaiian Islands, India, Egypt, the Mediterranean, Europe, Panama.



aid, extending a muffin which he had hastily wrapped in his napkin.

Dollar Lie

told a whopper and had to live up to it

Illustrated by Harry Fisk

Beyond the glistening windows of the bus, rich groves of oranges and apricots unreeled, visibly greener since yesterday. But their beauty meant little to Jones. Southern California might need rain. He needed sunshine! Lost in a glove-circling dream, he read:

> Ever since Columbus sailed toward the setting sun there has been magic in the very words "Round the World." He who has encircled the globe has achieved the supreme triumph of travel. He has drunk deeply of the beauties of all lands. He has known all peoples and touched all civilizations.

It was refreshing to let one's thoughts sail out across the world like that, thought Jones, after a day over the ledgers of T. Norton Todd, leading realtor of Mayville, "the fastest growing city in America." Jones harbored a mingled feeling of admiration and distaste for Todd, known to his friends as "T.N.T.," because of his abounding pep. For Mayville, advertised afar and nationally known for its floats in the annual Pasadena "Tournament of Roses," Jones held no brief whatever. He would have liked to see the place for the last time. Its growth he had long felt to be insubstantial. In the ten years that had seen Mayville emerge from a sleepy village of two thousand to a teeming city of fifty thousand, Jones had many times refused opportunities that would have made him rich. It was perhaps this very failure to capitalize on rising land values, as his friends had done, that engendered his dislike for Mayville.

They were now passing through one of the Todd subdivisions, Jones noted, peering out of the foggy window. Everywhere bright-colored flags flapped in the rain. Already the neat rows of orange trees were yielding to soft-tongued salesmen and contractors with garish plans for Spanish-type bungalows that flaunted toy patios and flaming awnings. Even the hillsides were being chewed into by steam shovels. The development was on a brobdingnagian scale. There was something of vast daring about it that forced Jones to admire Todd, in spite of his distaste for the thing he was doing and his personal aversion for Mayville.

Disgustedly Jones withdrew his gaze from the bus window and concentrated his attention once more on the travel pamphlet:

> As the great liner steams majestically from Los Angeles harbor, headed for the Orient, there comes a tropic breath in the air. We appear on the deck wearing flannels. The ship's officers are in natty white.
>
> There follow languid days of relaxation under a golden sun and wondrous nights beneath a silver moon. For two thousand miles our ship steams steadily westward, then loom the idyllic isles of Hawaii, "Paradise of the Pacific."
>
> Then on to Kobe, in Japan, the land of phantasy and flowers. The spell of the East is upon us. The dreams we have dreamed all our lives are coming true. India lies just beyond, a glimmering jewel!
>
> Why grow old in anticipation of these things? Come now! Cash in on that craving. Don't wait for the proper season. All are equally delightful. The whole world is your playground. Cast off from that old routine wharf! Enchantment is calling. . . .

"Hello, old battler! Why the far-off look? Ah, traveling again, eh! When do you leave this time?"

BROUGHT back to Mayville with a yank, from half-way around the world, Jones sat up stiffly, flushing, as Jack Norwood, one of Todd's glib salesmen, slid into the seat beside him, his raincoat dripping.

He surveyed the newcomer in annoyance. Norwood knew that Jones had never taken more than a week's vacation a year in his decade with the firm. Nettled, he snapped out:

"In about a week!"

"In—what's that you say?" Norwood was suddenly all attention. "You're leaving? Why, I thought your vacation wasn't till July."

"This is no vacation," said Jones with dignity. "Mrs. Jones and I are taking a trip around the world."

Even as he spoke the words, Jones realized their enormity.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Norwood, facing the little man beside him incredulously. "How can you do it? A trip like that must cost a fortune."

"Oh, ten thousand dollars will see us through," offered Jones, veiling with nonchalance his panic.

"But—but you couldn't save that in ten years. Say, quit the kidding!" He nudged Jones playfully with his elbow. "What have you done, discovered a gold mine, or what?"

"I have inherited a million dollars," said Jones, pronouncing the monstrous lie in a dull monotone, like the order for his own execution.

"Well, by all the snakes!" That was Norwood's favorite expression. "If you aren't the lucky dog!" He suddenly changed his manner, addressing Jones in marked deference. "And was it some near relative?"

"Yes, an uncle back in Iowa."

"A million dollars you say, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, a million dollars."

As he repeated the appalling words, a cold perspiration spread over Jones and he shivered there as with a sudden chill. Some profound subconscious reaction he would never understand had taken place. Deep within him, some long-thwarted ego had revolted and the reins of his being were in new hands.

"And how does it seem to be a millionaire, Mr. Jones?"

The question served in some measure to mirror the magnitude of his sin, reflecting clairvoyantly the consequence it would have. He must back out, he suddenly saw, yet that new ego refused to obey his hysterical order for full speed astern. "Well, it makes a man feel ten years younger," declared the author of the million-dollar lie, the words seeming to struggle from his lips against his will. "Of course, I have known for years that this money would come to me some day," he added apologetically.

"Mr. Jones," said Norwood earnestly, leaning forward and bringing a pencil and pad from his pocket with synchronized bruskness, "I want to be the very first to present you with a gilt-edge investment opportunity. I know a business corner that's a sacrifice at $40,000. It can be had for $10,000 down, the balance arranged to suit your convenience. The owner has to sell to meet a note. Mr. Jones, I can re-sell this property for you within two weeks at $50,000. There's a profit of $10,000 for an investment of $10,000—100 per cent. on your money in two weeks."

Norwood was honest, Jones knew. The man, moreover, had made money for a number of Mayville investors on similar deals. But Jones also knew that if he withdrew all his savings, mortgaged his home, sold his Liberty bonds and borrowed on his life insurance, he would have difficulty in raising $10,000.

His panic growing, he turned to Norwood beseechingly.

"I—I haven't even thought of any investments yet. And Mr. Norwood, I am going to ask you to respect my confidence for the present. There are, well, a number of details to be settled before I come into full possession of the money."

Norwood regarded the little man with recurring suspicion.

"I thought you said you were leaving in about a week on a trip around the world. How can you leave if this legacy is still hanging fire?"

"Well, it isn't exactly hanging fire," stammered Jones. "It—that is, I may not make any investments until after my return."

"Mr. Jones," said Norwood emphatically, "that would be foolish, if you will pardon me. A trip around the world will consume at least a year, I figure, taken in the way it would be by a man of your means. You should have your money working for you in your absence."

"The bulk of the inheritance is already well invested."

"How?"

"Why, mortgages, farm lands and bank stock, back in the Middle-West."

Lying came easily enough, like a cold shower, after you once got used to it, Jones decided.

"The bank stock is all right," admitted Norwood, "but I'd unload those farm lands if I were you. And mortgages, why, they won't bring over seven per cent. at the outside, and unless they are secured by business property I'd take them up as they fall due and invest the money in Southern California. The Middle-West is dead. Honestly, Mr. Jones, if you take my advice, you will defer that trip around the world and attend to your investments back there. Where did you say it was?"

"Iowa."

"All right, then that's where you want to go. I wouldn't lose any time, either."

"I think you are right," said Jones, thinking fast. He might go back and visit the old man! It wouldn't do any harm.

"How much did he leave you in cold cash, Mr. Jones? That's the thing that counts in this country!"

"Oh, why—about $100,000."

"Whew!" Norwood emitted a long whistle. "Say, Mr. Jones, if I had even that much money, I'd coin a million so quick it would make your head swim! You stick to me and I'll make you the biggest man in Mayville."

WITH a grinding of brakes the bus now came to a stop at Jones's corner. He rose. Norwood stood up to allow him into the aisle.

"Let me know your decision on that business corner in the morning," he said, extending his hand. "I would like to see you begin your investments here with that piece of property."

"I—I'll let you hear from me," said Jones, taking his hand. "And remember, Mr. Norwood, what I have told you is confidential. I am not ready yet to have this known."

"Never fear. And again, congratulations. Some folks have all the luck!"

His mind whirling, Jones stepped down from the bus into a puddle that went well over his shoe-top.

Like a burglar, dripping and dejected, Jones slunk into the house. He feared to face his wife, lest some taint of the dreadful falsehood, like the aroma of the old-time cocktail, should cling to him still.

"Why Anthony," asked that large matron solicitously, when he averted his eyes in tendering the habitual evening kiss, "aren't you well?"

"It's nothing, my dear," he pleaded, backing away. "Just a little trouble with the books today. Guess it gave me a headache."

"Poor darling! And you're all wet! Take your things off and lie down for a half hour, while I finish dinner. Shall I bring you an aspirin?"

"No, dear. Don't bother. It's nothing much, really."

Like a dog that knows it has received an undeserved kindness, Jones crept to his bedroom.

"Be sure to take off your wet socks, Anthony," she called after him.

Dinner that night was something scarcely to be endured and the night that followed it was a long sojourn in limbo.

Sleep at last offered the uneasy respite of the condemned.

Daylight found Jones eager to be at the office. He would see Norwood and confess the outlandish deception. Better to be contemptible in his eyes than the laughing stock of the whole city.

A hasty breakfast, harassed by his wife's continued solicitations, left him strengthened in this resolve. In vain he pleaded that all was well. Mrs. Jones knew better.

There was a look of pain in her tired blue eyes as he pushed aside his half-eaten food and rose. Something of foreboding, almost visible, was between them as they kissed at the door.

"Anthony dear," she begged as he turned to go, "call me up at noon, won't you, please?"

Jones promised and rushed out, just in time to hail a passing bus.

Arriving at the office fully fifteen minutes before his accustomed time, he groped nervously through the maze of the morning paper, waiting for Norwood to come in. With a scowl he turned by the travel pages, scorning for the first time in months their allurements.

One by one the members of the force arrived, each with some jovial quip about Jones's early appearance. Eight-thirty came, nine o'clock—but not Norwood.

Laying aside the paper, he opened the ledgers of T. Norton Todd with relish. It was not such a bad job, after all. If he might just forget that fatal episode yesterday afternoon on the bus! If only it might be wiped from the calendar of human events, he would gladly go on till the end of time, entering in these great corduroy-bound, leather-tipped ledgers the innumerable sales, leases and transfers that constituted the business of Mayville's leading realtor.

When by ten o'clock Norwood had not arrived, Jones's condition bordered on panic. By eleven the suspense had become unendurable.

He went next door and got Mrs. Norwood on the phone.

"Oh, is this Mr. Jones?" He could fairly hear her beam. "Jack told me all about your wonderful good fortune, in strict confidence of course," she hastened to add. "I think it's just too wonderful! I must run over and see Mrs. Jones."

The very pit suddenly yawned before Jones.

"Is—do—could you tell me where I might reach Mr. Norwood?" he gasped.

"Yes, to be sure. He told me you would probably get in touch with him about that business corner. Really, I think it would make a fine little investment for you, just as a starter. Jack is terribly anxious to have you take it."

"But—but where can I reach him?"

"I think he's out with another man on that same deal. If you went right there to the corner you might catch him."

"Yes, thanks. I will. Good-by, Mrs. Norwood. Yes, no doubt."

Hanging up, the distracted Jones dashed up the street hatless.

He arrived at the corner to be greeted by a "for sale" sign, but no Norwood. Surveying the property, he had to admit that it was a buy at the price.

Jones waited five minutes, then returned to the office, where he practically expired when informed that Norwood had been in during his absence and had asked for him. He was going in to Los Angeles and would not be back till late afternoon, the girl said.

IT WAS a quarter after twelve before Jones had recovered sufficiently to recall that the Optimist Club, of which he was a member, met for luncheon that day. Seizing his hat, he left in haste for the Spanish Inn, gaudy eating-place of Mayville businessmen.

He thought President Jim Carter eyed him queerly as he entered. Selecting his big celluloid name-button from the board by the door, he attached it to his coat lapel and crossed the floor to a vacant seat at the long L-shaped table.

"Anthony K. Jones," his button read, and under it the nickname, "Bugs."

He sat down and joined in the sibilant chorus of soup—to pause apprehensively, spoon in mid-air, as Larry Chase, prosperous shoe merchant and one of the club's notorious kidders, rose gravely and addressed the chair.

"President Jim," he said, "a very serious matter has come to my attention. One of our members is charged with obtaining money under false pretenses!"

"This is indeed a serious matter, Optimist Larry," admitted Carter. "The chair requests the facts in the case of the guilty brother."

"The facts are these, President Jim. This guilty brother has been receiving a weekly salary from a certain merchant of our fair city, these ten years past, under pretext of being an indigent bookkeeper, while the whole time he has been the only living relative of a millionaire uncle back in Iowa."

Jones, his premonition verified, gulped weakly and his soup spoon fell clattering into the plate.

"This guilty and reprehensible brother has now inherited this fortune," concluded Chase, and he sat down as solemnly as he had risen.

"I thank you for calling this serious matter to our attention, Optimist Larry," said Carter. "What is the will of the club in the matter?"

"Fine him!" "Soak him!" "Who is he?" they chorused.

"The chair is forced to demand the name of the culprit, Optimist Larry."

Jones reached for his glass of water and drained it at a swallow, measuring the distance to the door meanwhile.

"I cannot disobey the demand of the chair, President Jim," said Chase, rising again. "The guilty brother, if the news of his misconduct has been reported correctly, is Optimist Bugs," and he pointed an accusing finger at Jones.

"Optimist Bugs, rise!" commanded Carter.

The doomed brother swayed to his feet. Chase resumed his seat.

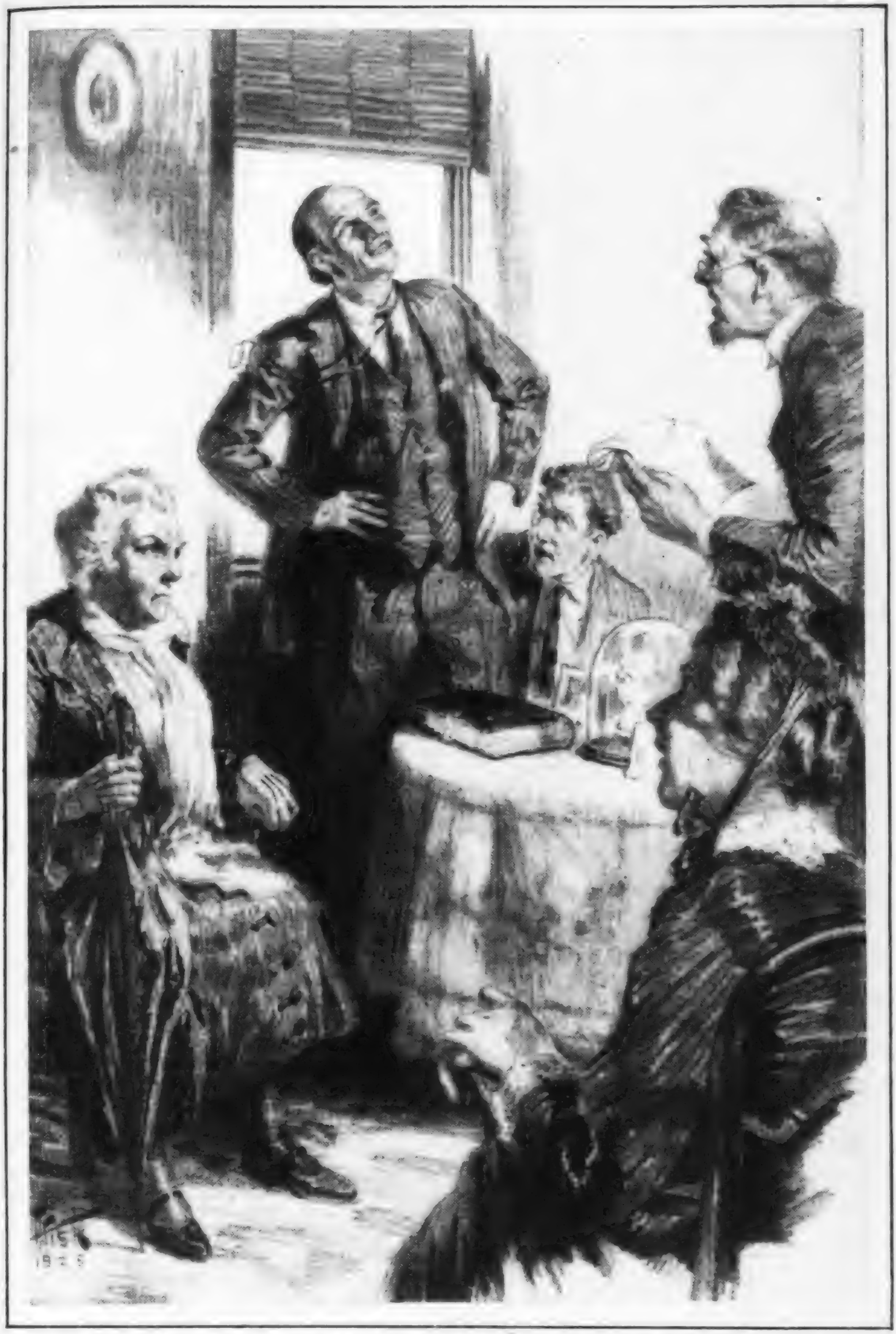
"You stand accused of a grave offense, Optimist Bugs," came the stern voice of Carter. "As this is a free country, no man is deemed guilty until he has been heard. What have you to say? You have heard the charge. Is it, or is it not, true?"

For one despairing moment Jones surveyed that assemblage of grinning faces, torn between the longing to back out and the terror of ridicule. To admit now that the story was false would be to brand himself a monumental liar. He couldn't face the town after that. On the other hand, to continue the deception would be to pave the road ahead with a range of mountainous lies as tall as the Sierra Nevadas.

Many another liar must have had this dilemma to face, it occurred to Jones in his anguish, but the thought was void of solace. He stood there stunned, incapable of decision, while the deadly seconds passed. In an instant he must speak, else suspicion would force the truth from his lips, making of him a vainglorious fool.

The new ego that had so recently seized the reins of Jones's being now asserted itself. Or perhaps it was a sudden reversion to the braggadocio of some buccaneering Jones of long ago, even the great John Paul, who stood by his ship in the teeth of hell.

Anthony K. Jones would stand by his ship till her gear went by the board and her hull was



"Do you realize where you are, Mr. Jones?" asked Attorney Hayworth. "Yes, I do. That's what makes me laugh. It's where I've wanted to be all my life."

shot into a colander, he thereupon highly resolved.

"It is true," he said, drawing himself erect.

A silence fell on the assemblage and the grins faded from their faces. They looked at each other and then at Jones, awed. There was not a man in that room worth any considerable part of a million dollars. It was to every one of them a staggering sum of money. Automatically, Jones became not only the biggest Optimist in Mayville but one of the city's three or four richest citizens. Their heightened respect for him was immediate.

Only Chase remained jocose.

"President Jim," he asked with a twinkle in his eyes, "how much do you think it would be worth to suddenly inherit a million dollars?"

"It would be worth ten dollars to me!" bid Carter.

"I'll go you ten better!" came back Chase.

"Thirty!" some one called.

"Thirty-five!"

"Forty!"

"Fifty!"

There came a pause.

"Any other bidders?" asked Carter, raising his gavel. "Optimist Bugs, what do you bid? How much is it worth to be a millionaire?"

"A hundred dollars!" bid Jones, wistfully.

"Optimist Bugs bids one hundred dollars. Bravo! Any other bidders?" There ensued ominous silence. "Going—going—gone! Sold, a million dollars, to Optimist Bugs, for one hundred iron men! That's pretty cheap, Bugs. Here you are. Step up and take the package," extending a muffin which he had hastily wrapped in his napkin. "Your check will be acceptable."

JONES didn't go directly back to the office after lunch. He took a long walk instead, skirting the hills to the north of the city, where he felt he would be less likely to meet anyone he knew. There were certain details of his "inheritance" not at all clear in his mind. One was what to tell Mrs. Jones. Another was what to say at the office.

With a sigh not wholly of satisfaction, he thought of that three thousand, five hundred dollars in his savings fund. Then there was two thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds. He might be able to get a three-thousand-dollar mortgage on their home. And in a pinch he could borrow close to one thousand, five hundred dollars on his life insurance. Yes, with the few hundred he had in his checking account, he would be able to scrape together ten thousand dollars.

It was fully two o'clock before he returned to the ledgers of T. N. T., as he now dared regard Todd in his own mind.

"Well, Mr. Jones," hailed Todd, beaming, "you have certainly surprised us all. Let me be among those to congratulate you!" and he wrung his employe's hand warmly.

Jones returned the grip with what enthusiasm he could summon, realizing for the first time in his life that a polished liar is one of Satan's most perfect products, not to be achieved over night.

"Suppose you will be leaving us now?" Todd went on.

Dazed by the prospect of this unforeseen disaster, Jones stood there tongue-tied. Then he stammered:

"Why, I—that is, Mr. Todd, I would of course give the usual notice. I had not planned to have the news get out quite yet. I do not exactly want to leave you but—"

"Quite right, Jones! I understand exactly. You would like to continue with the firm but, of course, not as a bookkeeper. To be sure. I don't blame you. Such a job is beneath a man in your position. Come into my private office and let's talk this thing over. I have a suggestion to make that may prove attractive."

Todd led Jones away by the arm, while the office force looked on in open-mouthed awe.

A half-hour later Jones emerged, beads of perspiration clinging to his temples, and returned to his ledgers. He had left Todd with the promise that he would invest $100,000 in the business, within sixty days, whereupon the firm name would be changed to Todd & Jones, Realtors. His salary meanwhile was to be raised from $40 to $100 a week, while he was acquainting himself with the executive end of the business. He would, moreover, be granted a leave of absence with pay, to return and settle the estate of his deceased uncle.

At four-thirty Norwood arrived. Jones at once called him aside and acquainted him with the situation.

"I am going to buy that business corner," he concluded. "I will put up $3,000 when the deal goes to escrow and the balance of the $10,000 before the title is ready to pass."

"Mr. Jones, I am mighty glad to hear this." It meant a commission of over $1,000 to Norwood. "I can assure you this will prove a splendid investment."

"You are to offer the property for sale at once for $50,000," warned Jones, shying at the thought of tenure implied in Norwood's use of the word investment.

"Quite right. In fact, I may be able to turn it over for you before it comes out of escrow."

When he had finished with Norwood, Jones balanced his ledgers and set out on the most trying ordeal of his life—to face Mrs. Jones.

As he rode home on the bus, through the warm afternoon sunshine that was in vivid contrast with yesterday's downpour, he debated whether to tell her the truth or carry the monstrous deception into his own household.

Jones at length decided against the truth, feeling one of the fundamentals of successful lying to be consistency. It would be the first falsehood, aside from little "white lies," that had ever come between them, he thought with a sigh—but it would probably not be the last!

Knowing Mrs. Jones, he felt that should he come out with the truth, she would demand he retrace his steps and confess the deceit, even though it meant they would have to leave Mayville to escape the sea of ridicule that would otherwise overwhelm them.

FROM the corner where he left the bus, Jones saw his wife standing on the front porch and his heart sank. As he came up the steps she rushed to meet him.

"Oh, Anthony, Anthony!" she cried, laughing and sobbing by turns, almost hysterical. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell—tell you what, dear?"

"Don't keep me in suspense, Anthony. Mrs. Norwood was over this afternoon. You had told her husband. Why couldn't you have told me? And you didn't 'phone me this noon, as I asked you to. Anthony, darling, is it really true?"

Her face was drawn with eagerness and there was a flush in her usually pale cheeks. In her hand, he noted for the first time, she held a telegram.

"What—who is that from?" he asked.

"I don't know. It came at one o'clock. I called you twice but you were out. Then Mrs. Norwood came."

"Let me see it."

Almost abruptly, Jones took the message and opened it. The words were few but tremendous:

LEAVING TOMORROW TO VISIT YOU EN ROUTE AROUND WORLD.
UNCLE DOBBS.

Staggered, Jones re-read the message three times.

"Anthony, speak! I'm simply dying of suspense!" begged Mrs. Jones. "What is it?"

"It is from Uncle Dobbs's attorneys," gasped Jones. "Just merely a confirmation."

"Then it's true, dear?"

"Yes—true."

Jones's mind was already struggling with some way to meet this new and terrifying situation.

"How did you get the word yesterday, Anthony?" Mrs. Jones suddenly asked.

Was there suspicion in her voice or was it merely wonder? Jones tried in vain to debate this question as he groped for an answer. Of course, she might have opened the telegram. He tried to recall if she had ever before opened a telegram addressed to him. He could not seem to remember. Telegrams were rarely received by the Jones's.

"They 'phoned me at the office, long distance," explained Jones.

Already he was becoming a proficient liar.

"Then why didn't you tell me yesterday, when you told Jack Norwood?" with reproach in her voice.

"Norwood was there when I got the message. I pledged him not to tell, but he blabbed. I wanted to be absolutely sure before I told you, so I wired. This is the answer."

He held up the telegram—when guilty terror followed swift on the heels of a devastating thought. If she asked to see the message, he was lost.

"Dear, you get the dinner on the table," he said, with sudden inspiration. "I'll run right over and see Norwood. If he's going to spread this all over town, he might as well get it straight."

With that, Jones turned and descended the steps, leaving his wife standing there uncertainly. Once on the street, he turned and walked briskly to the corner. Then, after a look around to see that Mrs. Jones had gone inside, he slipped into a drug store, went to the 'phone booth and called Western Union.

The message Jones wired back to Uncle Dobbs in Cedar Rapids read:

DEFER VISIT. MRS. JONES HAS SMALLPOX. MUST SEE YOU. LEAVING TOMORROW. URGENT. AWAIT MY ARRIVAL.
YOUR AFFECTIONATE NEPHEW,
ANTHONY.

Jones then took the telegram he had just received, applied a match to it and let the feathery ashes float to the floor of the booth. When the damning evidence was utterly destroyed he came out, paid the charge and returned home whistling.

As he had anticipated, Mrs. Jones asked to see the message during dinner. Fumbling in his pockets, Jones drew out a number of travel booklets and odd scraps of paper but no telegram.

"Funny," he muttered, searching again, "I must have left it at Jack's. I'll drop over after dinner and see."

THE next day was probably the busiest of Jones's life. First he went to the Mayville State Bank and transferred his $3,500 savings fund to his checking account. As he was leaving, Herbert Wells, vice-president and general manager, called him into his private office.

"Mr. Jones, I trust that this move does not mean we are to lose your business," he began.

"No," assured Jones. "I am leaving this afternoon for Cedar Rapids, to settle the estate, and may have to draw heavily before my return."

"We will be only too happy to care for any reasonable overdraft, if you will require additional funds."

"No, it is very kind of you but that will not be necessary. I have sufficient for my present needs."

"And on your return, I trust you will make this bank your chief despository?"

"Oh, yes, I expect to put $100,000 or so here, Mr. Wells. But it may be some months before—"

"To be sure, Mr. Jones. Large estates are not liquidated over night. Now if there is any assistance we can render, don't hesitate to call on us. We pride ourselves on the variety of the service offered by this bank. Our connections in Cedar Rapids are of the best. If anything comes up, just wire."

"Thank you, Mr. Wells, thank you," stammered Jones, rising.

"And oh, Mr. Jones, er—one moment. You know there are certain classes of investments we bankers enter into, well, on the side, as it were. Just now there is a syndicate being organized to buy up a big tract of land for industrial purposes. It is a steal at $250,000. We expect to double our money in sixty days. There are four of us at $50,000 each and we want one more. What do you say?"

"Why, I would be glad to go into the proposition, Mr. Wells, but I—I doubt if I can raise the money in time."

"Tut! Tut! You just come right along with us. We would consider it an honor to have your name identified with this deal. You can wire the money from Cedar Rapids."

"But if I don't get it—that is, as you said, large estates are not liquidated over night. Suppose—"

"Suppose nothing! You leave it to me, Mr. Jones. Here, just sign this, and we'll do the rest."

WHETHER it was a note or a contract, Jones did not stop to determine. Feeling like a forger, he attached his signature to the paper and left the bank.

Jones's next visit was to a finance concern, where he arranged for a $3,000 mortgage on his home, the money to be available on his return from Cedar Rapids. He then went to the Los Angeles headquarters of his life insurance company and arranged to borrow $1,500 on the policy. There remained but to sell his Liberty Bonds, and Jones concluded to defer that until he got back to Mayville, as this type of security could be converted into cash without delay.

The way now paved for putting up the balance of the $10,000 he had agreed to pay down on the business corner, he called Norwood on the 'phone and together they went to the escrow department of the Mayville Bank of Commerce, another local institution of importance. When they had completed the transaction it was noon.

Jones then went to the office for the first time that day. Todd was just going out.

"May I see you a moment?" he asked.

"Come along and we'll have lunch together," was Todd's jovial reply.

Over grilled salmon and potatoes rissoles, Jones told his partner-to-be of the telegram, calling him back at once for the settlement of the estate.

"Have you secured reservations?" asked Todd.

No, Jones hadn't. In the excitement of his financial scramble, the thought had completely escaped his mind.

"Then you had better do so the first thing after lunch. Even we realtors have to admit that the trains back East are crowded at this season."

It was pleasant, Jones thought, to sit there like that and hear a confession he was confident Todd would not make to many people.

"And remember," the big man warned as Jones took leave of him to get his tickets, "don't let them kid you into making any investments back there in Iowa. We need your money here in Southern California, where every dime is a baby dollar. Good-by and good luck, if I don't see you again before you leave—and hurry back with that $100,000!"

Jones had no clear idea of what advantage might be gained by seeing Uncle Dobbs. He knew the old man well enough to realize that any chance of softening his purse-strings was slim indeed. Something, however, might suggest itself. It must! At any rate, to leave Mayville for a few days was essential and he could think of no better place to go than Cedar Rapids. It might be the last time he would see his uncle alive, anyway. Some good would come of the visit, he was sure.

But none did—for on his arrival at the home of Kennicot Dobbs three days later, he was informed by a caretaker that the old gentleman had departed the night previous for New York on the first leg of his round the world trip, reversing his previous plans, as though to put as much distance as possible between himself and Mrs. Jones's case of small-pox.

The blow was indeed staggering and Jones stood there with a feeling of desolation that could not have been more complete by any turn of fate.

He left the house as though stepping off the edge of the world. As he walked slowly back to the station, like a denizen of Mars on a strange planet, he tried to clarify his thoughts. To return to Mayville seemed impossible. For a wild instant he thought of flight. His funds were ample for the present and doubtless, in some strange city, under another name, he could find a new world. Later he could send for Mrs. Jones. But would she ever forgive him?

In torment, he reached the station, to find that a through train west was due in a half-hour. Wearily he sat down to think it out but the half-hour passed and no solution came. The train pulled in and he boarded it like an automaton. He would go on to Des Moines and then decide what to do.

When he arrived in Des Moines, still undecided, Jones went on to Omaha, and from there he allowed himself to be carried on west to Salt Lake City and thence south to Needles, the hours merging into days, slowly, monotonously, with no hope of a decision.

Like a man awaking from a dream, he stepped off the train at Los Angeles and made his way to the street. It was night and the rain was falling in sheets, a typical spring downpour. That much at least was in his favor. He could slink home unnoticed, confess the whole miserable affair to Mrs. Jones and then they could decide what to do.

Hailing a near-by, husky porter, Jones handed over his bag.

"Get me a taxi," he said.

Presently a checkered cab drew up at the curb and Jones dove in. His bag followed him. He gave the porter a half-dollar. The driver leaned back.

"Where to, mister?"

"Mayville," Jones muttered.

"Say, that's eight miles from here, over a bad road."

"I don't care if it's eighty. That's where I'm going."

"All right, boss. You pay the bill and I'll drive you to 'Frisco!"

The door slammed and the cab swirled off through the rain.

HAD Jones reached Mayville that night he might never have become a millionaire—but the driver, unaccustomed to the road, misjudged his speed on a long down grade and they went into a headlong skid.

Jones heard a shrieking of brakes, a curse interrupted by a splintering crash, then black, sticky silence shut down, out of which pulsed at irregular intervals an intense, numbing pain. . . .

For three weeks Jones persistently refused the hospital any information concerning himself, though doctors and nurses wheedled and cajoled. At first he wondered why they couldn't find out his name and whereabouts from the papers in his pockets. Then he learned that they had been obliged to tear the clothes from his body to get him from the wrecked machine, where it had plunged through a bridge railing and dropped fifty feet to the bottom of an arroyo. The driver had died in the crash, they told him one day, when he was out of danger.

Seven weeks in all Jones stayed at the hospital, withholding his name to the last.

When told that his bill was $350, Jones smiled. What was such a trifling sum to a man who had told a million dollar lie and must make good!

"Some day you will receive a registered letter containing bills in that amount," said Jones as he left, wearing an outfit that had been scraped together from various odds and ends. "This wardrobe," with an elaborate gesture that swept from shoulders to knees, "I will mail back today by parcel post. Thanking you for your kindness, I wish to remain—anonymous!" And bowing low, he departed.

A natty Jones, reconditioned from hat to shoes and carrying a little silver-mounted cane, something unseen in Mayville, sauntered into the Todd establishment that afternoon and greeted the staring office force with an infectious smile. Strolling to the door on which was lettered in gold "T. Norton Todd, Private," he turned the knob and entered.

Todd, his brow wrinkled, deep in a maze of figures, looked up peevishly. As he saw Jones and took in his general look of brisk prosperity, his expression changed. Leaping to his feet, he clapped the little man on the back and fairly squashed his hand within his one great paw.

"By God, you scoundrel, I'm glad to see you! Where the devil you been? Your wife's about crazy—and so am I!"

For an instant, at the last words, Jones's bubble of optimism nearly burst. He was indeed a dirty dog—but then, it was make or break. And had he not been on the point of confessing the whole thing when fate intervened?

"Sometimes a man has business deals that make it necessary for him to keep even his wife in the dark!" Jones winked sagely as he spoke. "Besides, what would you say if I told you I stand to make a cold million on a little deal I went into while I was back there?"

Todd stood glaring, doubtful if he had heard aright.

"Did you say stand to make a million? Or did you say make a million? There's one hell of a difference, I'll tell the world! Right now, they've got me going south. On the strength of your promised $100,000 I've gone in over my head. Sit right down here before you squander any more money and write me a check for $50,000. The rest can wait."

"But I'm all tied up, I tell you."

"Well, didn't I tell you to keep out of those farmers' hands? I knew they'd get you for a sucker. How soon can I have $50,000, anyway? You ought to be good for that much. Can't you arrange a temporary loan? Say, I need the money, I tell you!"

"I'm sorry, but—"

"But, hell! A man with your assets is good for that much any day. Come down to your bank with me. I'll arrange it."

[*Continued on page 148*]

He Teaches Birds to Fly

Chief Quartermaster Henry Kubec is dean of Uncle Sam's unique school for homing pigeons. His graduates are dependable winged messsengers that will fly five hundred miles without stopping for food or water

by Uthai Vincent Wilcox

Hand in hand with the development of the air forces has gone the development of the homing pigeon for messenger service. The training of the wonderful homing instinct of the pigeon that has served mankind faithfully and intelligently since the days of Noah is now conducted scientifically in a government school. Birds are put through a systematic two-year course that fits them for marvels of performance in the way of swiftness, endurance and general dependability.

"MAKE them deliver the goods." That is the prescription of Chief Quartermaster Henry Kubec of the Naval Air Station at Anacostia. It applies equally to the wonderful homing pigeons in his care and to the men whom he trains to handle them. And both groups of pupils do deliver the goods. In speed, in absolute faithfulness and in unusual intelligence the pigeons "graduated" from his flying school rank with any in this country.

They are continually bringing home ribbons and medals which indicate their swiftness and all around superiority.

Chief Quartermaster Kubec, the "dean" of this unique flying school, runs what is one of the foremost pigeon raising establishments in the world. His birds supply the entire United States Navy with highly dependable messengers. As it is now they may be relied upon to keep on the wing for at least five hundred miles without stopping for food or water, and that limit is being continually extended. This is more than many airplanes can do without "gassing up."

Incidentally the development of our air forces has had a lot to do with the increased importance of homing pigeons as messenger carriers. It began during the war and has continued steadily ever since. Now there is a little section of the Naval Air Service organized to devote itself exclusively to the raising and training of pigeons. This is true of the Army as well. Last year the Air Service of New York State went so far as to stage a race between an airplane and homing pigeons from New York to Washington. The airplane beat the pigeons by several hours of course, but it had to stop on the way for gas, while the pigeons flew straight through.

The Naval Air Station at Anacostia, just outside Washington, is the largest pigeon center in either service and from it pigeons, materiel and men are transferred to all parts of the world. The men are trained in scientific pigeon raising and are equipped to settle down anywhere from Panama to Guam and start little pigeon Courier Squadrons of their own. And the authority for it all is this quiet-speaking, bird-loving, genial Henry Kubec, who sympathetically understands his birds.

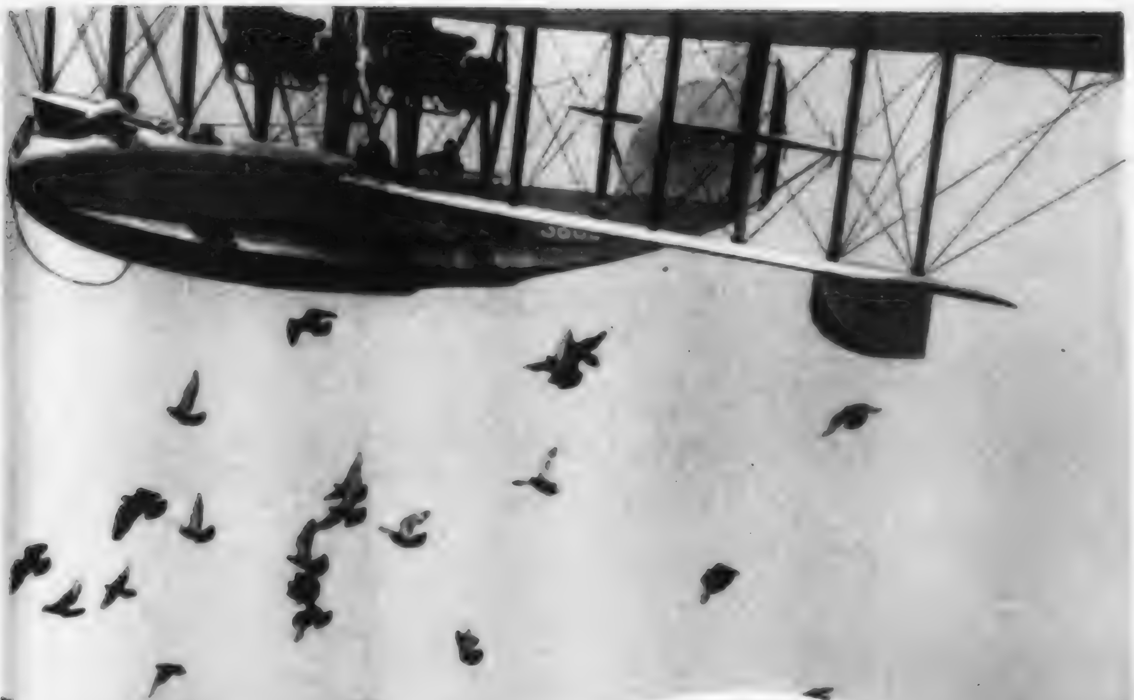
To teach pigeons to fly sounds like teaching fish to swim. Yet it is a fact that there are many ways of teaching these beauties to fly better, farther, and more efficiently. The training is gradual. The distance over which the birds are flown is continually increased until the five hundred mile mark is reached. Then the pigeon is considered as coming up to the requirements expected of him in this school.

The birds are helped in the developing of that wonderful instinct of theirs to go home in the straightest and most direct line. They are taken to a distant point by motorcycle, or they are sent by express or carried on land or seaplanes. Chief Kubec has developed the use of the seaplane to a great degree. He takes the birds up and up. At altitudes clear up to nine thousand or ten thousand feet, the birds are tossed out. Cruel? Not a bit of it. These birds enjoy it.

Every care is taken to see that they do not come too near the swiftly moving propeller. Depending on the type of plane and motor equipment, they are tossed out far enough away and in such a direction as to avoid any possible injury.

Not all the birds act in the same way when they are given this lesson in their course. Some

[*Continued on page 168*]



Part of the training of homing pigeons in the school conducted by Chief Quartermaster Henry Kubec is to take the birds up in a seaplane to an altitude of nine or ten thousand feet. The birds learn to dive to their favorite flying level of about five hundred feet, where they circle about for a few minutes and in some unaccountable way sense the direction of home. Death alone will then stop their flight.

Messages are carried in an aluminum holder, about an inch long, fastened to the leg of the bird by a metal band. The message is written in triplicate on a sheet of very thin paper, folded until about an inch square, and compactly rolled to fit the capsule. A duplicate of the message is attached to a second bird and the third copy is kept for reference. Navy pigeons wear a whistle that frightens away hawks.

Mrs. Bessie S. Boone is secretary of the housing bureau maintained by the Chamber of Commerce of Harrisburg. Her job is to find right living accommodations for the varied needs of people attracted to an important industrial and mining community which is also the capital city of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Boone listens to the domestic troubles of some four thousand families a year and knows their problems through and through. She can walk along a Harrisburg street and picture for you the interior of most of the houses and the daily lives of the occupants. She finds her understanding of people more valuable than her knowledge of property in making the adjustments and readjustments arising from personal needs and whims.

She Puts *a Whole Town* to Bed

Last year Mrs. Bessie S. Boone found homes for over four thousand families. Being mother-adviser to all kinds of tenants and home seekers has made her an expert in human relations

by Vera L. Connolly

ONE of the first mistakes Mrs. Boone made was in believing that people want the kind of homes they declare they do. Now she knows that home seekers usually ask for a place a little better than they can afford, a practice that results in much of the friction between landlord and tenant. After five years of intensive experience, Mrs. Boone tells why women are the best home hunters, why traveling men are the most popular boarders, why men are more acceptable than women as paying guests, and how troublesome children spoil the best-laid plans of the home-maker.

THE most noted home-maker in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is Mrs. Bessie S. Boone. It is a new kind of home-making that she achieves. It is practical and it gets astonishing results.

She is secretary of a housing bureau maintained by the Chamber of Commerce of Harrisburg, and it is her job to find right living accommodations for people. Past her desk troop all the home-seekers of the city and the farm region for miles around.

"Just tell Mrs. Boone how we're situated. She'll have something to suggest," is the typical comment of Mr. Harrisburg to his wife as moving-day approaches.

His wife knows there will be no attempt to force on her a house beyond her means. The bureau neither buys nor sells nor takes commissions. It is not competing with property owners and real estate men. It is a center of information as regards housing, and it serves the public free of charge: Its only desire is to get the best possible accommodations for everyone who makes use of the service.

And heart and soul of it—a sort of mother-adviser to the whole community—is Mrs. Boone.

Apparently she is the one woman in a million who can partake of the moving-day miseries of all mankind, and yet keep sweet and sound and full of humor. It is this infectious humor, together with her warm, understanding sympathy, which have drawn people with home problems to Mrs. Boone, until today there is probably no one in the land who knows more about the home demands and ideals of the average American citizen than she. Last year she found homes for 4,612 representative families.

Remembering houses, and judging people accurately—these are her two great gifts. She has visited and inspected carefully every house and room on her lists. She began it five years ago when, due to a temporary but acute housing shortage, the bureau was first opened, and she has never released her vigilance.

She can walk along a Harrisburg street, or stroll through a suburb and picture for you the interior of most of the houses and the daily lives of their occupants. She knows the homes of her community from shiny front door plate and ruffled swiss curtains to the water-bugs under the laundry tubs down in the cellar.

It is almost uncanny to see her, at mention of any rentable house, draw pencil and paper toward her and sketch a plan of the interior to illustrate where an additional partition might be put in, thus accommodating another family.

She has also learned to know the human heart. And out of this knowledge she has brought not a cynical weariness, but a boundless enthusiasm. She loves folks. And she is never weary of experimenting. She will adjust and readjust grumbling tenants till everyone is happy.

"My job is like a game," she declared recently, smiling across her high piled desk at the writer of this article. "I play it with houses and people. To win, I must make everyone happy."

As she spoke her 'phone was ringing; two newly-weds, exclaiming over some house plans, were going out the door, and by her desk a weary sad little wife whose husband had deserted for the third time, sat patiently waiting, a crying child on her lap. Mrs. Boone had turned to the telephone.

"Your husband is full of bumps and red spots? Fleas? Very likely. That's an old house, you know. Oh—you never had any before this week? That's strange. Those roomers—what? Dogs! They didn't tell me they had dogs. Four! Oh, dear me." The housing secretary paused long enough to hand a jumping-jack to the crying child, thus silencing him. "Well, that certainly is a shame. No, of course you can't stand it. I'll find another place where they can go with their dogs, and I'll get someone else for you. 'Phone me tomorrow. Good-by."

Mrs. Boone put down the receiver. Then she turned to the patient little wife.

"Well, Lucy, I suppose Jim's gone again?" Her tone was warm with friendliness, and full of good cheer. It was buoyant, bracing.

"Yes. You know, Mrs. Boone, he hasn't been right since the War. He got gassed pretty bad. I guess I'm lucky to have him at all. He'll come back some day."

"Of course he will. Now—you'll want to give up that flat? You'll need a tenant for that. And you'll want a room where you can leave Bobby while you go out to work? All right—"

When that was taken care of she drew a long breath.

"Well—where were we? Oh—my job. Do you know, it's all a matter of viewpoint—how hard our jobs are. When I was a young mother, with three small children to put to bed every night, I thought I was the most overburdened of women. Now, during conventions—this is a convention city, you know, being the State capital—I have found accommodations for hundreds in a rush. I put a whole town to bed, you might say. And it isn't half as hard.

They Must Keep Up Appearances

"Do I ever make mistakes?" She threw back her head in a laugh. "Awful ones.

"The first mistake I made when I began this work was to believe people really want the kind of homes they declare they do.

"I remember a well-dressed, self-important, very young couple who came to me, asking for a house. The only thing they stipulated was that it must be in the most exclusive residential section of the city.

"I was uneasy, but in those days I didn't know enough to delay arrangements until I had had a chance to question them further. I sent them to an agent who had a charming old house on our finest avenue. He pointed out that the house had antiquated plumbing, and was hard to heat. But it was in the right locality. So they took it.

"Presently they began to complain bitterly of the inconveniences of the house, the snobbishness of the neighbors and the dullness of the locality. Then they bought a car they could not afford, and fell behind in the rent. The agent appealed to me, and I sent for the pair.

"The boy and girl admitted it was all a pose about family traditions. He had inherited a little money, and they had come to Harrisburg to 'break into society.' But now their money was all gone. Both were from a tiny village—from plain people used to having jolly good times. Now they were both pining for their own kind. The young man found a job. I located a cheap little flat in a plain neighborhood. They kept the car, made the acquaintance of other fun-loving young people, and fitted happily into their environment.

"Appearances are no criterion, nor are people's first demands. I try to get under the shell. I get them to talk freely about their work, their last home, their children, their hopes and their ambitions, if I can. When put at ease, most people are very simple and direct. After twenty minutes of such conversation I know pretty definitely just where the people will fit in."

Woman, Mrs. Boone asserts, is the real home-hunter of the race. She alone has the patience to keep hunting, and the vision to see "home," in some moderately priced flat or house which a man would consider impossible. That is because she is able to visualize the personal touch she can give to the place. He sees what is before him, nothing more.

"When there is a woman in the family," said Mrs. Boone, "I much prefer to talk with her about the selection of the home. I always urge a husband, if a stranger in Harrisburg, to wait until his wife arrives before deciding on a house or apartment.

"As for bachelor men, who room or board, virtually all of them demand the same things. Foremost among these are a good bathroom with plenty of hot water, a good bed, and lack of familiarity or inquisitiveness in the family. A man wants to be looked after, but with no intrusion on his privacy.

"And he cannot tolerate confusion or lack of order. Oddly enough, women roomers can stand a good deal of disorder and yet remain happy."

Mrs. Boone chuckled.

"When boarding-house proprietors call up to register their vacant rooms with me, they all demand men. 'No women,' is the great cry. 'Women spill their powder all over the floor and do their family washing in the bathrooms. And the married women are around too much.'"

"Who are the world's most popular boarders, Mrs. Boone?"

The young man in the picture is the head of a family and earns a dollar and a half a day selling papers. He has brought in his mother to consult Mrs. Boone about an apartment with a yard where the baby can play. On the same day Mrs. Boone provided for a girl of ten whom nobody wanted, a woman with seven children who had run away from a hooch-drinking husband, two runaway couples, and three girls who had been put out of their homes for smoking cigarets. A grateful woman client sent a beautiful bouquet of flowers from her garden and a man called up to say he had let a poor family have his house three months for nothing.

"Traveling men," she laughed. "They're never at home."

The telephone on Mrs. Boone's desk rang shrilly. And with an apology she turned to it.

"Mrs. ——? Oh, yes. Good morning. They're cooking cabbage? The other roomers are complaining? Oh, that's too bad. Yes, I know, I did beg you to let them boil eggs in their room. I should have warned them about cabbage and onions. I'll drop them a note today. If that doesn't stop them, let me know and I'll find them another room and get you someone else. No. No trouble at all. I'm glad you called me."

She had hardly put the telephone down, when the bell rang again. And for twenty minutes the calls continued steadily, one after another, just a few of the forty appeals a day which is the bureau's average.

First, a landlady complained that two roomers—a married couple—were sawing and hammering all day Sundays in their fourth-floor room, thus disturbing the whole house. And when they weren't actually hammering they were tramping up the stairs, carrying great loads of lumber. "But what in the world can they be doing?" demanded Mrs. Boone, mystified. The reply caused her to burst into rippling laughter, which she quickly stifled. "I'll find them a room in the suburbs where they can do their hammering out in the yard. Of course your roomers can't stand it," she soothed the caller and hung up the telephone receiver.

"What is it?" asked the interviewer.

"Poor dears," Mrs. Boone's eyes misted with sudden feeling. "They're making flower-boxes and bird-houses for the bungalow they've been hoping to build for fifteen years. I know them well. Last spring they had illnesses which wiped out all their savings. Now they're starting again. I suppose they think they may as well have some of the house trimmings ready, anyway."

While she was speaking the telephone jingled again.

It was a call from the troubled mother of a family, who dreaded moving day ahead. "We don't want to move. We like it here. But the landlord refuses to make those repairs, and they must be made. Won't you find us another house?" "You like the locality?" asked patient

Mrs. Boone. "Yes," came the reply, "and the children will have to stay in this section or change their school. It's too bad."

Apparently it was a case for diplomacy. Mrs. Boone called up the landlord. The property he declared, was not even returning a savings-bank interest on the investment, but he was willing to make repairs if the tenants would meet a small advance in rent to justify the expenditure. The cost of moving was estimated, the tenants 'phoned to, their consent obtained, and the matter settled satisfactorily for all.

"Tenants," declared Mrs. Boone, turning to the interviewer between calls, "complain bitterly of high rents, blaming the situation nearly always on the owner, calling him a 'rent hog.' Yet many times he is not realizing more than three per cent net. He, too, is a victim of the times, and of various local and national conditions. It is too bad tenants are not better educated in property values. They would not pay less rent, but they would be less bitter about it."

The 'phone was summoning her again. And this time it was the indignant outburst of a relative-pecked young husband which came over the wire—his angry tones reaching even to where the interviewer sat. He was talking youthfully, recklessly, of a possible divorce.

"Divorce—nonsense, Fred!" Mrs. Boone exclaimed. "Why do you live with your people? You remember, when you and Marybelle were engaged, and you came in here and talked it over with me, I advised you to begin buying a cottage at once. I told you about one big enough to enable you to rent the whole upper floor as a separate apartment. Yes—you *can* swing it! You have five hundred dollars saved up, haven't you? Well, come in and talk to me tomorrow, and we'll find you a house."

In-laws Fatal to Newly-weds

Mrs. Boone hung up the 'phone and turned to the interviewer with a touch of weariness.

"Living with in-laws nearly always proves a fatal thing for young married couples. Yet it is a lesson people never seem to learn—or, at least, not until it's too late."

Mrs. Boone went on to say that hundreds of young couples have come pouring into her office in the five years she has been in charge of the bureau.

"Some come to me before their engagement has been announced. Often I am the first recipient of their secret, and you may be sure I guard it well. 'No one will know?' they ask anxiously. 'Oh, no,' I assure them, 'my files never gossip.'

"I always urge the newly-weds to begin buying—or play toward buying—a little home. But too often, the young husband's answer is, 'Well, no. We think we'll board. My wife wants to keep her job. You know she's making as much as I am.' And he will add, with a half-proud, half-embarrassed laugh, 'I can't afford to buy her clothes like those—on my salary.'

"And the wife will draw me aside, and confide: 'You know, my husband likes to see a girl smartly dressed. I wouldn't dare to get shabby and go around looking like a frump. I really mean it. I'm afraid he'd fall out of love with me. Besides we want a car, and we're both wild for a radio.'"

Boarding house, clothes, car, radio. Rouged lips, and arched eyebrows. Pride that is half shame on his part; pride that is half fear on hers.

"What is there in such a union that could possibly prove eternal?" asked Mrs. Boone sadly.

"You believe, then, with the pessimists, that American home life is not what it used to be?" enquired the interviewer.

But Mrs. Boone denied this emphatically. American home life in a majority of cases, she insisted, is just what it used to be, sound and sweet and satisfying.

"And I'm not theorizing," she said earnestly. "My husband, a physician, died after a lingering illness, years ago, leaving me penniless and with three little children to support. I know every mile of the way along the struggle-for-a-home road. We had some hard years. But I did manage to keep the home together. And today I am so glad.

"It is true, that some of our young married people today appear trivial and fast. But it is only a small element—the sporty type. Most of the boys and girls who come to me, shyly, to confide their marriage and home-building plans, are as sound and sane as those of any past generation."

There was no question about Mrs. Boone's sympathy with lively, fun-loving youth.

"Sometimes I have a chance to play Cupid," she laughed, chuckling reminiscently. "A splendid young business woman—the breezy, jolly, outdoor type of girl—dropped in here one morning two years ago with the comment that the city was stifling her. 'Find me a homey place, near a road that leads to the woods, Mrs. Boone,' she begged. I promised. A room in the suburbs was located and she moved out to it.

"That very week a nice bachelor came in to see me with almost the same petition. 'I can't stand the noise of the city any longer,' he explained. 'I want to live on the edge of town.'

"'I'll play Cupid,' I said to myself. 'There are two rooms at Mrs. Brooks's. I'll send him out there, too.'"

And now, after a year with that edge of the town as a shared delight, these two sit at their own fireside and read John Burroughs and Mrs. Rohrer's cook-book.

"I suppose you find it easier to meet the home demands of old residents than of strangers?" the interviewer enquired.

"Oh, my, yes, some newcomers never get

adjusted. They are continually making comparisons. Chicagoans and New Yorkers are the worst. They are sure the best dollar's worth is there. And colored people feel the same way about Baltimore. No town in the United States is like Baltimore, they will tell you—sometimes with tears. It's a kind of self-foolery. Often these people were unhappy where they came from."

"Just one moment more," urged the interviewer. "There are two classes of tenants you haven't spoken of today—children and very old people. I suppose both of them are serious problems to you?"

She nodded emphatically, sorrowfully.

"Yes; more's the pity. Old people always will be, I suppose. And my heart goes out to them. Every community has its poor, lonely old folks whom nobody wants. It is one of our greatest tragedies—all the sadder because there seems no satisfactory solution of it.

"Children, however, should not be the problem they are to housing boards and property owners; and they would not be if parents would train them properly. The average woman today does not begin in the nursery, as she should, to teach her children to respect others' property rights. A real estate agent will register a house, with the warning 'But no children, please!' And in my office at the very same moment will be sitting a parent, weary from a futile house-hunt.

"The child who has gone before is to blame. One badly-reared, destructive child will prevent a hundred others from being admitted.

"If I could teach my child only one social law of life, I would choose that of regard for others' property rights. Then he would be apt to prove a good tenant, and also a good neighbor.

"But with the old people," she said presently, looking up, "it is a different matter altogether. Sometimes I think that in the treatment of our aged we are still living back in the dark ages."

She told of a complaint that had come in over the 'phone one day regarding an old soul of seventy-eight, with a tiny pittance, whom she had placed in the attic room of a boarding house. "We can't have this old woman here," the landlady exclaimed, "she makes hats all day and scatters her scraps in the halls and parlors." Next day, the old lady limped in. "Can't please nobody," she said, despairingly. "Got to move again."

Mrs. Boone wrote to the woman's son, and this reply came—"I have no room for mother. I'm sorry, but my second wife says she can't get along with her." So in the months that followed, poor old mother moved and moved, from one cheap rooming house to another. Until one day a haven for old ladies was located in a near-by county, a quaint farm home where, to be eligible, one must be more than sixty-five. The board was rather expensive, but a fund was raised by a few public-spirited men who remembered their mothers. And now this old soul can make hats and strew scraps to her heart's content. "It's the fourth hat this season I've seen the old lady wear," the dusky elevator girl wrote to Mrs. Boone the other day.

Mrs. Boone pushed her card file aside, and began to close her desk for the day. She locked the drawers and sat, lost in thought, the keys in her hands.

Humorous Emergency Calls

She was smiling as she turned the key in her door at last and led the way to the elevator. And this whimsical smile tempted the interviewer to a last question.

"What were the two funniest things that ever happened to you in this work, Mrs. Boone?"

"Being called to rescue two girls who 'phoned me that there was a man under the bed," she replied quickly, "and being summoned to another house at One A.M. by a landlady who was so excited that she couldn't talk. She wanted me to witness what the tenants were doing, so she could arrest them."

"Well?"

"The 'man' was a nice collie belonging to a woman who had just moved away. She had left the city, giving the dog to a friend. He was homesick. The girls had left the door open. And he had slipped in."

"And the other?"

"Oh, that was just a party! I'd put some lively young people—a brother and a sister—into a four-room apartment in an old home. It was one of my early blunders. For the two maiden ladies who lived there were the stiffest primmest people on the Avenue.

"That night the ladies really were terrified. The brother and sister were entertaining. They had gotten up a jazz orchestra. There were four high-school girls, with ukuleles, one with a French horn, two boys with harmonicas and three others with combs. They were playing 'Tipperary.'

" 'They're all drunk, Mrs. Boone. Call the police. Quick!' the ladies insisted as I entered.

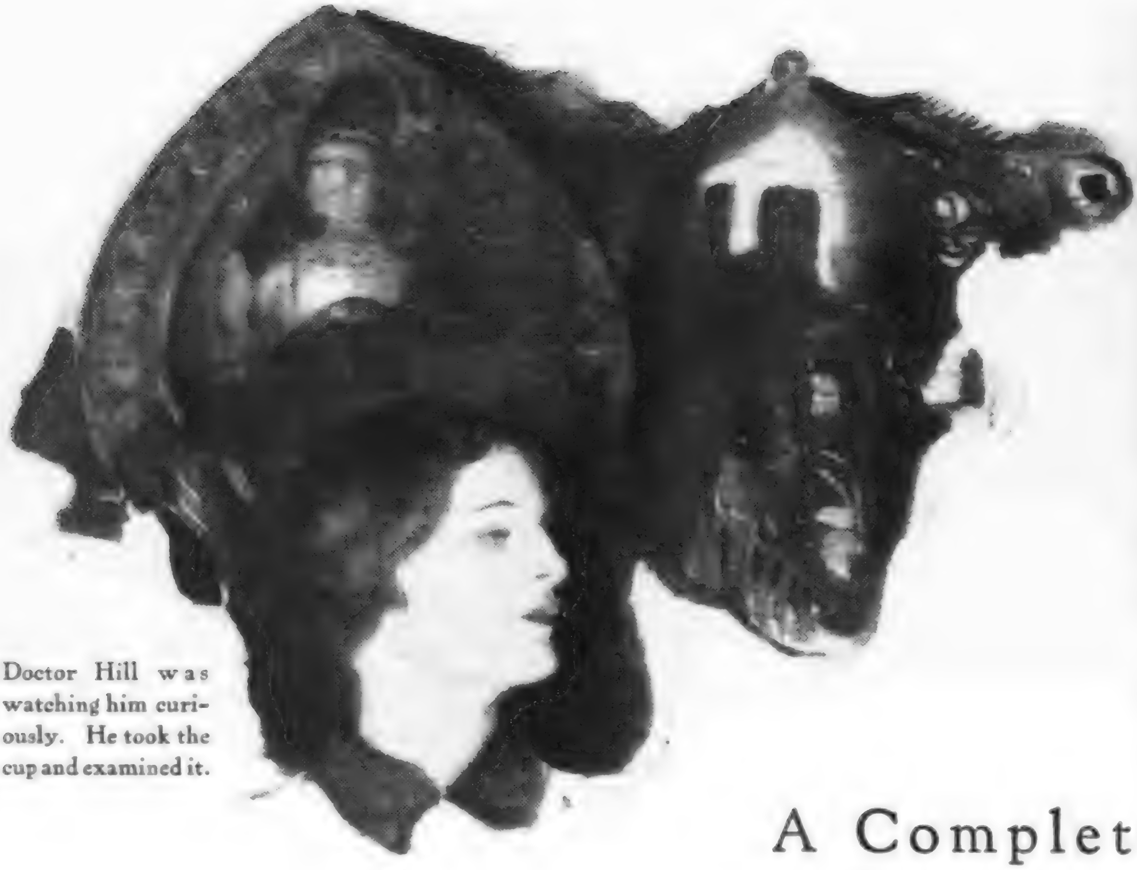
" 'Drunk!' I said. 'They're no more drunk than you are. Come upstairs with me.'

"They went. I scolded the young people, took their horn and combs away, and sent the guests home. And the next day I found an apartment for them in the suburbs where they could make all the racket they wanted. I sent an invalid who was convalescing and needed quiet, to the home of the maiden ladies. And that ended that."

"And still you manage to love people?" demanded the interviewer as the street car line was reached where they would say good-by.

There was a twinkle in her brown eyes as she replied drolly:

"Wouldn't I have to?"



Doctor Hill was watching him curiously. He took the cup and examined it.

A Complete Profit

By H. Bedford-Jones

Youth and high purpose face a desperate

"NOW, then, where's that pipe of mine?"

Martinson fumbled in his pockets, irritably. Yut Lee—of the Cantonese Li family—regarded him calmly, then pushed a box of cigarets across the little teak table.

"There is pure tobacco, better than the stuff you smoke."

Martinson took one of the cigarets and lighted it; one gathered he was not thinking about the tobacco at all. Before he twirled out the match, he shot a question at Yut Lee, almost savage in its directness.

"What do you get out of it? You're no altruist, Lee. It's all very well to tell me you want me to take a trip up country to the back end of nowhere to do good works—huh! All very well. But what do you get out of it?"

"Profit," said Yut Lee placidly, folding his soft hands over his stomach and smiling.

"Sure—that goes without saying." Martinson scowled slightly. "But how much?"

"There is more than one kind of profit, my friend," said the yellow man gently. "There is tangible profit, which you understand, and a certain intangible profit—which I am afraid you do not understand."

"Not where you're concerned," said Martinson flatly, but his smile took offense from the words. "You know you can trust me, so come clean. Else, I'll not take the job. I don't like killing people."

"Neither do I," said Yut Lee reflectively.

"So you drag me in, eh?"

Martinson laughed, and Yut Lee chuckled slightly. There fell a little silence. The two men smoked and sipped the thimble-cups of wine. Outside nuzzled all the noise of Shanghai—not the Shanghai of the Astor Hotel and post-offices and trams but another Shanghai altogether, lying back from the Wangpoo River and the French concession.

Novelette

Intangible

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

task in the turbulent hill country of China

Hut-sen was its name, and before the flourishing foreign city had been imagined it was ancient. Otherwise and more simply, "The City." Yut Lee had a shop out in Shanghai proper, where he sold silks and curios to tourists, but here in the old native city of tiny crooked streets and no gendarmes, he lived and had his being. His silk and curio shop was inside the Si Mun, the West Gate, on the street leading to the temple of Confucius.

Here in his private rooms, overlooking a little garden, the noise of the old city was shut out and everything was peaceful. Yut Lee knew well enough he could trust Martinson—most Chinese knew it. Martinson was not a successful man, but hoped to be some day. He had done a good bit of mining engineering up country and knew his way around. He was something under thirty; lean and quiet, too frank for his own good interests, and quite unable to lie—a peculiar trait which kept him down in the world but made him friends.

Martinson was not too sure of Yut Lee, though he knew the man rather well. Yut Lee was wealthy and respected, and among his own folk he did not call himself by this name, but by the name of Lee Yut Toi.

"You," said Martinson suddenly, "have jumped at the end to be attained, but you have not explained the details between here and there. Suppose you start at the right place, and I'll wager you a dollar I can locate the joker."

"I think I might lose," said Yut Lee, smiling. He relaxed in his chair and took a fresh cigaret. "Very well, Mr. Martinson. At nine o'clock tonight you will leave your pension and accompany a boy I will send. He will take you to a launch in the river, my launch. You will go aboard, and for three days will journey upriver. The fourth morning you will land, take mules, and go into the Wu Shan hills."

"That is," said Martinson, "if I take the job."

"Conceded. Once in the hills," resumed Yut

Lee, placidly, "you will come to what was once the White Lotus Temple, but it is now the Wu Shan Hospital, standing just above a tiny village. It serves all the hill district, many villages, where there is no town. It is conducted by a woman, one Doctor Hill. You follow me?"

Martinson grunted disgustedly. "Go on with your words of one syllable. You devil! You're trying to win that bet."

Yut Lee grinned and pursued his level tone.

"You will stop there a little while, looking for silver mines in the neighborhood. There are none, but no matter. If a Frenchman arrives, you will watch him closely. If another American arrives, you will watch him more closely. You will see that no harm comes to Doctor Hill from these two. She will trust you, because I will give you a letter to her."

"Who's the American in the case?" snapped Martinson.

"John Williams, formerly connected with the Woosung Silk Mills."

MARTINSON grunted, and his eyes darkened. "I've heard of him. And—let's see! I've heard of this Wu Shan Hospital, too. Old temple taken over by Miss Hill's father, eh? Years ago. So the lady doctor has something the Frenchman and Williams are after, eh?"

"You want to win your bet," said Yut Lee lazily. "Should I help you?"

"Confound you! This Williams, now—he's a bad egg. Mixed up in that affair in Canton last year—that looting, time of the Sun Yat Sen troubles. Hm! He's dealing heavily in faked antiques, and he's in with a bad gang," ruminated Martinson. The other watched him with a lurking twinkle in the plump face. "Hm! He's in with the group of Young Chinese and foreign exporters. And who's the Frenchman?"

"Colonel Hamelet. A soldier, on leave from Indo-China."

"Uh-huh." Martinson frowned. "I've heard something about him—blowing around the foreign concession social parties and gambling over the line—yes. Saw him up at the Shanghai Club yesterday noon. He was with Arnold, the piebald half-Britisher who works in with the Jap dealers and sends shiploads of antiques to Paris to him! I begin to see now.

"Uh-huh." Martinson took another cigaret. "Sort of clearing up. The lady doc needs cash and has found that some of her father's collected stuff may be valuable, so the buzzards are circling. And you want me to go look for a silver mine, huh? At that, I always claimed silver might be in those hills."

Yut Lee appeared vastly amused by some inward joke.

"Perhaps you may find one," he ventured.

"Likely! Now I'm going to win that dollar."

Martinson's gray eyes shot a keen look at the placid Chinaman, and the latter nodded. He half expected to lose his bet, for Martinson was a surprising person at times. He knew some most astonishing things, apt to pop out at the most unexpected places.

"A long time ago," he said quietly, "before you became the wealthy Lee Yut Toi, you were just a plain little Number One boy like a million others. You worked for a man who gave you help and some money. You have always felt in his debt. Now you want to pay off this debt, acting through me, to the man's daughter. There's your intangible profit."

Yut Lee wriggled a little, as though rather uncomfortable. Then he felt in his clothes and produced a round silver American dollar, which he solemnly handed to Martinson.

"In a sense you are right," he observed. "You will take the job?"

"I haven't said so," returned Martinson, pocketing the dollar. "What do I get out of it?"

"A chance to use your brains."

This startled Martinson a little. It showed him there was a good deal under the surface of things, for Yut Lee meant exactly what he said. In some ways, books to the contrary, a Chinaman is the most obvious person alive.

"I know you wouldn't throw this job to me for nothing," he ruminated. "You suspect something, is that it? You've an idea about tangible profits?"

Yut Lee nodded sententiously. "The superior man sees above the heads of the crowd—"

Martinson rose. "When you start quoting the Four Books, I quit. All right, I'll take on the job, being free at the moment. The letter to the lady?"

"My boy will bring it tonight." Yut Lee lifted a hand. "There is one thing I should tell you. My interest in the matter is suspected, and it will be known you have called here and are going upriver. When you leave the boat at the little town of Hangow, under the White Horse Rapids, it would be well to keep your eyes open."

"Huh!" said Martinson, regarding him fixedly. "So that's it! Which of them will be on my trail—Hamelet or Williams?"

"Probably they will combine against you."

"All right." Martinson picked up his hat. "Much obliged, Lee. Anything I pull out of the fire means a fifty-fifty split. Eh?"

"I think so," said Yut Lee.

Martinson departed to his waiting rikisha. He had to visit the bank, and directed his runner to the Bund, before returning to his lodgings in the Nanking Road. A glance at the tall clock-tower of the Hsinkwan showed it was ten minutes to three. He entered the bank, and as he was cashing a check, an attendant came to him with an envelope.

"Mr. Martinson, a messenger left this for you a few minutes ago."

Martinson nodded, tore open the envelope, typed with his address, and found a typed line on an otherwise blank sheet. It read simply:

"Do not go upriver tonight, dangerous."

Martinson tore it up, finished his business, and returned to his rikisha.

Who had sent this warning? He knew well enough—John Williams. But what swift work! The opposition knew already, as Yut Lee had foretold, that he was engaged in the affair. Well, he knew a few things himself.

He knew Williams for a thoroughly unscrupulous rascal, hand in glove with a bad element of natives and foreigners. He had met the man, and detested him utterly. Hamelet was very different—a suave French type, a cultured man, a polished gentleman entirely willing to sell his soul at the right price, and infinitely more dangerous because less brutal than Williams.

The Wu Shan hills run roughly east and west, rugged ribs of loess and granite hiding unexpecting valleys, towering high in queer curves and broken lines such as may be seen on any Chinese painting of mountains.

These hills seem to shadow the narrow streets and crooked, crowded houses of Hangow, the little river town. To this day Hangow regards all foreigners as devils akin to those who looted Pekin and made the white men a by-word of contempt from Yunnan to the Great Wall; and of late years the recrudescence of independence in young China had not lulled the ancient hatred.

Martinson, then, stepped ashore at Hangow to meet sullen, sidewise glances and a general air of "you had better go home again," but this was no news, and he had seen enough of yellow China to disregard it. With him it was axiomatic that race is nothing—it is the man who counts, and given time one could overcome the worst of prejudices.

YUT LEE'S plans had not gone like clockwork, for the launch had broken down. Instead of landing on the fourth morning at Hangow, Martinson reached there the fourth afternoon. On going ashore, he was met by a silent, dour, scowling hillman, the Number One and only boy provided by Yut Lee, who had three mules in tow—two for load, one for ride. Upon this silent one, who refused to give any name and only stared blankly at questions, Martinson bestowed the term of Toi, or Talented, and bidding his boatman a fitting adieu, set off into the hills. Toi looked like a bandit, proved to be a mute, and did not understand Martinson's Mandarin at all.

Whether or not any other white men had come recently to Hangow, could not be discovered.

During the remainder of the day, the two men made a scant five miles into the hills. Martinson was quite aware that in this queer mission he was taking his life in his hands, once he had left Shanghai. Piracy by land and water was rife everywhere. Soldiers were bandits, every ruler of a city held it for his own hand, every governor was a *tu-chun* or war lord to keep his place by right of force. So far as law was concerned, all interior China was chaos, and the only uniformity lay in the steadily augmenting hatred of foreigners. Thus, if Hamelet or Williams desired a reversion to force of arms, the Wu Shan hills made an excellent spot. Murder could be committed here with absolute impunity, as Martinson was aware.

Toward dark, the mute led him out of the rough hill road to a spring a hundred yards distant, beside a little shrine of Kwannin on the hill-flank. Here they camped for the night, and Martinson was thankful to escape the brick bed and many fleas of the usual inn. From some hiding place near-by, too, the Talented One produced an old Snider rifle and a bandolier of cartridges, with much evident pride.

With the next morning, they pushed on, meeting many people on the road yet passing through no villages, for the main track kept to winding hill-flanks and branch trails went off to the valley hamlets. By one of these Toi departed toward noon, signing Martinson to go on, and presently caught up again with a pair of chickens and some vegetables on his saddle.

Poor as the district was, small as the hidden-away villages were, the amount of traffic on the road showed it was fairly well inhabited. They even met one calmly contemptuous and regal being, borne in a palanquin on the shoulders of servants, and with a retinue around him; a relic of the ancient imperial régime, perhaps.

Then they camped, again beside a mountain ridge and Martinson screwed some signs out of Toi which appeared to indicate they would reach their destination the next morning. Of any other white travelers he had heard or seen nothing. Fast river launches were plentiful, so that Hamelet and Williams might be ahead of him or behind him.

With sunrise, Martinson unbuttoned his sleeping bag, yawned, sat up—and saw Hamelet sitting on a boulder six feet away, watching him.

Martinson stared blankly for a moment. The mute, Toi, had apparently vanished into thin air. Hamelet smiled slightly, but remained silent, wary, alert. He was a thin, spare man of sallow face and grizzled black hair, with a short clipped mustache—a nervous type.

"Good morning!" said Martinson. "Been waiting long?"

"Not long," said Hamelet in excellent English. "The opportunity was too good to miss, Mr. Martinson."

"I see." Martinson rubbed his eyes, stretched himself. "If you've come to breakfast, you might have made up the fire, anyhow."

Hamelet's hand dropped, with unmistakable significance, and his rifle shifted.

"You'll have no more fires in these hills," said the Frenchman quietly.

"Any positive statement includes a difference of opinion," was Martinson's cheerful rejoinder. "You don't like my being here, then?"

"You were warned not to come." Hamelet looked steadily at him, finger crooked on trigger and dark eyes unpleasantly resolute. "Since you came, I'm here to stop you, that's all. Good thing you were fool enough, or brave enough to come alone. So much the easier."

Martinson smiled—Toi must be gone somewhere, and evidently Hamelet knew nothing of the mute.

"Bosh! They're not your hills," he said, and reached under the head of his sleeping bag. Instantly Hamelet's thumb drew back the hammer of the rifle, but Martinson only produced a pair of socks. "Don't mind my dressing, I hope? My only pistol is somewhere there in the bag, out of reach as usual."

"Dress, and get back to Hangow," said the Frenchman.

"Or you'll murder me, eh?" Martinson grinned at him. "My dear chap, this melodrama does not impress me in the least, and if I had a gun within reach, I'd certainly take a shot at you to prove it! You know perfectly well you can't sit there in cold blood and slap a bullet into my heart."

"I've no such intention," said Hamelet coldly. "But I shall certainly slap one into your shoulder, which will be much more unpleasant, and then load you on a mule and send you back. You may choose between going sound or broken."

MARTINSON carefully drew on one sock, then the other. There was no melodrama as he had just termed it, about the Frenchman; this man meant his words and would keep his promise to the letter. The cynical thin, heavy-lidded face was that of a man completely sure of himself, completely selfish, and utterly without any compunction; a coldly cruel face, and very materialistic. No idealism in this man.

"Rather queer you let me come through Hangow, isn't it?" Martinson asked.

"Not my fault—Williams was drunk, probably," said the other.

Martinson nodded. Both had been ahead of him, then! He pulled on his breeches, stood up to fasten them, then sat down again on his sleeping bag and put on his boots, which laced high.

"No use talking terms, I suppose?" he ventured, as he drew the laces taut.

"Hardly," and Hamelet laughed.

"No use asking for explanations?"

"Don't play the fool!"

"Any objections to saying precisely why you and Williams want to get rid of me?"

"None." Hamelet smiled thinly. "Because we don't want you around."

Martinson grinned. "Oh! Well, in that case—"

Lightning swift, his hand came up with a bit of rock, jagged, the size of an egg. His eyes gave no warning—the stone flew, smashed on the knuckles of the hand holding the rifle, biting flesh against iron.

Hamelet pressed the trigger, a flash too late. Martinson got the wind of the bullet as he followed the stone and bore Hamelet with his full weight. Decidedly unused to such close work as this, the Frenchman had not a chance; half strangled, his thin, fever-worn frame a toy in Martinson's hands, he relaxed and lay quiet.

Martinson drew back, seized the fallen rifle, ejected the empty shell and rattled another cartridge from magazine to chamber. As he did so, he glanced around to see the dark face of Toi showing momentarily, from above a boulder to one side, a surprised grin. Then the hillman sank from sight. So the rascal had been there all the time!

Hamelet got on his feet in a dazed way. Until now, Martinson had not been sure the man was alone, but the fact was now rather obvious. For a good half mile, the back trail was in view, and it was empty, while no one had appeared to help the Frenchman.

"Thought you could work the trick alone, eh?" said Martinson, a sudden hardening in his face muscles, and a glint in his eyes that caught Hamelet's attention. "I gave you one chance to talk terms—this is your last one. Want it?"

"No, thank you," said Hamelet quietly, the sallow features very white. A sneer came to his eyes. "It is now you who are melodramatic, yes? Would you like to shoot me?"

"I would," said Martinson so reflectively and steadily that Hamelet started slightly. "Yes, I would. If you give me half an excuse, I will. You're a dangerous rat, and I'd be glad of a reason to exterminate you, Hamelet. Now, I'll give you until I count three to face about and walk back to Hangow—or start for there. In default of which, I'll put a bullet in you and spare a mule. One, two—"

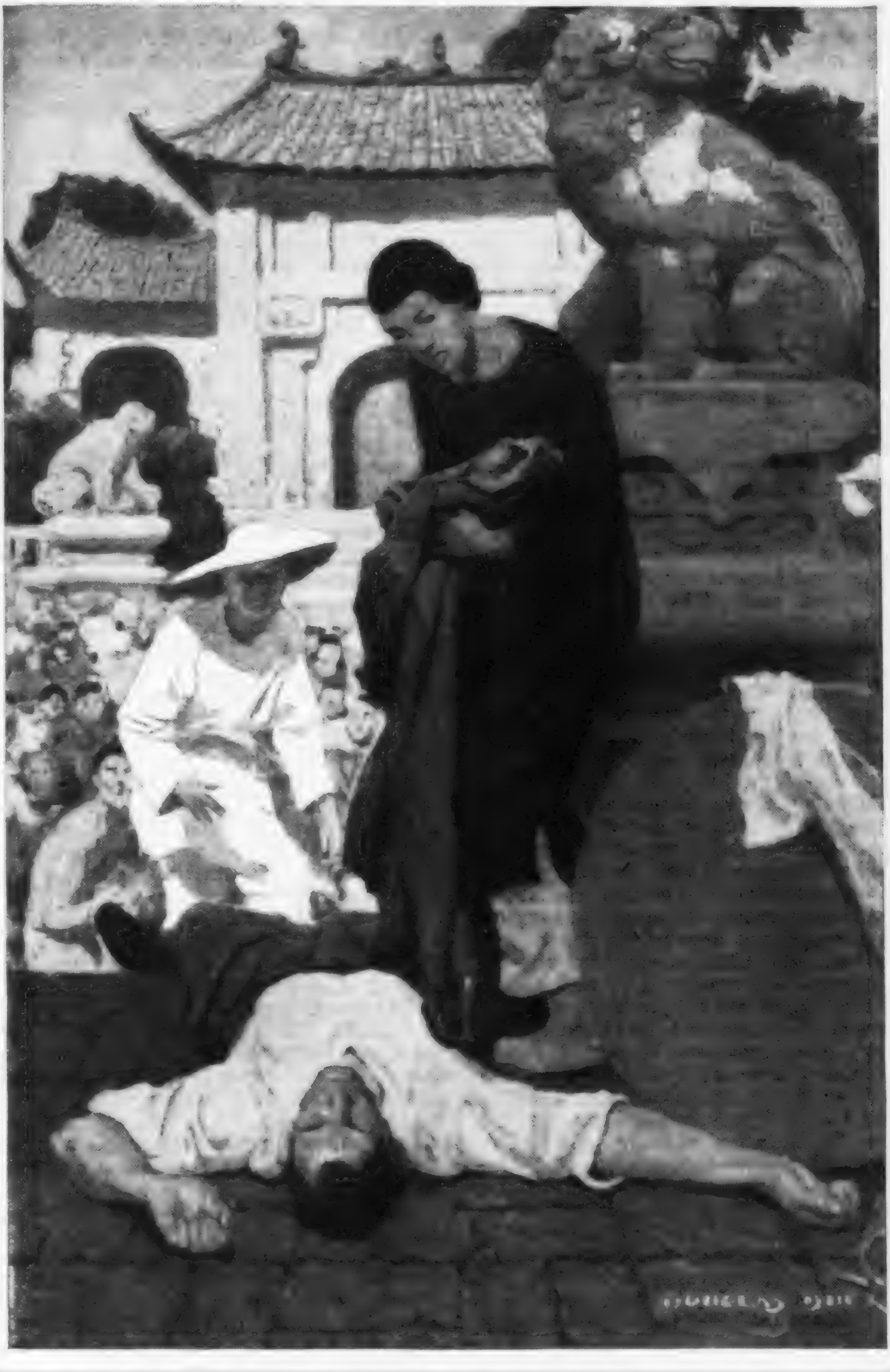
The Frenchman did not pause to argue; he could read those implacable gray eyes. He turned and walked away. For a little Martinson watched him, then turned to the boulders at one side.

"Confound you, Toi. Come out of it and get me something to eat!"

The mute appeared, grinning and fondling his old Snider.

Later in the morning, Martinson looked down upon the Temple of the White Lotus, from a curve in the track above it.

The temple occupied a deep terrace in the



Martinson saw the glare of the sun on the paving, the strained-looking faces—then abruptly everything vanished. He fell sideways, knocking the table with his shoulder.

flank of a huge hillside. Below was a village on the valley floor, from which the temple stood raised some hundreds of feet. This village was marked afar by a huge flame-tree on one side the little river, and a great blooming white magnolia on the other. Away off on the slope of a distant hill was another village and the regular quadrangles of terraced gardens of some kind.

As he looked, moving objects below caught his eye. Three mules and a man—too far for details to be distinct—were leaving the village below. The place was oddly deserted, and he could see no one in the rice paddies. Why were these mules going out? Somehow his mind flew to Hamelet and Williams—then he dismissed the whole thing and signed the mute to go on toward the temple.

Despite its altered use, the temple looked little changed at this distance and height, from any other hill temple, even to its ruinous features. The whole compound was enclosed by a stone wall, broken in places along the fore-court. Steps leading to an inner gateway were flanked by the usual lanterns and images; the central building was enclosed by an inner wall, and from it reared up a short, stumpy pagoda.

As Martinson looked, a white-clad woman's figure crossed the court and disappeared in the main building—incongruous figure in such a setting. And for the first time, Martinson spared a thought of wonder as to what sort of woman this Doctor Hill would prove.

NOT long past noon he approached the gateway of the temple, and turning to ask some question of Toi, he stared blankly. The mute had disappeared with his mule, whether by previous orders or by some caprice of his own, he could not have told. Martinson was angered, then shrugged and resumed his course, being too old a hand in China to wonder at anything. Perhaps the mute considered his work finished and had slipped away in order to avoid receiving any payment from the white man—not a very plausible conjecture, but possible enough.

Martinson dismounted before the gateway, and surveyed it in some astonishment. It preserved a masked entry, to avoid an entrance in a straight line which of course would admit devils, yet to the right of it was something new to him. This was a tall, ancient lotus-leaf of marble, against whose concave surface was carved in high relief, and in more than life size, a statue of Kwannin, goddess of mercy. In the top of this, set so as to illumine the image at night, was a tiny electric bulb. Martinson whistled to himself, then pulled a modern bell-handle at the gate.

For some time there was no response. Martinson was about to pull again, when the hinges creaked and he beheld a drill-clad Chinaman, his bland features unsurprised. He was tall, and had the slightly oblique eyes of a Manchu. Pulling together his Mandarin, which was fairly good, Martinson announced himself and handed the man one of his red visiting cards, made for use among natives.

The Manchu's gaze flickered past him to the mules, took in the two rifles, and raked the visitor's very soul with one brief glance.

"If you will be so good, come in," he answered in perfect English. "I'll see if Doctor Hill can see you. The mules will be attended to. We are rather busy just now."

"Thank you," murmured Martinson, hiding his surprise.

He followed across the outer courtyard, mounted the long stairs of stone to the inner gate, and there found himself upon a flagged courtyard. At one side were gathered a dozen wretched hill-folk. Martinson's guide led him on, not into the main temple building but into that at the right-hand corner.

"Be so good as to wait here," said the Manchu, and padded away.

Martinson found himself in a high-ceilinged room, pillared with the usual fragrant old beams, in sharp contrast with the plain deal table, the caned chairs, the medicine cabinet against the wall and the wholesale chemist's calendar hung on the whitewashed wall. Presently he caught the soft sound of approaching steps, and stood to face Doctor Hill.

A slight, gray-eyed little woman, with dark lines about her slightly questioning eyes, with brown hair and inconspicuous features—her like could be found a hundred times in Shanghai or any treaty port, he decided at first glance. She might be his own age or a bit younger.

"You wished to see me?" she asked, and her words flattened him.

He had expected welcome and greeting offered a white man in these lonely hills. He had meant to speak of silver mines, had fully intended to cloak the real object of his coming here—so far as he knew it himself—but he dismissed all of it instantly. This direct look from her eyes made any subterfuge seem a mean and lowly thing. His first impression of her was already swiftly altering. He bowed slightly.

"Mr. Martinson from Shanghai," he said. "I don't know if you will remember a certain Yut Lee—or Lee Yut Toi, as you may have known him?"

Her brows lifted slightly. "Certainly I remember him, but—really, Mr. Martinson, our time is frightfully taken up here. I can't spare you much, I can't even welcome you or ask you to stop for tiffin with us; I'm sorry to seem inhospitable. As for Lee Yut Toi, I've not heard from him in a long time. I know my father helped him greatly, in many ways, and to the best of my knowledge never received a word of thanks for it."

"Lee Yut has not forgotten," said Martinson quietly, and paused. Something was wrong here in this place—he could sense it all around him. Now it came, swiftly, incisively.

"Then he has managed a very good appearance of forgetting," she returned. "I'll have to ask you to come to the point at once, Mr. Martinson. I have thirty small-pox cases in the building and more waiting outside—and then there are the villages. I haven't had a chance to visit them yet. We are short of everything we need, including money, and a man named Williams will be—"

"Williams!"

Momentarily staggered by this news, Martinson caught at the name. This frail little woman speaking so calmly of a small-pox epidemic, herself in the midst of it—

"You know Mr. Williams?" she answered with an appraising glance.

"A common name, but not a common man," he said, and smiled. "Come Doctor, put the cards on the table! I'm here to help. Where does Williams come in? He's a thorough rascal."

She appeared to regard him more seriously at this, as though the frankness of his appeal reached home to her. She sank into a chair and motioned him to another.

"I'm tired—please sit down," she said. "Why it appears that this man Williams knew my father quite well, years ago, and he had heard of the cup of Wu Ti, the one thing my father prized most. I've sold a good many things to keep the hospital work going, but I hoped to keep the cup and take it home with me—I was going home next month. Then this epidemic came and has changed everything; small-pox is simply sweeping the whole district. I lack everything, have no money, have no means for taking the cup to the coast for sale, and dare not send it—"

"Is it so valuable, then?" asked Martinson.

"Yes," she said simply. "Williams came here and tried, I'm sorry to say, the wrong tactics. He knew we were nearly helpless and it would be easy for him to set the villages against us. We must have lymph, a hundred things—well, no matter."

HERE in these few words were the dry bones of a story Martinson could well enough piece together. The impersonal devotion and selflessness of this woman awed him. Martinson would have termed himself a flea-bitten cynic—yet he did not always look at what he might get out of a thing, despite his half-jesting words to Yut Lee in Shanghai. As he met the tired eyes of this woman, he knew that here was something bigger, higher, than any mere personal gain.

"Haven't you a man to spare?"

She made a helpless gesture. "No. Our cook has remained, and two old women—every one else has gone except Chan Tou, who admitted you. They are afraid."

"Can you make out a list to send?"

"Yes, the list is ready. I hoped to get Williams to take it when he returned for the cup."

"Good!" exclaimed Martinson briskly. "Get your list. Give me paper and a pen or pencil and I'll drop Yut Lee a line with the list. This chap Chan Tou—Manchu name, isn't it?—can get off right away. His business will be to reach Yut Lee, and Lee will see you get the stores safely. I'll see that you keep your cup."

She leaned toward him. With the sudden light of renewed hope in her eyes, Martinson saw she had a beauty all her own—beauty of soul rather than of sense.

"Do you—do you mean it Mr. Martinson?"

"It's simple enough. A Chinaman may seem to forget, but he remembers. I know Lee has not forgotten the past."

"But I can't spare Chan Tou!" she exclaimed sharply. "It's impossible—"

"I'll stay."

Her eyes widened on him incredulous.

"You! But—with small-pox? You don't realize what it means—the sort of work to do. You don't know—"

"Nonsense," said Martinson calmly. "I was through a bit of it last year in Yunnan, and was vaccinated, and know all about it, so I'm safe enough."

She drew a deep breath. "But—why should you?"

"My job. Besides I made a bargain with Yut Lee."

She questioned the nature of this bargain with searching gaze, but he only shook his head a little, and smiled. At this moment the Manchu appeared at the doorway, and Doctor Hill rose. She seemed like a new woman.

"Come in! This is Mr. Martinson who will stay and give us a hand, while you go after supplies." She laughed a little, happily. "It's all arranged! Mr. Martinson, this is Chan Tou, my colleague and assistant."

The Manchu came into the room and put out his hand, and Martinson met a hearty grip.

"We need all the help we can get," said Chan Tou.

"You're from England?" asked Martinson. The other smiled.

"America—Johns Hopkins and Ann Arbor," he returned. His eyes dwelt upon Martinson in a gaze that searched and probed until he nodded and smiled. "So you'll stay? Good. We can give you sixteen hours' work a day, Mr. Martinson, with just enough time to eat and no time to think. Ah!" He turned suddenly to the woman. "Doctor, that girl from Wu Wei—I have just seen her. You had better take charge of her at once."

Doctor Hill moved to the door. "I must

run—an urgent case. I'll send paper and a real pen, Mr. Martinson—excuse me, please—"

She departed hurriedly. Martinson again met the queerly probing gaze of the Manchu.

"So I am to go after supplies?"

"Yes. A man brought me here, a mute—" Martinson described his guide, but the other had not heard of such a man. He went on to tell of Yut Lee's interest in Doctor Hill, and at this Chan Tou nodded comprehension, thoughtfully. "You may be able to catch up with Toi on the back trail to Hangow. If not, you'll find Yut Lee's launch at Hangow—she was to wait there for some word from me. Take her and get off at once. I'll do my best to help here, and we may save the cup yet."

"The cup!" the saffron face became masklike. "What do you know of Wu Ti's cup?"

"I'm here to save it for her," said Martinson.

The other gave him half a minute of silent examination, then smiled again.

"Doctor Hill, her father, found the grave of Wu Ti," he said quietly. "Wu Ti was an Emperor of the later Han dynasty, contemporary with Cæsar. He took the cup from the grave—well, here we are. If I can catch your mute, I shall send him to Shanghai and return here. And I think I can catch him."

An old woman entered with paper, envelopes, a pen and a bottle of fluid ink.

"Write quickly," said the Manchu. "I'll get ready—and if I catch your mute, I'll be back tonight."

Martinson nodded.

THOSE three mules he had noticed leaving the stricken village below, remained in the thoughts of Martinson. He could only surmise that they had belonged to Hamelet or Williams, and that something was afoot from the enemy's camp. However, nothing more turned up, and he dismissed the affair momentarily. Whatever the cup of Wu Ti might be, whatever its value, he knew it was something too large to be easily relinquished, but he had no space to think about it now. So far as his errand was concerned, he had a waiting part to play—in this sense only.

Chan Tou was absent a bare six hours, and returned during the night with word that he had caught the mute on the highway and had turned over the errand to him—Toi had promised to go direct to Shanghai with the letters. The Manchu reported that the mute was a small trader and hillman. And with his return, Chan gave Martinson his chance to leave.

"I am back, there is nothing to keep you now," he said flatly.

"Yes," said Martinson. "There is much."

"What, then?"

"Need."

The Manchu met his eyes, smiled and departed.

Martinson knew little of hospital work, but he had the will to aid, and shirked nothing. He went about washing, disinfecting, doing all the loathsome tasks involved by tendance of the disease. Every bed in the main temple building was filled, and other cases camped in the courtyard, bedless, half-nourished, terrible. After a few days Martinson felt he had been years in the place.

Even though his run lay between his own room, the wards and courtyard, and the cool room in which he, Doctor Hill and Doctor Chan Tou met for meals, so that he knew nothing of the remainder of the place, it became intolerable. Each day added to the heat of its predecessor, since summer was at hand. Though a breeze swept the temple and they were in hill country, he well knew the fear behind the woman's eyes—the fear always coming when tropical summer treads on the heels of epidemic. Chan Tou knew it also, but no one mentioned it, since whether the dread become reality or not lay in the hands of a higher fate.

And the Manchu was magnificent, a tireless machine working with utter exactness, with entire lack of emotion almost. Once Martinson came upon him in the gateway, looking out across the empty fore-court and the valley, eyes lifting to the hill peaks closing off Hangow. He turned with a queer smile.

"There are times when a few days seem years," he said laconically.

"If the messenger gets through," said Martinson, "Yut Lee won't fail us."

He included himself as a matter of course. Even these few days had changed him, taught him a lesson deep and high—that intangible profits are of incalculably more value than cash returns. Chan Tou nodded slowly.

"Six more days, perhaps five. We can only hold on and hope."

AS THE days passed, still came no sign either of Hamelet or Williams. They knew he was here, and Williams had not returned for the cup; a significant item, and Martinson wondered why the thing might be so valuable. Still, he had little time to spare thought on extraneous matters. One day at lunch he spoke about any outside aid arriving, and Chan Tou smiled thinly.

"This is the age of democracy, of revolution, as I have cause to know. There will be one line in the foreign-language newspapers saying that a few cases of small-pox have been reported in the Wu Shan hills, but that the epidemic is confined to a limited area. Nothing short of—"

He hesitated oddly and did not conclude the sentence. Doctor Hill nodded, and Martinson sensed the unnamed dread. He felt the pull of it heavily, the suspense, the knowledge it might swoop suddenly upon them at any instant. Doctor Hill was looking badly again, he thought.

The heat had increased, and Martinson looked out to the stone fu-dogs by the gateway, seeing them quiver in the midday sun and stillness. The world slept in heat. He resolved to get another three graves dug before night and get ahead with his work, if he could.

Late that afternoon Martinson was out to the north of the temple boundary, by his improvised graveyard, when he saw a body of ragged men moving up from the slopes below. He divined trouble. The sick trooped in daily, and at all hours, but these were not sick, and all had staves, old matchlocks, cheek-guns. With them was the fantastic figure of a geomancer, hung with bits of paper and rags, shrilling on a gourd rattle.

Catching up his tools, Martinson hurried back to meet Chan Tou in the main gateway.

"What is it?"

"Superstition," said the Manchu, unmoved from his endless calm. "What has stirred it up is another matter. I must leave you, to combat it."

"What with?" demanded Martinson skeptically. "Guns?"

"No. Superstition."

With his thin smile, he motioned the white man to remain, and himself departed. Martinson lighted a cigaret and waited, inside the inner gateway. The hand of Williams or Hamelet might be in this, he reflected—he remembered what Doctor Hill had said, about a threat from Williams. The figure of the geomancer, the *feng shui* wizard, was enough to show, however, that much more was here than mere stirring-up. Perhaps Williams had only taken advantage of a condition.

Through a niche where stone had fallen, Martinson could peer out without being seen. The score of fierce hillmen swept through the outer gate and came straggling across the forecourt, talking loudly, yet somewhat taken aback by this silence and emptiness. The geomancer urged them on with his rattle. They halted before the inner gate, irresolute—then came the one thing Martinson least expected.

It was Chan Tou, coming with a swish of robes—no longer the drill-clad doctor, but now the old proud Manchu, clad in robe on robe—brocaded black silk, gay peach-bloom, and over all a flaring sun-yellow coat whereon a four-clawed dragon played. High-soled boots and mandarin's cap with jade button completed the costume. And thus Chan Tou opened the gate and stood there fronting the hillmen on the steps, high over them in every sense. Staring, the foremost went back a step, awe creeping into their faces.

"On your knees, sons of turtles," ordered Chan Tou, and went on in words of the local dialect quite lost upon Martinson.

He got the biting scorn in the voice, however, and saw how no one man of the crowd kept his feet; even the geomancer knelt, and for an instant was dead silence. Such a trick never would have worked in a treaty-port or even in a city, but the country folk of China know little of the revolution, and Martinson realized the sheer logic of it as he marveled.

Chan Tou spoke again, and those who saw before them an apparition of the imperial days trembled. They replied, and presently two of them spoke in Mandarin, and to this Chan Tou made response in the same form, which Martinson quite understood.

"Where then is the man who said that we, the magic healers, have defiled your dead? Let him step forth."

"He is not here, Lord," faltered the geomancer.

Chan Tou laughed at them, a deep rolling laugh of scorn and anger.

"Sons of turtles!" he said in contempt, and flung open the gate, stepping aside. "Enter! We healers have given ourselves in your service: these twenty years you have gained healing in this place, free and at no charge. Now, since you desire it, let the hills be unpeopled by plague. Enter and take away your sick, that you may watch them die and see that the bodies remain undefiled—and you too shall then die. Take them; not one shall walk again, and you who take them shall sicken. Enter!"

THEY stared at him, a magnificent, even kingly figure. Some understood him, others did not, but all hung back. He beckoned them, and the geomancer rattled his gourd.

"Then begone," said Chan Tou. "Send us your sick that we may heal them, or leave them to die at home, as ye will. Trouble us thus again, and I myself will come among you to blast you and your children!"

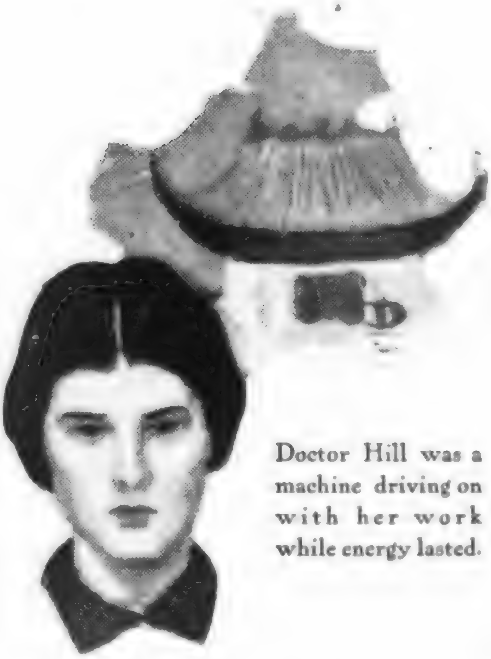
"The people sicken!" howled the geomancer suddenly. "It is your doing—"

"And you have failed to heal them?" said Chan Tou mockingly. "Good. Take this message. Let all not yet sick with the scourge come hither, to the temple gate, on the second day from now. Upon each one we will write a charm in blood that will guard them against this sickness, so they may walk among its victims without fear."

"Give us the charm now!" cried a villager. "Give it now, lord!"

A smile touched the lips of Chan Tou. "So you may be immune, and then boast of how you terrorized the magic healers? Bear the message back, and return on the second day. None on whom the charm is written shall ever die of the scourge, and bring the children as well, that they be made immune. Go!"

A sudden burst of pleas went up from the men, and demands for forgiveness. Chan Tou swept out his arm, flung his order again, and then went. In his whole mein was the



Doctor Hill was a machine driving on with her work while energy lasted.

arrogance of supreme authority, the concentrated power of generations, the consciousness that his command would be and must be obeyed.

The rabble faced about and trooped away toward the outer gate, and melted. The Manchu looked after them, then stepped inside the gateway and faced Martinson.

"So much for trappings, and a sense of what is due to oneself," he observed.

"Did you learn who's behind it?" asked Martinson.

"They mentioned a foreign devil. That man Williams?"

"Perhaps, and perhaps another," said Martinson. "Hard to say what's going on outside here. Day after tomorrow, eh? You're gambling."

"We must," said the other gravely. "If the vaccine doesn't arrive—well, it'll be bad! And we'll have full summer here in another week."

Again the sense of dread, the chill implication. Martinson nodded.

"You'll have to show me how to vaccinate."

The Manchu smiled.

"Dip the lancet and scratch. No time for niceties, once we start," said Chan Tou. Then he added, over his shoulder—"If we start!"

Once, at their first meeting, Martinson had glimpsed something of the inner charm of Doctor Hill. He had learned that she was Evelyn Hill by name, but in the intense concentration of the work, in its awesome responsibility, he could not regard her as woman, lest he pity her —and she was none to be pitied.

Though he drew close to her, and she to him, they were machines, driving on while energy lasted and even beyond energy, intent only upon the work. Martinson thought once or twice of his anticipations of this place, and smiled. Now the cup of Wu Ti and even Williams and Hamelet were little inconsequences in the back of his mind, and it seemed impossible that circumstance might ever push them to the front again.

So it was odd, the night before the vaccine arrived, to enter the dining-room and find Evelyn Hill broken down. The sun had dropped behind the western peak, no lights had been brought, and all he saw was a huddled figure in a chair. Hearing her dry sob, he hesitated, then crossed to her and laid his hand on her shoulder. As he stood, unable to speak, one of the old women servants brought in a lighted lamp. Doctor Hill looked up and tried to smile through her tears.

"I'm not—one of those women—who can cry nicely," she said. "I'm sorry."

"Nonsense!" said Martinson cheerfully. "We'll see it all through with you. Does you good to find tears once in a while, anyhow."

She had calmed herself to some extent.

"You don't know what your coming has meant," she said. "Just the sight of one of my own people—I'd been here three years, you know, without a trip to the coast. And after that man Williams—the contrast—"

She reached up and took his hand, as though finding comfort in his touch. Martinson was embarrassed by her words, and stood silent, answering only with a firm pressure of his fingers. There was no hint of personal sentiment in the hand-clasp—it stood only for words unuttered.

"Yut Lee won't fail us," said Martinson, all three seating themselves at the table.

"You have faith in our people, then?" said Chan Tou, who had come in and sat down, regarding him fixedly.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Few white people take a Chinaman at his real worth."

"Do you take white people at their real worth?" asked Martinson dryly.

"No; at more than their worth, else not a European would be alive today between Tientsin and Yunnan-fu!"

His voice had a startling bitterness. Doctor Hill seemed about to protest, then checked herself. Chan Tou continued steadily.

"We have no cause to love your race. I except such as our friend here, whom I regard as one of the spirits sent to earth. And you, Mr. Martinson—"

"Thank you," said Martinson, half angrily. The Manchu smiled at him.

"Today! We had our abuses, but under the imperial rule we were a people. Western thought penetrated China, culminating in the revolution. Now we are a harassed rabble oppressed by opportunists—thanks to the western nations. We owe you disruption, we see you carve the corpse of China, and still we see no sign of humanity, no consideration, no pity. And to all this, you add one crowning insult."

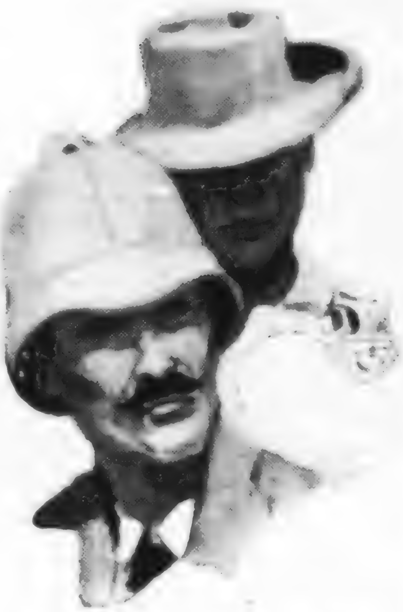
"And that?"

A hint of ironic amusement showed in the Manchu's face.

"When the white races clothed themselves with the skins of beasts, we were a governed nation. Before you had an alphabet, we had books; your first philosophers rank with our later thinkers. And what do you send us? Missionaries!"

Doctor Hill smiled. "I like missionaries, some of them," she said brightly. Suddenly, it broke upon Martinson how all this attack was aimed to divert her thoughts. "They are fearfully earnest, of course, and so rather ludicrous—but a good many of us take ourselves seriously. And they are good folk."

"And in the meantime," said Martinson, smiling, "we work together here."



Hamelet was a suave Frenchman, a cultured man willing to sell his soul at the right price.

A smile came and went in the oblique eyes. Then, abruptly, Martinson came to his feet. He stared at them blankly.

"What's the matter?" demanded Doctor Hill.

"Just thought of something." Martinson grinned. "Excuse me, will you? Back right off—"

He hurriedly left the room. In five minutes he was back again, bearing a crumpled envelope, which he held out to Doctor Hill with a rueful smile.

"I'm an awful fool! Yut Lee gave me this letter for you, and I sewed it under the shoulder of my waterproof for safe-keeping, and never unrolled the coat since. I thought of it once, but have been busy—"

She opened the missive, disclosing another enclosed envelope and a letter at which she glanced. Then she refolded them.

"Later," she said, and looked at Martinson. "And I forgot, too—we have two unclaimed casualties for you to deal with. Let us say, here in this room, at nine o'clock."

"Nothing serious?" asked Martinson.

She shook her head. "No. It has kept this long, and can keep a bit more. You don't make a good postman, I'm afraid. Now I must get back to that poor girl—"

She rose and left them, a flash of laughter fading from her eyes. The Manchu also rose, and stood looking after her.

MARTINSON disposed of his "unclaimed casualties" in the graveyard outside the temple grounds on the hillside. He returned, had a wash-up, and repaired to the dining-room promptly at nine. He found Doctor Hill awaited him, and now she looked deadly pale and very tired, but he did not comment upon it.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "anything very serious on the carpet?"

She took the lamp from the table and rose.

"We'll not talk of it here," she said simply. "Come."

He followed her from the room and along a corridor leading to her own private apartment. Short of her doorway, she halted and unlocked a small door set in the wall. This opened into a high-ceilinged room, stuffily cool and without windows. The bare stone walls, the beams and pillars of fragrant mannu-wood, were as they had served the temple, but an exclamation broke from Martinson as he glanced around.

Hung on a frame near the door, the lamplight revealed the gorgeous robes Chan Tou had worn to impress the hillmen. Here and there were suits of ancient armor, one being the gorgeous peacock-plumed and gilded armor of the imperial palace guards; a few large carved marble pieces and some magnificent temple services in Ming brass and cloisonné stood about, and one long wall was given over to rudely built shelves, on which were all manner of folded tapestries and embroideries, rugs and large jades, and small boxes. A treasure chamber, this.

"No loot here, as I tell Doctor Chan," she observed, with a slight smile lifting the weariness from her face. "My father collected all this; much of it he bought outright, and the remainder came to him as gifts."

"I'm no dealer," said Martison slowly, "but I know what some of these things must be worth for export! This explains something—Hamelet's interest. This stuff fetches ten times the price in Paris it does in New York, although that's high enough."

"Hamelet?" She questioned him in surprise.

"An associate of Williams, a Frenchman. I think they are in partnership. But look here, Doctor, is this room safe?"

"Safe as a bank," and she gestured. "That way, a door goes into my bedroom. The other, by which we entered, is always locked. Yes, it's safe."

"Perhaps," Martinson shook his head slightly. "But it wasn't to show me—"

"No, not just these. You must see the cup, however, and then we can talk."

She went to the shelves, by the door leading into her own room. Passing by the smaller boxes, such as were made to hold the various carved treasures whose greatest value to Orientals comes from the sense of touch, she pointed out a large box of teakwood bound with brass, on the lowest shelf.

"If you don't mind taking it out—it's too heavy for me," she said. "Father had the box made to hold the cup, and it's frightfully heavy. It is not locked; you have only to push the two hasps."

IN THE lamplight Martinson bent over to bring out the box by its handles, and grunted with surprise at its weight. The box was something over a foot square, but he guessed its weight at nearly fifty pounds; much of this, however, lay in the heavy wood and the large brasses.

Once he had it on the floor, he pushed open the hasps and disclosed an inner box of fine red teak, which he lifted to a shelf. This opened to show a padded, silk-lined interior, containing the cup of Wu Ti.

Doctor Hill watched him curiously, and, aware of the fact, Martinson said nothing. He took the cup from its box, held it in both hands to the light, and examined it closely. It was a heavy bronze vessel, a two-handled libation cup, showing very few traces of earth incrustation; but the patina, even as revealed in this artificial light, was something very marvelous. About the cup ran inscriptions in the ancient "tadpole" characters, and upon the bottom was incised another inscription. Martinson rubbed the bronze thoughtfully.

"I'm not an expert," he said. "Still, I'm sophisticated enough to realize what we've lost and the Chinese have retained in the sense of touch! Is this early Han, or Chou?"

"Earlier still, I believe," she responded. "Father took it from a mound half cut away by a river-course. The mound was locally known as the tomb of Wu Ti, and so it proved—he unfortunately got nothing else from it except fragments of an iron stove. This inscription on the bottom shows the cup was taken from a grave of the early Han dynasty and given to the Emperor Wu Ti; it was doubtless buried with him. The inscription around it is of the earliest known characters. It's a perfect piece, probably unequaled anywhere today."

"Its value?"

"All the traffic will bear." She laughed a little, and for the instant was transfigured. "Anything a rich collector or a museum will pay. Now put it away again, please; I have Yut Lee's letter to show you."

Obviously her interest did not lie in the value of the piece, though Martinson could comprehend what this value must be. Now he could quite understand why Hamelet and Williams were dimly allied with Japanese and unscrupulous Americans. For such a piece of bronze as this, a wealthy Chinaman would pay a small fortune; any Japanese collector would pay a large fortune, since the Japanese know their culture goes back to China and eagerly assimilate all the old Chinese pieces they can find; any American collector would pay two fortunes in the hope of leaving his name inscribed in a museum; and in Paris the highest price, perhaps, might be obtained, for in Paris anything Chinese, good or bad, went like hot cakes, at absurd values. This bit of bronze from a grave was worth more than any pirate's treasure ever hidden.

Carefully putting away the cup, Martinson replaced the heavy box on the shelf, then stood back. Doctor Hill had placed the lamp on a tabouret near-by, and now opened the missive he had given her that evening.

"The first part recounts what my father did for Yut Lee," she said, and handing him the typed letter, pointed to the final portion. "Read this, and tell me what you make of it."

Martinson held the paper to the light:

> "Thus I have not forgotten the benefits bestowed on me by your honored father. It is now arranged that you may leave the hospital in two more months. Chan Tou remains, and others will come, so that your father's work shall not fail but shall grow. In this, I shall not appear.
>
> "From my profits I have set apart one-fifth of the whole, to your use; the sum is already paid to your account. I have prospered, and make offering to the gods that I may still prosper. The sum is not a small one, and is to be administered as you elect. Should you refuse it, I will burn the notes to the benefit of the state and that the nostrils of your honored father may know my debt is partly paid.
>
> "I send you a man. I think he may find many things in the Wu Shan, many intangible things more precious than silver or bronze. If this happens, give him the sealed letter herein contained. Otherwise destroy it. He is a superior man after the precepts of the Master."

Martinson looked up, his eyes glowing. "Good!" he exclaimed heartily. "This means that everything will come out right for you—"

"But this gift!" she broke in, perturbed. "How can I take it?"

"Nonsense! Look upon it as a business investment. I know Yut Lee, and if you don't take it he'll do exactly as he says—burn the notes, as a matter of honor. He'll be mortally hurt, too, if you refuse."

"But what does the final paragraph mean?" Her eyes searched him. "About finding things?"

"I don't know," said Martinson, flushing a little. "That is—I suspect. I rather thought there might be silver around here in the hills. He may refer to that, but he's a queer fellow and has deep meanings. Let's wait and see. No chance of looking for silver now, anyway."

"You're a free agent," she reminded him. Martinson laughed.

"I'll lay claim to one line in this letter. He says he sent you a man—not a quitter! When had you planned to leave here?"

"In another month or so," she said, frowning. "I had hoped—"

"And he has arranged everything over your head. By George, this is a big thing for you, Doctor! Solves all your problems. As for the enclosed letter, suppose you keep it a while. Yut Lee says exactly what he means; it's a puzzle with an automatic solution, but he won't help us solve it."

HE GLANCED at his watch. "Ten o'clock! Well, you'd better get some rest. Tomorrow's the big day, if that mute gets back with the vaccine and supplies. Chan Tou has the wards for the night, I think?"

She nodded and held out her hand to him, with her evanescent smile.

"Good night, Mr. Martinson. I'm happy—and I'm very grateful to you."

As he watched her away, an odd new feeling troubled Martinson. Yut Lee was a wise man; what had he meant in speaking of intangible things more precious than silver or bronze? Had he referred to Martinson's own subjective qualities, or was he speaking objectively? Could he have meant this slight, steel-strong woman like no other Martinson had ever met?

The query came and then passed, as he groped his way down the dark corridor to his own room, and was gone. He was too utterly weary even to make a light, or to let his thoughts dwell upon anything. He slipped off his clothes and turned in, swiftly. At four o'clock he must be up again, preparing for the day.

For all his weariness, he wakened after a time and passed into fitful dozing, until at length he became wide awake. He glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist-watch—one o'clock! Cursing the insomnia that seemed to have gripped him, he tried vainly to sleep. After a time he rolled over and then sat up, listening.

A noise, certainly—but the old temple was full of noises by night. Martinson damned his nerves, then caught the same noise recurrently, a ticking, rasping noise, followed by a slight splintering crack of rending wood. From half-drowsy protest he passed to alert wakefulness, a sense of something amiss. Perhaps, he thought, Chan Tou was unwilling to waken him to help cope with some emergency in the wards.

He reached for his trousers and drew them on, then a pair of felt-soled native slippers that made no noise on the stone floors. Again came a splintering crack, as he gained the corridor. He paused, listening.

A faint, dull odor reached him—the sweetish odor of chloroform. He sniffed, then caught a glow of light down the corridor. It came, he thought, from the door opening into the treasure chamber. The thought of danger leaped to his mind instantly, and as he turned he distinctly heard a muttered voice.

Hesitating no longer, he moved swiftly; oddly enough, upon his mind flashed the memory of three mules leaving the village below, on the day of his arrival. Then, as he came opposite the little door, the door that was always locked, it was suddenly flung wide. The smell of chloroform rushed upon him more heavily.

With it rushed a picture, a snapshot of the room, instantly springing to his vision. He saw the thin, dark figure of Hamelet, holding something shapeless in one hand, in the other a large electric torch. The door leading into Doctor Hill's bedroom stood open. Before him, coming from the treasure-room, was the burly shape of Williams, pistol in hand. Martinson took all this in at a glance, even as he leaped.

His fist caught Williams in the thick neck, staggered the man, rocked him. With his other hand Martinson knocked aside the pistol and heard it clatter down. Then Williams had him around the body with both arms, in a furious embrace; a shrill exclamation in French, the growling roar of an oath, and Martinson found himself fighting like mad, for his very life.

Williams had him by the throat now, grappling him savagely, trying to throttle him, while Martinson drove in short-arm blows. He was suddenly aware of Hamelet, behind, trying to get in a smash with the heavy electric torch; the light played weirdly about the place. Then the bulk of Williams, the great weight of him, bore Martinson back. They collided with a marble image and both men fell headlong.

For a moment they surged about the floor in a wild scramble—hitting out, lashing with foot and knee. Martinson was half erect when a kick sent him sprawling, and before he could recover, Williams was upon him, bearing him down. Something pressed into his shoulder. He writhed aside under the smashing weight of blows and flesh, his hands groped out—his fingers closed upon the fallen pistol.

He jerked it up. Williams saw it, and backed away, snarling an oath. Martinson came to one knee, swiftly, menacing—then a foot-scrape behind him. Too late! A thousand stars sprang out before his eyes, and he knew the blow had fallen. He tried to fire, and through his numbing blackness roared a tremendous noise; it might have been a shot, might have been the percussion of the blow. Then all went black.

Slowly Martinson struggled up out of unconsciousness to find everything silent around, blackness upon him, and the faint, stinging tang of chloroform heavy in his nostrils. He came to one elbow, then dragged himself erect, and stood reeling. Intolerable pain was in his head, and he put up one hand to find his hair wet, sticky, matted. Hamelet had reached him, then! Everything came back to him—and the open door.

HERE the smell was stronger. Beyond, he saw a bed, and the face of Evelyn Hill half obscured on the pillows by a wad of white cloth across mouth and nostrils. A strangled cry came from him, as the match fell. In darkness Martinson hurled himself forward, came to the bed, reached for the death-cloth and tore it away. With a vast sense of relief, he reached for the still arm, found it, and felt a faint pulse in the wrist. Then he stood up, lighted another match, and put fire to the lamp on the night-table beside the bed.

The door leading into the corridor was wide open. They had come this way, silencing her first, probably getting any keys she had, then had gone for the cup of Wu Ti. He stared at the still figure in bed, then everything rushed upon him—alarm, help, pursuit! He did not hesitate now, but hurried out into that passage, stumbled along corridor after corridor, came to the partitioned-off room at the end of the main wing where a light showed. Chan Tou would be here, on night duty—

Martinson came to the small room with the lighted lamp, and found it empty. Blood was trickling down his cheek, and he brushed it from his eye, came forward to the table where the charts lay clipped. Then, abruptly, came a step at the door and he looked up to see Chan Tou come swiftly into the room, in his hand a long native knife.

"Ah!" The Manchu came to a halt. "You—was it you who fired a shot at them?"

"Yes," said Martinson dully. He found it hard to think. "Hamelet and Williams—they got the cup—you saw them?"

"I saw them, and failed to stop them, or rather one of them," said Chan Tou. He glanced at his knife, put it away, then came nearer. "You're hurt? What's happened?"

"Doctor Hill—go look after her," and Martinson dropped into the chair by the table. "Chloroformed."

Instantly Chan Tou was gone like a ghost.

Martinson could not follow. He sat there, feeling sick—the chloroform odor had nauseated him, seemed to permeate his whole being. He remained bent over the table, waiting, dull lethargy of body and mind upon him.

After long years, it seemed, he revived. Chan Tou was in the room again, bustling around, and came to the table with glass and brandy bottle. He poured out a stiff peg and forced it into Martinson's hand.

"Drink it," he said coolly. "Doctor Hill will be quite all right. Sit still, now, and I'll dress your scalp wound—luckily it was a glancing blow."

"You said you'd failed to stop them?" muttered Martinson.

"One," said the Manchu, falling to work. "I'll show you, when we're through here. I met a thin dark man, not Williams; probably your Frenchman. My knife reached him slightly, but failed to go home. He got away. Be quiet, now, please."

When the dressing was finished, Martinson rose, feeling more himself again with the vigor of the brandy aiding him. Chan Tou motioned him, and took up the lamp. Together they passed out to the garden and crossed it to the side wall, where a stretch had crumbled into rubble and bricks. Chan Tou held up the lamp, and before him Martinson saw the body of Williams lying sprawled over the stones. He knelt, to rise again a moment later.

"Dead!" he said, staring. "Bullet through the body—why, it was my bullet! I did shoot after all, then! And Hamelet got away? With the cup?"

"Yes. We can go back and see if the cup is gone—you're sure he got it?"

Martinson shook his head. "No. But about burying this—"

"I'll attend to it before dawn." A smile touched the lips of Chan Tou, the peculiar smile which comes to the lips of an Oriental only when his own peculiar brand of humor is uppermost. "One can hardly ask you to kill a man and bury him as well, eh? It is only fitting to divide the labor. I'll leave the other, the Frenchman, to you—if we ever find him."

Martinson grunted and turned away.

Together they went back to the treasure chamber. Chan Tou indicated that Doctor Hill had passed into slumber, and might better be left to sleep peacefully—she was in no danger whatever. One of the marbles had been set against the door into her room, now closed.

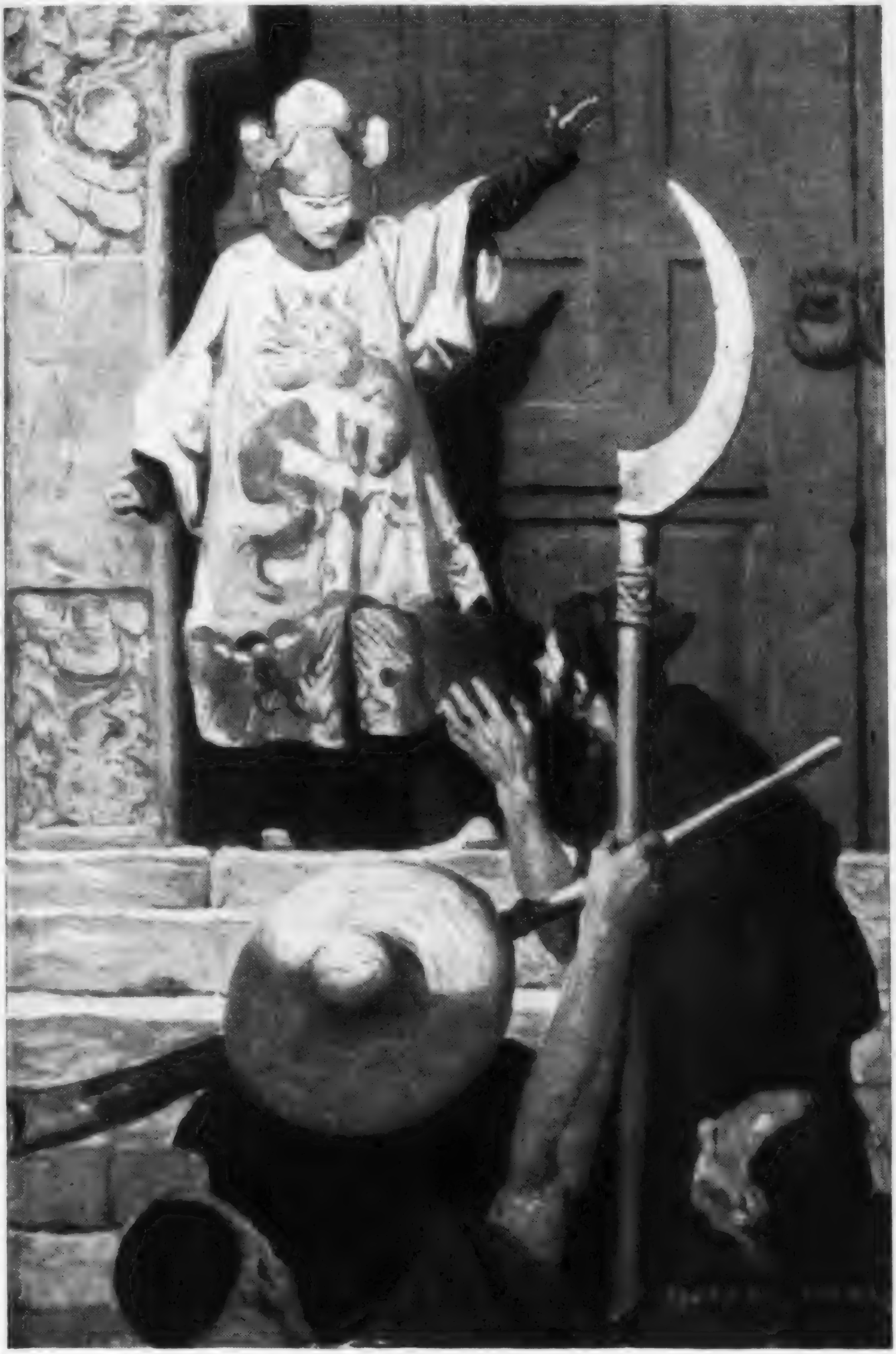
It needed only a glance at the sheives to show them both the large teak box was gone.

"So," exclaimed Chan Tou impassively, as he held up the lamp. "One of them failed, but the other succeeded! Well, when a material possession resolves itself into an obsession and a danger, it is better gone. As is said in the passage upon Anger, in the second of the Four Books—"

"Damn the Four Books!" broke in Martinson. "The cup's gone, man!"

"So I see, and the interruption has cost you a valuable quotation. We can not follow the cup of Wu Ti—we have work here. At least, I have."

Martinson's lips curved in a thinly ironic smile—at himself. He remembered Yut Lee, and his recent claim to a line in the letter Yut Lee had written—and now he murmured low



Chan Tou stood there fronting the hillmen on the steps. Staring, the foremost went back a step, awe creeping into their faces. "On your knees, sons of turtles," ordered Chan Tou.

words which the Manchu perhaps did not understand.

"And the man has failed!"

Chan Tou glanced at him curiously, then took his arm.

"Better get back to bed now—you'll need sleep. Our supplies should come tomorrow!"

Martinson went, with the refrain still dragging at him. The man had failed.

AN HOUR past sunrise came the supplies. Breakfast just finished, Martinson stood beside Chan Tou at the outer gate, and watched the approach of the string of six mules, with the mute Toi at their head. No diagrams were required to tell how the mute had hastened. The animals were staggering with exhaustion, the man was hollow-eyed, gaunt, bone-weary.

"You have done well," said Chan Tou, his eyes avid. "Do you bring any letter?"

The mute shook his head.

"Did you meet a white man on the Hangow road, during the night or this morning?"

Toi nodded. He squatted down in the dust, and wrote with his finger. The Manchu leaned over, and uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Two hours before dawn—why, he's been traveling all night! He met a white man leading a lame mule bearing a small burden."

"Hamelet," said Martinson. "Was he hurt?"

"Apparently not," returned Chan Tou, after questioning the mute, and chagrin came into his face. "My knife did not damage him much after all, it seems."

"H'm!" Sudden hope leaped in Martinson. "He's pretty well done up, but you have my mules somewhere, and they're fresh. Send him after Hamelet! It's our one chance to get back the cup, Doctor."

Chan Tou nodded. He broke into the hill dialect, speaking rapidly and earnestly. The mute listened, then came to his feet and nodded. Chan Tou smiled a little.

"He'll go—he knows where the mules are kept. You and I had better get to work, Mr. Martinson. Look down there!"

Martinson followed the pointing figure. Below, in the valley, he saw a group of figures, small in the sunlight.

"Those who seek the charm," said the Manchu. "They will come in swarms—we have work ahead. Let's get the mules in and unload them."

The mute hillman had already departed to seek the mules, and Martinson dismissed the cup from his mind. If Toi caught the Frenchman, well and good. If not, there was nothing to be done at present. Other things of greater import were pending.

Between them, the two got the mules into action, and Chan Tou led them across the forecourt to the inner gate—where they lay down and refused to budge. With an exultant laugh, the Manchu fell to unpacking, and Martinson joined him. Between them they got the stuff clear, and perceived that not only were medical supplies here, but other things as well—little tinned luxuries such as had been a long while absent from the Wu Shan Hospital. Chan Tou held up a small packet of *foie gras* tins, and laughed again.

"I'll get some of this to her at once, for breakfast—how it'll bring her around!"

The two old women came out to help, and in fifteen minutes the entire supply of stores was inside and stowed away. Doctor Hill's breakfast was sent to her room, and Martinson joined Chan Tou in preparing the vaccine. It was high time, for now the first comers were already waiting in the courtyard—men, women and children.

Then, as the two men worked, Doctor Hill suddenly appeared in the doorway, a shaken ghost of herself. Chan Tou did not reply to her greeting, but regarded her gravely.

"No work this morning, Doctor," he said quietly.

"I'll feel quite all right—"

"Nothing doing," said Martinson with emphasis. "We'll carry on first-chop, young lady—better half a day in bed than a breakdown! We'll need you this afternoon, and you'll help us more by getting ready."

"Very well," she assented. "Last night—it was Williams?"

"And Hamelet, the Frenchman. The cup's gone. No matter! The supplies are here."

"And," added Chan Tou, "Yut Lee has given with both hands, Doctor. Everything's all right now—"

"You're hurt!" She took a sudden step forward to Martinson, her eyes on his head. "Tell me what happened, quickly!"

"Had a bit of a row with the intruders, that's all." Smiling, Martinson took her arm and turned her around. "We may get the cup back yet, Doctor—now, off to bed with you, and sleep! We can talk later; work's waiting just now."

With a smile, she departed.

Leaving the wards to the two old women helpers, Chan Tou and Martinson presently were installed at the inner gate, at two tables placed in the shade of the wide tiled entrance. By this time, the inner court was crammed with hill folk, the outer court was filling, and from the valley below and the hill road above straggling groups were coming in rapidly. Chan Tou lifted his voice and called out to the crowd, who were pressing forward.

"Children first! While a child waits for the charm, we will write it on no grown man or woman. Bring forward the children." He looked at Martinson and added, in English: "They are of tomorrow—if China should ever rise again, she will need all her children."

The folk came thronging, at first in hesitant fear, then in growing comprehension. This scratching on the arm, this visible writing of a charm, was something they could understand.

Martinson applied himself. His head ached dully, and the morning sunlight hurt his eyes—things danced before him. On his table, weighting down a freed fluff of antiseptic cotton, was a paper-weight he had seen in his own room, an odd thing, a lump of stone varnished over. He must have brought it here, though he did not recollect having done so.

"Getting in bad shape," he thought, as he worked.

It was rough, swift work, with the merest pretense of sterilizing the lancets after each incision. The shining "ghost knives" scratched and scratched, until Martinson felt his brain reel at the rank odor of unwashed humanity.

YET the time passed swiftly, and he was astonished when one of the old women brought tea and a bite to eat, and he realized it was noon. The heat increased, though there seemed no decrease in the flocks of people. Out of the mass, by good fortune, Chan Tou picked two men who were willing to stop at the temple and help in the work, and sent them on back to the wards. With instruction, they would learn fast.

The hours fled, and Martinson wondered dully where all the people came from—these hills had no towns, only straggling villages, yet the throngs seemed endless, and more were straggling in all the while.

"We're making headway," observed Chan Tou, in a momentary pause. "Another two hours and we'll have them done. A week will see the epidemic ended, Martinson!"

Martinson straightened himself stiffly in his chair. The yellow-varnished paper-weight was dancing on the cotton—with an effort, he pulled himself together. A gnarled old man came to him, pulling rags from his shoulder, and Martinson applied the charm. The old man departed, Martinson saw the glare of the sun on the paving, the strained-looking faces of those waiting for their turn—then, abruptly, everything vanished. He fell sideways, knocking the table with his shoulder.

Chan Tou leaped to catch him, failed, and picked him up. A woman standing next in line leaned over and picked up the paper-weight, which had fallen, breaking asunder on the stones. She thrust it into the pocket of Chan Tou. The Manchu, regardless, ordered the crowd to wait and then carried Martinson back into the buildings, into his own room, and called one of the women to attend him. The broken paper-weight he put on the bedside table.

After a time, Martinson came around, sat up, and dismissed the old woman. He tried to rise, then sank back, and applied fresh water to the bandage about his temples. While he was at this a step sounded, and he looked up to see Doctor Hill.

"I heard about it," she said. "I've slept too long—it's terrible—"

"Nonsense!" he said, and managed a smile. "It's the best thing ever. Sun crocked me a bit, no more. I'll be all right in a few minutes, and there's stacks to be done."

"You can't go back to it!" she cried out in protest.

"But I can and will. It's an easy job, out there. You'd better stay and look after the wards—things must be a muddle, and I know new cases have been coming in. We've got two more helpers, at least."

She came forward, then her hand went to the broken paper-weight on the table.

"Oh! My father's camel!"

"Your—what?" Martinson looked up and saw the varnished stone. "Oh, that! A camel?"

"Well, it looked something like one. We found it one day, not long before his death, out on the hillside beyond your graveyard. It looked curious, something like a camel, so he brought it home and varnished it to increase the resemblance. I kept it out of sentiment—and now it's broken. Well, no matter!"

Martinson gained his feet, and smiled.

He had no more than left the room when one of the two old women crept in and came to Doctor Hill, mumbling, half palsied with stark fear. At her words, the face of the white woman changed—was swept by a look of utter and terrible despair.

"You're sure, Mu Wan? Sure?"

Doctor Hill put out a hand to the bedside table, steadied herself, stood for a moment with eyes closed. Then she rallied.

"Very well, come and help me," she said quietly. "And tell the others not to say a word to Doctor Chan—not a word. He hardly slept last night. I'll manage everything. Come."

Back at his little table, Martinson gradually felt more himself, a wet-padded helmet over his bandages. The afternoon dragged; with relief inexpressible, Martinson saw the crowd thinning out, began to count those who remained in line. No others would be here today, at least. A few more tomorrow, perhaps—he could handle them himself.

It was nearing sunset when the last case was finished. Chan Tou had found another man willing to stay and help here, and was instructing him about taking the tables inside. Together Martinson and Chan Tou stiffly climbed the steps and entered the buildings. His iron endurance almost at an end, the Manchu reeled as he entered the dining-room, then sat down, too weary even to pour the tea for which he yearned. Martinson filled the cups.

"The big job's done, anyway," he said.

"The last big job—if!" said Chan Tou.

Martinson went to the window looking out toward the valley and the west. The sun was in a bed of coppery cloud; every bush and blade on the parched earth looked shriveled and tortured. Memory, patience unending, terror for all others—China!

Twenty minutes later both men were sound asleep.

TOWARD morning, Martinson wakened to a cry. It came again, a long, shrill cry of agony. With thought of possible need, he groped for clothes and slippers, and presently went down the corridor. Coming to the main wards in the central building, he heard other cries. A vague apprehension seized him, and he turned to the little room with the light.

Doctor Hill was there, seated at the table, her head in her hands. At Martinson's step she looked up, her face ghastly.

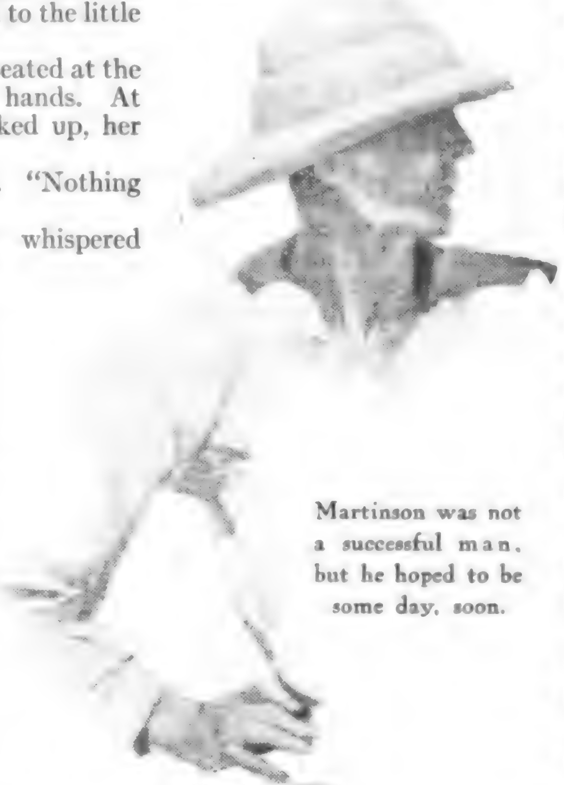
"What is it?" he asked. "Nothing bad?"

"Odd!" she almost whispered wearily. "I didn't want to let you or Chan know until the morning—you know how it works? Erratic, terrible! It went down one ward and laid hands on every patient on one side, and never touched the others, nor those on the floor!"

"What?" demanded Martinson sharply. "What are you talking about, Doctor?"

"Black cholera. It's come."

"Having been beaten with whips," said Martinson, "we are now to be scourged with scorpions, it appears.'



Martinson was not a successful man, but he hoped to be some day, soon.

He and Chan Tou sat at hurried breakfast. The Manchu shrugged.

"What do you expect! The heat is unbroken. They take off the bodies and bury them, perhaps six inches under the surface. They've no strength to dig graves. If a breath comes from a village, you can smell corruption. Pestilence was inevitable, unless rain came."

"You've sent for help?"

"Got off one of our new men to Hangow. Official action won't help us much. You know how it strikes?"

Martinson nodded silently. Chan Tou went on, steadily.

"We've scotched the smallpox, fortunately. Doctor Hill can remain here—one will be enough. Our work lies out beyond, in the villages. We must disinfect, and burn where things have gone too far. Those dead here must be burned."

"Thank heaven the main job here is ended!"

"There'll be enough for one," said the Manchu grimly.

Over their coffee, they stole time for a cigaret. In this moment of rest and relaxation before taking up the new and terrible duties fronting them, Martinson for the first time remembered Hamelet, the cup of Wu Ti, and the mute. He questioned, and Chan Tou nodded gravely.

"Toi's mule came in last night, with blood on the saddle. I sent out a man—he found the mute dead in the road, drilled by a bullet."

So, then, Hamelet had won, finally and irrevocably! Martinson felt a swift pang at the defeat, instantly gone. Too much was here to be done, the task was too great, for him to bother about trifles. After all, valuable as it might be, the cup was only a trifle weighed against duty. Chan Tou read his thought and smiled thinly.

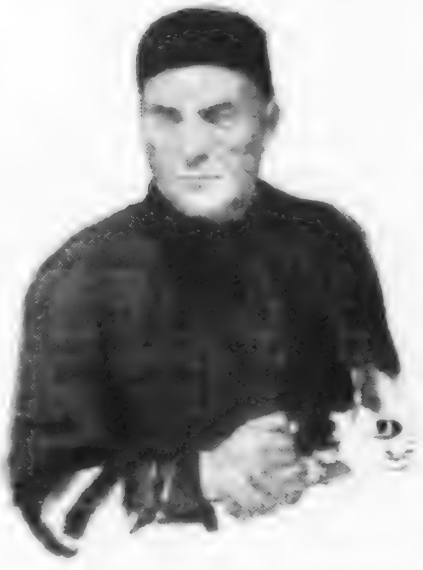
"What was it your apostle wrote—'Keep first things first?' Well, it holds."

"It holds," said Martinson. "Doctor Hill is asleep?"

The other nodded, and rose.

Now fell upon them three days of tremendous sheer physical work, far more to Martinson's taste than the awful wretched labor in the hospital itself, so that he pitied and wondered at Doctor Hill finding it easier here. He and Chan Tou rode together to the first village, and he watched the Manchu at work—disinfecting and whitewashing, having the shallow graves heaped higher with earth, working with his own hands, directing, persuading, a man-miracle who refused to tire. Not the least trouble lay with the geomancers, until Chan Tou shot one of them and so gained ascendency over all.

Then Martinson went separately, taking a guide, for the whole district must be covered swiftly if the plague were to be checked and localized before it started a great sweep along the rivers and went coursing across all China. Of the danger to himself, Martinson did not think, had no time to think. He and the others knew they were reasonably safe, so far as bodily condition and diet could make them. Outside of this, it was all chance, erratic, reasonless. In one village a child died and no one else. In another every soul was struck unto death, save one raving maniac, whom Martinson shot.



Yut Lee was wealthy and respected, and among his own folk in the native city, called himself Lee Yut Toi.

For it was war, ruthless for the sake of those unhurt. It meant hard riding from morn until night, exhausting work, nauseating work. To the great majority of those touched, death came with merciful rapidity; this was the black death of olden times, the concentrated poison of corruption acting on enfeebled bodies. If any opposed civilized treatment, as some did, they had to be destroyed for the good of the whole—no time here to argue. It was work as grim and terrible as it was hard.

With each night, Martinson came home exhausted, bathed, had a bite to eat, perhaps exchanged a few words with Chan Tou or Doctor Hill, and then flung himself down to sleep until dawn. Things here at the temple were going well—as though struck out by the more terrible scourge, the small-pox had ceased, few cases had come in, and the cholera here had been stayed.

The third day was the hardest for Martinson, visiting a village far in among the hills, the limit of the scourge. Only one man was down here, dead instantly, and the local geomancer gathered the crowd against the foreign devil who wanted to spray and burn. Martinson shot the wizard and two others, but he broke them and had his way, though two cheek-guns took pot-shots at him as he returned home that afternoon.

And, reaching home, he found Chan Tou in bed. This man, who had survived small-pox and cholera, enmity and exhaustion, had that afternoon been kicked by his own mule—two broken ribs and a mass of bruises. It was ironically humorous, viewed against the larger background of fearful tragedy.

THAT evening Martinson dined with Doctor Hill—almost a regular dinner, unhurried, enjoyable, their first real meal since his arrival. He knew that things were running well here, the back of the evil was broken, and the impressed helpers had brought her great relief. She looked almost rested.

"I'm glad you can smile!" said Martinson over the table, as he met her eyes. "You've a nice smile tucked away, Doctor. Feeling better in spite of the cup?"

"The cup? Oh! I had forgotten it." She laughed, then sobered. "It's odd—how trifling it seems to me now! How terribly intent, even to crime, those men were upon getting it, while so much greater things held us all gripped here—"

Martinson nodded at her pause. "Yes. Well, it's about over now, and I'll take care of anything else that may come up in the way of cholera. I think we've checked it. We'll know before long—by the time official help arrives, at least! Tonight I'll sleep the sleep of the just. Hope it'll be my last tumble-in on the heels of supper, too. Tomorrow night I look forward to a chat and a visit."

"With whom?"

"You. Will it come true?"

"If you like, yes!" Her eyes danced in the lamplight. "By the way, where's my little camel? I want to glue it together again and keep it—I have sentiment, you know, even if I am a sawbones!"

"Your camel?" Martinson frowned blankly. "I don't understand."

"Why, the queer piece of rock my father picked up near your graveyard one day—don't you remember my telling you about it? Just beyond the burial ground on the hill flank—"

"Oh, that!" Martinson remembered, and broke into a laugh. "The varnished chunk! Why, it's still on my bedside table, I think—I seem to remember it being there. I've been too weary to look at anything. I'll get it for you—"

"No, not now. Tomorrow. I'm off to bed myself—they can call me if anything goes wrong. By the way, Chan sent word he wanted to speak with you."

"Then I'll see him and go to bed—will you come along to look in on him?"

She nodded. They left the dining-room together and went to the room of the Manchu, who had just finished his own meal. He looked up at them with his thin smile.

"The Doctor taking his own medicine, eh? It's strange, but restful, I confess. By the way, Mr. Martinson, I had a bit of bad news today."

Martinson grimaced. "What? Bubonic coming next or yellow fever?"

"Neither, I hope! I met a hillman from the village behind us, a third of the way to Hangow. We had overlooked it. He told me a man had died there this morning, and from the description, it looks like cholera. Can you ride over there tomorrow and see to it? We must not let the plague get past to the river, or all our work's wasted."

Martinson nodded at once. "Of course. I'll take the guide along and look in at the village—better see the guide yourself so there'll be no mistake. This local dialect is past me. Small-pox over there?"

"A few cases, yes, but it hasn't gone to the other villages beyond. It must be the same story—half-buried bodies.

"Good," promised Martinson. "Have the guide ready at sunrise, and we'll be off."

There was to be no sunrise the next day, however. He wakened about dawn, as had become his custom, yet everything was dark. He glanced at his watch, found it past four o'clock, and came out of bed. Then he paused. A growling, rumbling reverberation shook the temple, then a sharp flash of lightning, and a heavier crack of thunder.

Dressed hurriedly, Martinson went out to the gateway and stood, gazing at the slowly lightening day and the torrential rain beating down, soaking the courtyard stones, washing down the tiles in tiny streams. The morning air was marvelously changed, cool and fresh, sweet with rain, and after a moment Martinson did a thing he had scarcely done since childhood.

He went to his knees on the stones.

Later, breakfast over, wrapped in slicker and mounted, he set off with his guide, the two mules plodding along sloppily. In half an hour the deluge was over, the clouds were clearing, and the sun was struggling in the east, but the good had been done. The awful heat was broken, the earth was green and fresh once more, and this meant the end of plague. It was good to be alive once more!

Riding, steadily, unhurried, he reverted to the almost forgotten luxury of thought. He took stock, and scarcely recognized himself. There was a different outlook, an enormous change—values had altered for him, and his former life, with everything in it, had receded and become trivial. He had lived years in these days, had been down among the roots of things, and now he stood appalled before those others—Doctor Hill and Chan Tou. What to him was a thing of days, a horror quickly passed, was to them life itself, service.

It awed him, this sense of his own littleness, and the greatness of the woman he had come to know. For, in stolen minutes, in brief exchanges of words, he had come to know her very well; he could see this, now he had time. He could divine how close they had become, he and she—and how far her spirit was above his!

The road was bad, but the mules were good. Martinson was still trying to know this new self when they rode down, away from the highway, into the ragged little village which they had sought. The guide knew what to ask for—the dead, and any who were sick.

MARTINSON found two dead. To his unutterable relief, however, no cholera. He could have laughed as he looked at the first corpse, so strong was the reaction; in place of cholera, the deadly pneumonia of the mountains, cold high above and hot below. He followed into the next house and saw the second dead man—shot through the body, the man had not died swiftly.

"Who did this?" demanded Martinson, and presently made himself understood. He could not understand the response, and demanded any sick folk. Of these were three, all sick, not with illness, but with bullet wounds. When he had dressed them, thankful there was no cholera, no small-pox, nothing, he probed for the cause.

At length he comprehended the cause as a madman, a foreign devil, who lay in a house at the end of the village, where he had been kept by riflemen watching the doors. Martinson went to it hurriedly, a thatched mud hut, half-ruined.

"Who's there?" he demanded, then tugged at the door and flung it open.

He saw the face of Hamelet peering out at him. . . .

That same afternoon, late, Doctor Hill was walking in the outer courtyard, where now no more huddled heaps of humanity lay awaiting treatment. Washed clean by the rain of morning, the ancient flagstones were smooth and white, touched with the beauty of ages. This was her first breath of freedom, and she found it very good.

Then she looked up to see mules approaching the gate, and went outside it to greet the guide who had departed with Martinson. She flung a quick, startled question at him.

"He is there," and the guide pointed out along the hillside, past the burial ground. "He told me to bring this to you."

He showed her the box of brass-bound teakwood he carried wrapped in a straw mantle, and she recognized it at once. Looking, she saw the figure of Martinson out there on the hillside, and turned from the box.

"Take it inside and give it to Doctor Chan," she said, and hurried away.

Martinson, pacing slowly along, smoking, stopping to pick up a stone here and another

[*Continued on page 147*]

Are You Miscast?

Science has discovered a way for keeping round pegs out of square occupational holes. There are tests to determine whether you are fit for your work or are competing in a field for which you have no ability

by M. B. Levick

THOUSANDS of doubts and quandaries about occupational fitness have been brought to the Psychological Corporation—a scientific body organized by some of the foremost mental specialists in America. From this experience tests have been prepared disclosing whether you have natural ability for various sorts of work—salesmanship, banking, handling men, dealing with figures driving a car, taking dictation, and many others.

"YOU know," said the traveling salesman as he leaned forward, "I've always wanted to be a contractor. Maybe it sounds foolish. But to build things, to see them grow, sound and solid so you can touch them; to handle men—that's something like! I guess that's why I was puttering with a tool-chest when I was a kid. But I just gravitated. I've done pretty well, selling, but I hate travel. And there's no satisfaction in it. Now, it takes a good deal of nerve for a man to turn right around when he's well started. And I don't know a thing about contracting, practically. Tell me this: Can I make a go of it?"

He could. That, to come to the point at once, is the end of this real life story as it came before the specialists in mind problems on the staff of the Psychological Corporation. He was a quick, lean-faced man of thirty, of the sort to be found in the five-thousand-dollar to ten-thousand-dollar-a-year class of salesmen—fairly successful in the eyes of every one except himself. He was ready to begin all over again, if there was a chance of getting what he wanted.

Many such stories are carried to the Psychological Corporation which is bringing the science of psychology to bear on the problems of every-day, normal men and women. The organization was created in 1921 by twenty of America's foremost psychologists, most of them professors in big universities. They wanted to give the public psychology on a business basis, to make it pay. No other scientific body has ever been set up in just this way. And the plan has worked.

What happened to the traveling salesman? First, he reached his limit of dissatisfaction. He told himself he would make himself into a contractor, if he could. Then he decided to find out whether or not nature had given him the qualities a contractor needs. So he called up and incidentally discovered that the telephone number itself was a first step in psychology. The Corporation got it as a help to immediate memory. He made an appointment at which he stated his problem, in a conference with a man who has spent his life studying the ways and possibilities of the human mind and the human nervous system.

The salesman asks if he has brains enough to change in mid-career, and fitness for the new work. For just such men intricate tests have been worked out, examinations which measure intelligence, quickness of mind and eye, one's attitude toward men with whom one must deal, even the knack for handling special jobs. If the salesman wanted to become something else, instead of a contractor, he would be given certain special tests. He wants chiefly, however, to find out if his mind is limber enough and strong enough to learn a new life work.

He is set to answering questions and solving what look like puzzles. Some seem foolish to him, but the examiner stands by with a stopwatch. When the papers are marked like a schoolboy's examination papers, the Psychological Corporation reports to him: "You will probably make a good contractor; you have the intelligence and also aptitude." And the salesman bolts out of the door to find a technical school for contractors.

Hidden ambitions come in this fashion to the Corporation, at its offices in the big cities or to its associate members who are carrying on the work all over the country. They have no magic formulas. They do not try to say, "You will inevitably be a dazzling success." But they do measure, tally, compare with averages, and say, "You show good mechanical ability," of whatever sort it may be, "and you have a mind so far above the average" (or below, as it sometimes happens), "and the probabilities are that you would do well in the undertaking that you're thinking about."

Sometimes such tests reveal an unsuspected talent. There was, for example, Richard Jones. The Corporation does not tattle about its clients, any more than a doctor would, but call him Richard Jones. He was young. "I don't know just what I'm good for," he said. "That's why I came here. It seems to me I'm fairly bright, but maybe I'm prejudiced. What's the use of starting some sort of work if I'm never going to be good at it?"

So they measured him. He was more than fairly bright; he was in the superior class. Had he thought of any field for his life work? Well, maybe law. Now, while there is no test for legal ability (not yet, at any rate), there are certain lawyer qualities which would be indicated in the mere measurement of general intelligence; quickness of mind and wit, ability to detect loopholes and errors and to handle abstract ideas, directness in getting at the heart of a puzzle, a knack in the use of words.

"Well," asked Richard Jones, "have I got anything?"

"You've got a lot," said the examiner, pointing out this and that. "If you want to be a lawyer, go to it."

A BRAIN TEASER

THERE are many kinds of tests to determine whether your mentality is above or below the average and in what respects it varies from the average. The following is only one test in a series of thirteen prepared for High School Graduates.

Look at each sentence. Think what it would be if the words were put in the right order. If it would be true, draw a line under the word *true*. If it would be false, draw a line under the word *false*.

1. health necessary camp a is to clean .... True False
2. Germany of Wilson king is England and . True False
3. work like men all ..... True False
4. water cork on float will not .... True False
5. iron paper made of is filings .... True False
6. tropics is in the produced rubber ...... True False
7. fish hunt and like boys to never .... True False
8. size now of guns use are great in .... True False
9. bushes trees roots have and their air the in True False
10. not bees lazy and are ants called .... True False

Check up your answers with those given at the end of this article. Your proficiency in an actual test would be judged by the time required to answer.

Most often, however, what sends a man or a woman to the Corporation is just downright dissatisfaction. After five years or ten or even twenty, a man finds he is not getting the money or the respect he hoped for. "What's the matter?" he asks. Most who ask that blame conditions, say they are not appreciated. Some say in the end, "Is the fault in myself?" More and more, people of this sort are asking psychology to tell them.

Psychology has become a common word within a few years. It is to be seen on newsstands, in advertisements, even on the canvas signs of those who used to be fortune-tellers and phrenologists. The word covers a multitude of sins. There is no pure-psychology law like the pure-food law.

It was partly to combat this that the Psychological Corporation was organized. Psychology has been called the science of life, and a score of scientific men of the first standing set about bringing psychology into every-day life. The Corporation is in business. But its profits are limited to a low return and what it makes above that is turned back into a fund for research. The intent is to let this science make its way as an active force in the ordinary world. It is accomplishing its purpose by giving expert advice to Richard Joneses and to employers, tackling not only the matter of personal fitness but big problems of industry as well.

Dr. James R. Angell, president of Yale, is a director of the Corporation. Dr. J. McKeen Cattell is its president. Other officers are Walter Dill Scott, widely known to the public as president of Northwestern University; Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University, an authority on intelligence tests; Professor Edward L. Thorndike of Teachers' College, Columbia University, and Dean R. Brimhall. The board of directors reads like a Who's Who of Psychology.

The Corporation set up shop in New York. After four years it is able to put at the disposal of Richard Jones and its other clients a string of twelve branches, some with staffs of as many as twelve persons and, in addition, stations in sixty-eight cities and towns in more than forty states and Canada. This effort to make scientific service as easy to find as a gas station on a motor highway has the cooperation of the members of the American Psychological Association. It is as if several hundred picked physicians, all interested in one phase or another of a certain medical problem, agreed to put themselves at the call of the business public.

There is an important difference, however. The psychology which deals with sick minds is not the psychology offered by the Corporation. This work deals with healthy minds and practical affairs.

That is why the Corporation's staff could go only so far with Walter Arnold. A mental doctor would have gone farther; the Corporation is not a physician but a business adviser to the mind.

TEST FOR A SALESMAN

THE full examination, including the intelligence test, requires three hours. The following questions are simply representative selections:

1. "Do you think Boetius died before 600, from 600 to 700, from 700 to 800, or later?"
2. "Can three lines in the same plane be perpendicular to the same line?"
3. "Name all the sizes of wrought-iron pipe from two to six inches."
4. "What is the term applied to short, lively chorus girls? Kittens? Ponies? Baby dolls? Footlight dodgers?"
5. "What beats a flush? Fours? A Straight? Three of a kind? Two pairs?"
6. "What is the nickname of the Chicago Nationals? Cardinals? Braves? White Sox? Cubs?"

The successful life insurance salesman is the sort of man who would know the answers, because he is interested or has mixed with people who know or because he has recognized that these terms and topics are a means of getting in touch with possible buyers.

Walter Arnold (or call him Mr. X; the name doesn't matter) didn't know what was the matter with himself. Neither did Hoyt. Hoyt was the general manager. They worked for a big manufacturing company.

"I don't like to fire him," said Brewster, the head of the company, to Hoyt, "but I can't see that Arnold is earning his salt. What's the matter with that fellow, anyway?"

Hoyt couldn't tell. "I wish he had Merrill's pep," he said.

Merrill was a younger man. Arnold was hired right out of college, fifteen years back. He had held a dozen jobs on the production and office ends; he knew the business backward and forward. But he always stopped short. His limit was the boundary of routine.

"Give him one more chance," said Brewster to Hoyt. Then he suggested the Psychological Corporation. Might be a good idea to send Arnold there. Might be a good idea for them all to go, all four.

Almost half the work of the Corporation is done on that basis; looking over the whole executive force of a company, as distinct from handling individual cases.

So the four went. Merrill, who had as much snap and go as a boss could ask for, was five years younger than Arnold. And when the tests were completed it was found that he had a poorer brain. His intelligence was no better than average. Yet Merrill was in line for promotion and Arnold wasn't. Hoyt, the manager, came out at the top in these tests. The head of the firm was third. Arnold, the man on the point of being discharged, was second and Merrill last.

The tests, however, are not merely examination papers full of such problems as this: "Mike had twelve cigars; he bought two more and smoked seven; how many did he have left?" or straightening out sentences spelt backward and mixed up and deciding whether they tell a truth or a falsehood. They include also finding out things about a man's mind by chatting with him. When the examiner asked Merrill, the go-getter, if he could do a certain business task, he would say, "Sure thing!" But when Arnold was asked, he faltered. "Well," he would say, "I don't think I could do that."

"But you have a good brain; there's nothing in that task to be afraid of."

"Yes, but still . . . "

That was why he had reached his last chance after fifteen years.

Ways have been worked out to estimate such things. There is for one, a personality and character trait test. It is a study of handwriting; not the usual sort called a character reading, but a study of the changes that occur while one writes. It measures speed of movement, flexibility, decision, resistance, detail, and a good deal else. It is a new test and does not pretend to be final. The name of it is the will-profile test. Put wavering Walter Arnold through that test and you find the central thing in his weakness. He may have honesty, flexibility, coordination of impulses, much else, but he scores a zero on initiative.

That much the Corporation examiner could find out. He could tell Arnold to buck up, tell him there was nothing to be afraid of, try to bolster his confidence by pointing to his high intelligence score. But to cure such a condition as Arnold's is not the business of the

Corporation; that is work for the physician. The examination accomplished for Arnold as much as it was intended to: it put a finger on the seat of the trouble and made a business diagnosis.

Mental tests, to most people, sound very far away from the practical world. But they are not dry and statistical. They are of many sorts, to measure different qualities. There are long ones and short ones, tests for children, tests to show if it is worth while to go to college. Then there are the vocational tests, to show ability for work of different sorts. Sometimes the person taking the examination comes across questions that surprise him.

Here, for instance, is young Tom Brewer. He's working in an insurance office and he wants to become a salesman. His uncle tells him he'd make a rotten salesman and Tom, when he gets through feeling sore, decides to look into the matter. He asks for a full examination; he spends three hours at it, though it could be done in one if he didn't want to be so thorough. That is the intelligence test and it shows he has a fair brain. Then he goes in for the salesmanship test. This is something comparatively new; it has been worked out only for life insurance salesmen. In the intelligence test, Tom worried over such questions as:

A Test For Insurance Men

"Do you think Boetius died before 600, from 600 to 700, from 700 to 800, or later?"

"Can three lines in the same plane be perpendicular to the same line?"

"Name all the sizes of wrought-iron pipe from two to six inches."

If that's the beginning, thinks Tom, what will this salesmanship examination be like? He opens his eyes and plunges in, telling of his school records and whether he would rather be an actor or a mechanical engineer (that also shows something) and does he like cripples or vaudeville best. Then, still a bit awed by the idea of all this examining, he is asked to check the right answers to these:

"What is the term applied to short, lively chorus girls? Kittens? Ponies? Baby dolls? Footlight dodgers?"

"What beats a flush? Fours? A Straight? Three of a kind? Two pairs?"

"What is the nickname of the Chicago Nationals? Cardinals? Braves? White Sox? Cubs?"

Tom hadn't expected anything like that. But the successful life insurance salesman is the sort of man who would know the answers, because he is interested or has mixed with people who know or because he has recognized that these terms and topics are a means of getting in touch with possible buyers.

Few who come to the Corporation are as determined as Tom to prove their ability for a particular sort of work, according to Dr. A. M. Johnson, who directs the examinations at the New York office. Most of them want to be told what they can best do. The first step is the intelligence test. The examination to detect ability for an occupation is usually given, if at all, by one of the Corporation's associates.

Showing up a defect is as much a service as disclosing an unsuspected talent. There was, for example, a lad named Fredericks, who might easily have wasted his life, if he hadn't found out in time. He had quit high school without finishing and was making fifteen dollars a week as a clerk. But he was ambitious—in two ways. He wanted an education and he wanted, even more, to become a musician. He was afraid he hadn't will and brains enough to get his education at night school, as he must, but he was quite sure that with less than half a chance he'd become a musician. He could play the piano, he liked serious music and not jazz, and he was filled with glamor. He thought of all the musical geniuses who had had a hard time of it, and he thought of himself as one of them. But he couldn't have both music and education, there was neither time nor energy.

Another lad might have convinced himself of his genius. Fredericks set about finding out. He took the intelligence test, to tell him his chances in education, and also the musical ability test which has been worked out by one of the Corporation's directors, Dr. C. E. Seashore.

"You have an exceptionally good brain," said the examiner, at the end. "You pass tests intended for those who have had a year more of high school than you've had. Your score is 95 out of a possible 103. You are strong in language ability, fair in mathematics, doubtful in mechanics. Keep that in mind when you plan your study courses. But you would not make a musician. Your tonal memory is above the average but you're low in everything else—rhythm and all the rest. Keep up music as a pastime, if you wish, but don't try to find a career in it."

So Fredericks put aside his ideas of becoming a genius. Plenty of lives have been spoiled by not doing that.

If his ambition had been banking instead of music, his ability in that could have been measured also; and so likewise for stenography and automobile driving and engineering. The latter test would compare him with the standard of ability in eighty engineering schools. It is hard to say what it may eventually mean to industry to have workers picked for inborn ability. One of the Corporation's leaders has declared that the national wealth could be doubled each year if every man, woman and child were properly fitted for the sort of work each could best perform. Another says: "The scientific control of conduct may become of greater economic importance than the use of electricity or steel." How the misfits can add to the community's expenses is shown by one extreme case. It is that of a worker who tried 123 jobs in ten years, earned $3,316 altogether, but cost the community—through his various employers—$3,608 through the expense of training him in new tasks, spoiled work, and all the other items which industry lays against a new untrained employee.

FAMILIAR PROVERBS

VARIOUS tests of ability to think are based on interpretation of proverbs, as for instance:

No. 1. Which one of the six statements below tells the meaning of the following proverb: "The early bird catches the worm"?

1. Don't do the impossible.
2. Weeping is bad for the eyes.
3. Don't worry over troubles before they come.
4. Early birds like worms best.
5. Prompt persons often secure advantages over tardy ones.
6. It is foolish to fret about things we can't help.

A. Which statement above tells the meaning of this proverb? "Don't cry over spilt milk."

B. Which statement above explains this proverb? "Don't cross a bridge till you get to it."

No. 2. Which one of the six statements below tells the meaning of the following proverb? "The burnt child dreads the fire."

1. Frivolity flourishes when authority is absent.
2. Unhappy experiences teach us to be careful.
3. A thing must be tried before we know its value.
4. A meal is judged by the dessert.
5. Small animals never play in the presence of larger ones.
6. Children suffer more from heat than grown people.

A. Which statement above explains this proverb? "When the cat is away, the mice will play."

B. Which statement above explains this proverb? "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Try your own answers to these questions before looking at the ones given at the end of this article. Under actual test conditions the time required to write an answer is an important factor.

One of the chief objects of the Psychological Corporation is to improve conditions in the matter of personnel. That is part of making psychology a business proposition. One of its chief results, however—in the eyes of the individual clients—has almost no direct connection with discovering fitness for a definite job. It is a matter of gaining confidence. Even when the tests show a client that his brain or hers isn't as good as was expected, confidence may be gained by merely finding out the facts, chasing away doubt. "Well," he may say to himself, "if I can't compete with the topnotchers, then I'll have to do the next best thing," and he buckles down to that.

Such a decision may carry a man far. It was so with young Frederick's friend, Whitaker. They were much alike in age and circumstances, but Whitaker wanted to be a lawyer instead of a musician. His mind was made up. Then he went to the Corporation. "No matter what you tell me," he said, "I'm going to law school." But the fact that he was there for an examination showed he had doubts beneath his boasts. "What if you start," he was asked, "and don't get through? You waste time and money." That didn't bother him. He'd go. Still, he took the examination. It showed he had enough intelligence to study law with probable success—with an if. "If you work hard," said the psychologist. "Your rating shows you can't expect to slide through. The study will come hard. You'll just have to dig. Do that, and you have a chance."

When he heard that, Whitaker didn't boast any more. He did something better; he showed assurance. The only thing the matter with him had been the uncertainty which, despite his big talk, had caused him to go for a test.

Another case of the sort was that of a farmer. He was tired of the country. He wanted to be a salesman. But he was afraid to make the jump, like the salesman who wanted to become a contractor. The test showed he had a superior intelligence; that gave him the courage to make his life over as he wished.

And there was another man, nearing sixty; a business man. He had begun to feel his years. Was his mind as good as it used to be? The doubt hampered him. He worried. An examination proved his rating was high. The intelligence test had not yet been invented when he went to college, so there was no way of making a direct comparison between the man of sixty and the same man at twenty. "But," he said, "I know about what I could do then and this shows what I can do now. I'm just as good as ever!"

[*Continued on page 170*]

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

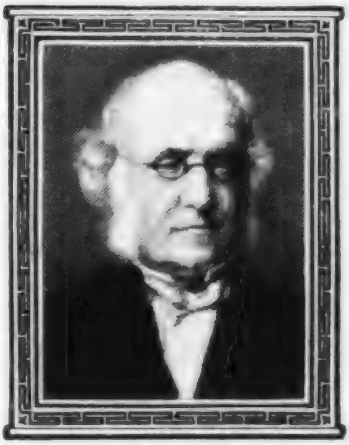
Two memorable dog stories, *Rab and His Friends,* by Dr. John Brown, and *Bingo,* by Ernest Thompson Seton, are famous tales reprinted in the following pages

EACH month this department puts before you two exceptional fiction stories from the literature of the past. One is a masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author, the other a more modern story of the same general character by a writer nearer our own time. The aid of a committee of discriminating authorities on fiction lends added attraction to a series that has so far resulted in the republication of such fiction treasures as *Carmen*, by Prosper Mérimée; *The Caballero's Way*, by O. Henry; *The Man Without a Country*, by Edward Everett Hale; *The Consul*, by Richard Harding Davis; *The Open Boat*, by Stephen Crane; *The Trawler*, by James B. Connolly; *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; *The Late Mr. Elvesham*, by H. G. Wells; *A Terribly Strange Bed*, by Wilkie Collins; *The Inn of the Two Witches*, by Joseph Conrad; *The Cask of Amontillado*, by Edgar Allan Poe, and *The Duchess at Prayer*, by Edith Wharton.

This month's offerings are *Rab and His Friends*, by Dr. John Brown, and *Bingo*, by Ernest Thompson Seton.

The selection committee comprises Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, author of "A Handbook of Short Story Writing," associate professor of English at Hunter College, and instructor in short story writing, Columbia University; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and author of several books on the short story; and Mr. Harry Esty Dounce, author, reviewer and critic. Write them frankly in our care, your judgment of the stories published, together with suggestions regarding future stories for the "Old and New" series.

The Authors

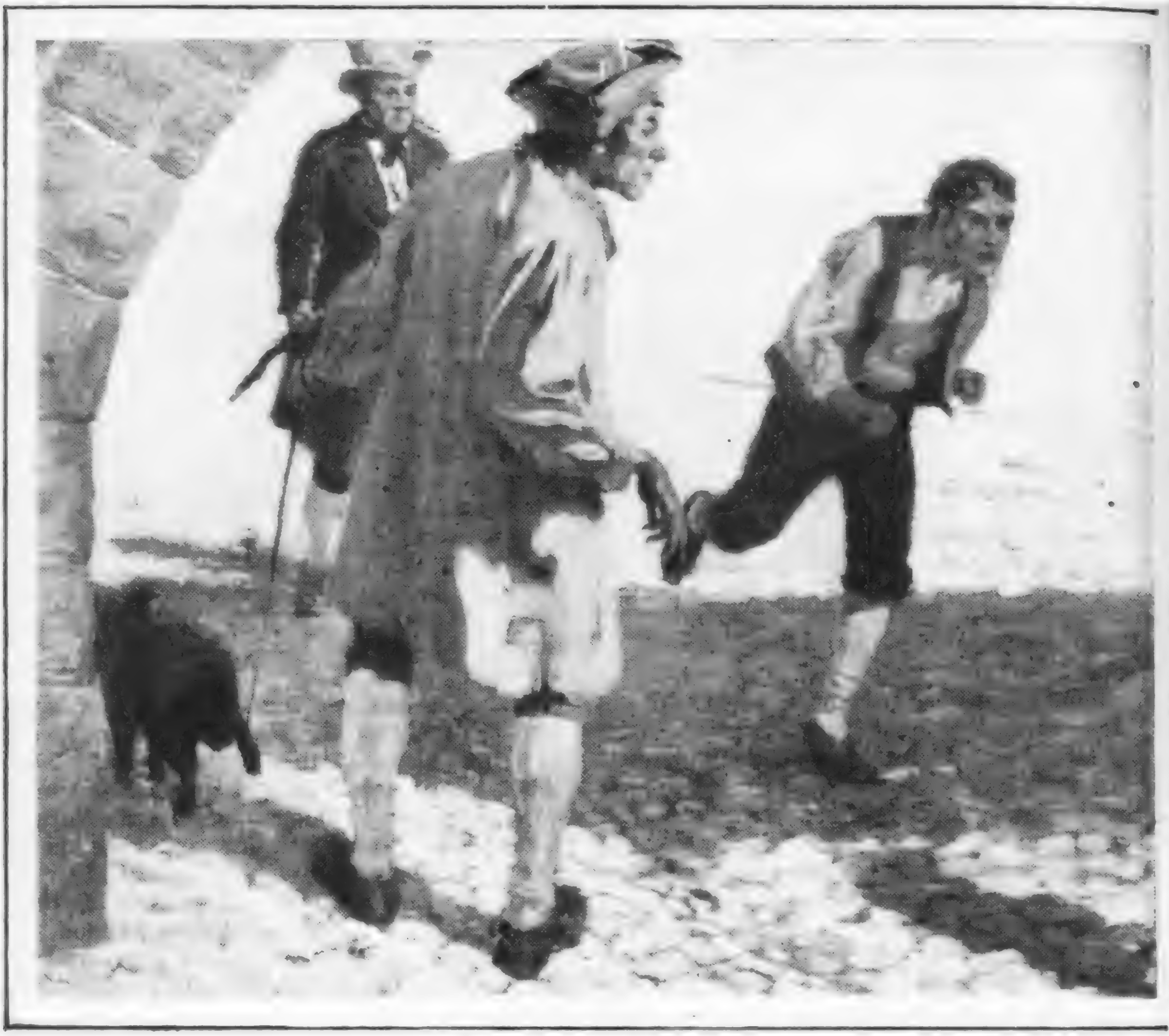


Dr. John Brown.

AN ANECDOTE related by Elizabeth T. McLaren in a biographical sketch of Dr. John Brown gives a better insight into the man's nature than one could find in volumes of carefully compiled data. In speaking of his humanness she tells how, while driving in his carriage through the streets of Edinburgh one day, Dr. Brown suddenly paused in the middle of a sentence and turned to look behind him. "Did you see some one you know?" he was asked. "No," he replied, "I saw a dog I *don't* know!" This gives an inkling of the nature of the man who boasted of knowing every man in Edinburgh and, one is tempted to believe, every man's dog, as well. John Brown was born at Biggar, Scotland, in 1810 and graduated as M. D. at the University of Edinburgh in 1833. He first gained attention with three volumes of essays, *Horæ Subsecivæ,* the first of which deals with the equipment and duties of a physician, and the remaining two with subjects outside the profession. He was emphatic in his belief that "an author should publish nothing unless he has something to say and has done his best to do it aright." For that reason he published but little, distrusting his own powers and subjecting what he wrote to the severest criticism. What little he did produce, though, is marked with tenderness and humor. *Rab and His Friends,* the story selected for reprinting in this issue, is an admirable example of the author's great love for animals and his sympathetic understanding of his fellow men. In an essay on dogs he has said: "I think every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. All unite upon Dick. He tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no questions, never gets in debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in through his Chubby too early for bed, . . . and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked."

Ernest Thompson Seton.

FEW writers have done more to arouse an interest in the great out-of-doors than has Ernest Thompson Seton with his scores of books and papers on the subject. Boys the world over know his scoutcraft and consider as authoritative his books on wood lore. Largely as the result of his endeavors as a trail blazer in this newly reopened field, thousands of boys of all ages now turn to him as an authority on all things pertaining to Nature. Ernest Thompson Seton, for some time known as Seton-Thompson, was born in South Shields, Durham, England, in 1860. After a brief course at the Royal Academy, London, he spent three years in zoological study on the Assiniboine in Manitoba. Two published works, *Birds of Manitoba* and *Mammals of Manitoba*, established him as an authority and he was made government naturalist of the province. He was one of the chief illustrators of *The Century Dictionary*, executing more than a thousand drawings of animals and birds. In 1890 he became a pupil of Mosler in Paris, whither he returned in 1894 to study with Ferrier, Bougereau and Gérôme. He exhibited at the Salon several drawings and paintings of wolves, his particular specialty. Popular fiction stories about animals, based upon natural history as observed by himself, or obtained from trustworthy sources, have gained for him a wide popularity and have aroused a sympathy for, and a desire to protect, the creatures of the woods and fields. Most of Seton's works are illustrated by himself, with a degree of faithfulness to life and a picturesqueness that add greatly to the subject-matter. *Bingo,* reprinted in this issue with illustrations by the author, is a representative specimen of the author's work, showing a dog's undeviating devotion to his first master. Among Seton's most popular books are: *Wild Animals I Have Known, The Biography of a Grizzly, Lives of the Hunted, Pictures of Wild Animals, Preacher of Cedar Mountain, Two Little Savages, Animal Heroes, Rolf in the Woods, Woodcraft and Indian Lore,* and *Woodland Tales.*



The Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob; a cobbler gave his knife.

By Doctor John Brown

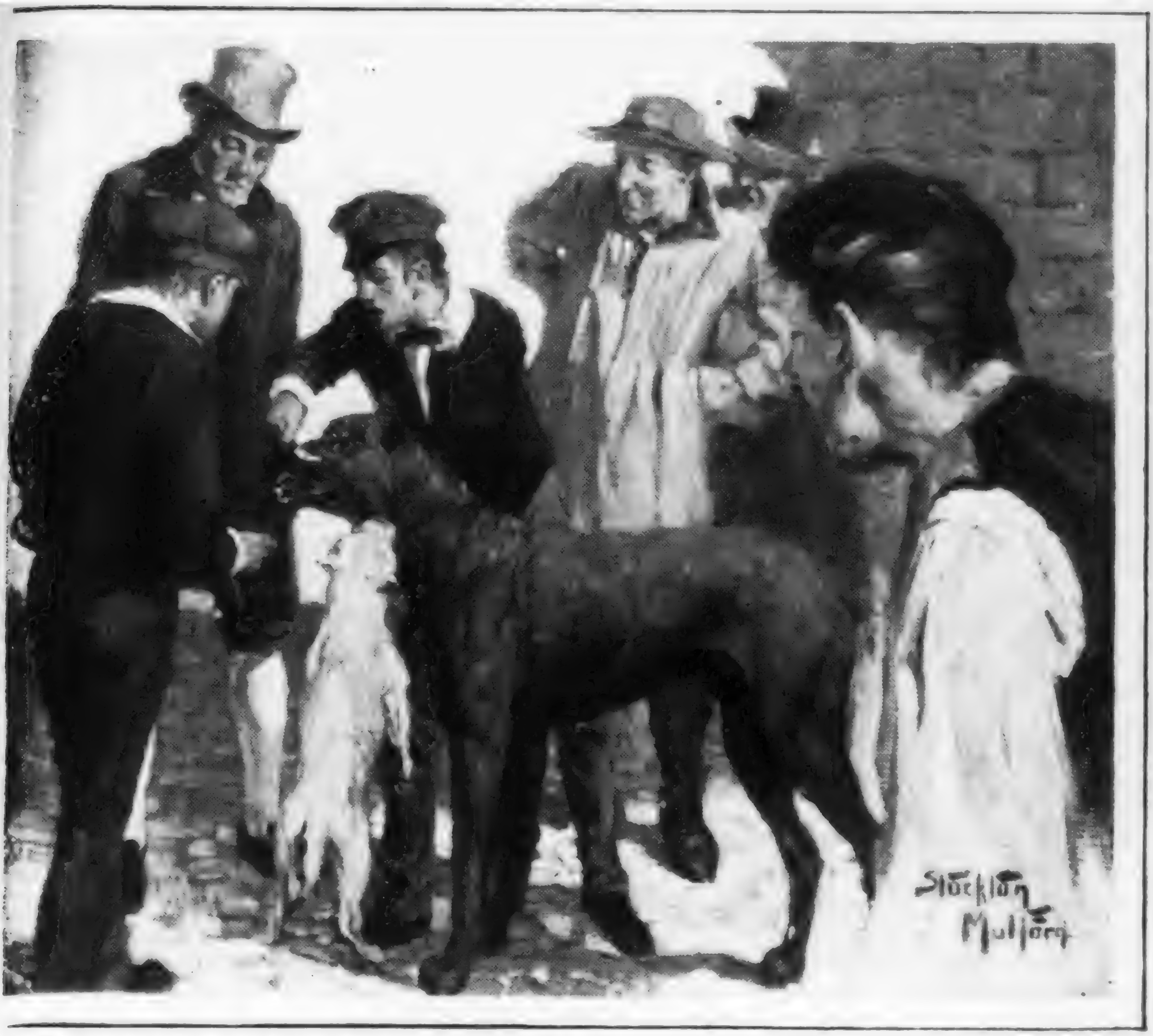
Rab and

One of the imperishable

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 120)

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the Edinburgh High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwisted, as only lovers and boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dogfight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! And is not this boy-nature? and human nature, too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy—be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough; it is a natural and a not wicked interest that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.



I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then!—

his Friends

Illustrated by
Stockton Mulford

stories of a dog's devotion

Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dogfight in his brain? He did not, he could not, see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes," it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downward and inward, to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over; a small thoroughbred, white bull-terrier, is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon had their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip on poor Yarrow's throat—and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, would "drink up Esil, or eat a crocodile," for that part, if he had a chance; it was no use kicking the little dog—that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls of the best possible way of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many cried for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more desirous than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend—who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed a calm, highly dressed young buck, with an eye-glass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observed the buck, but with more urgency; whereupon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms—comforting him. But the bull terrier's blood is up and, his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, and discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him; down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow—Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets; he is old, gray, brindled, as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakespearean dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin*. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready from out of the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

WE SOON had a crowd: the Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then!—one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp, and dead. A solemn pause: this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead: the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; sniffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I, and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing; he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-avised little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be—thought I—to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter, alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated and condescended to say, "Rab, ma man, puir Rabbie," and whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had not much of a tea) in the back-green of his house, in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the Iliad, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him Hector of course.

Six years have passed—a long time for a boy and a dog: Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breest—some kind o' an income we're thinkin'."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, with her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet.

I never saw a more unforgettable face—pale, serious, *lonely*, delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it; her eyebrows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," says James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, Doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on, concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, Doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully—she and James watching me, and Rab eying all three. What could I say? There it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, so "full of all blessed conditions"—hard as a stone, a center of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?"

I GOT her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'se warrant he's do that, Doctor," and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and gray like Rubislaw granite; his hair short, hard, and close like a lion's; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight, at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night; his mouth blacker than any night; a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity of all great fighters.

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never look at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller. The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, somber, honest countenance, the same deep inevitable eye, the same look, as of thunder asleep, but ready—neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief,—she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said, "When?" "Tomorrow," said the kind surgeon—a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known black board, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words—"An operation today—J. B. *Clerk.*"

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places; in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I; they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity, as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens,—while pity, as a *motive*, is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theater is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie; one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-gown, her black bombazeen petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; forever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to His suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a *glower* from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick;—all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

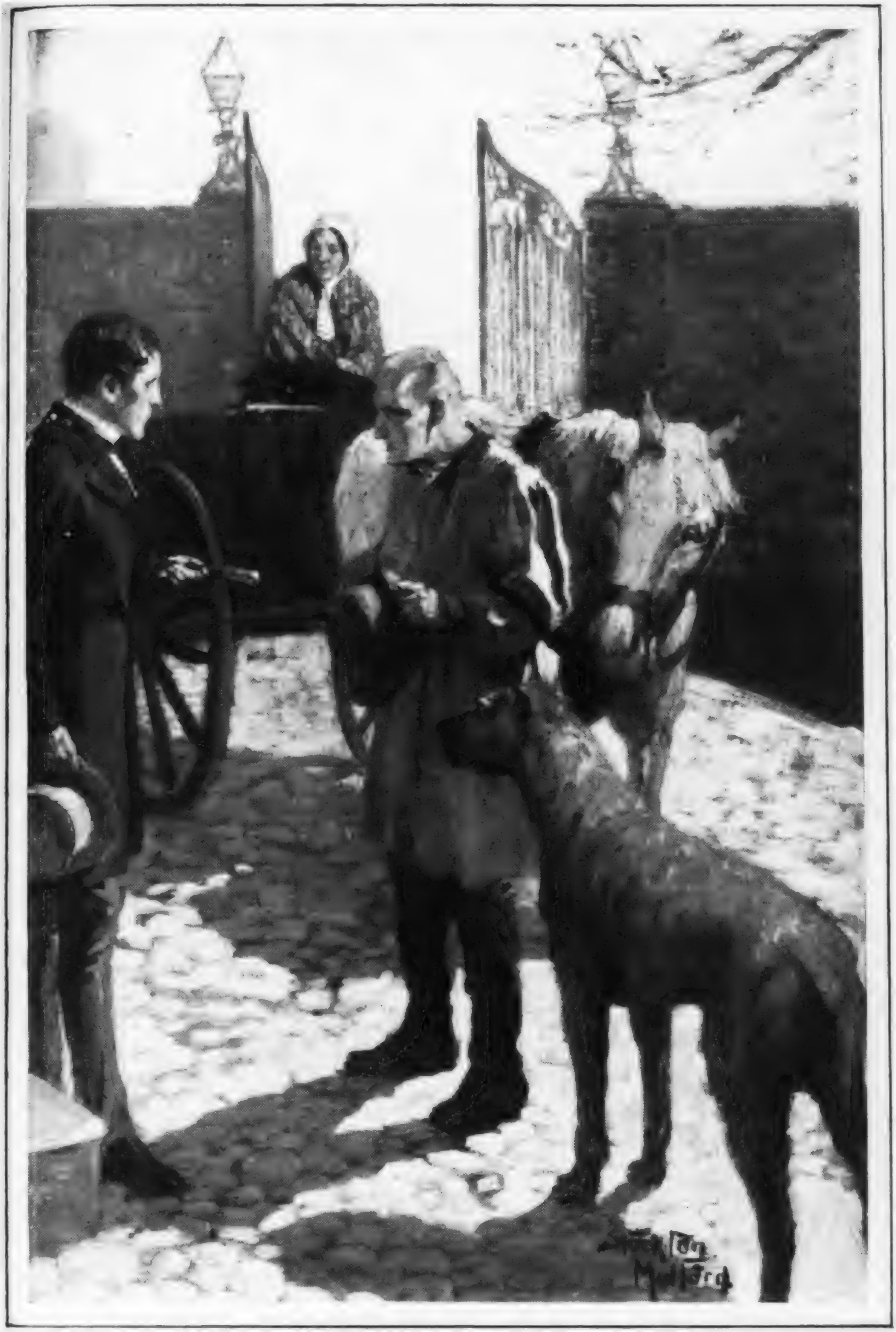
It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies—and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon happed her up carefully—and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer strynge nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and I'll gang aboot on my stockin' soles as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her; he seldom slept; and often I saw his small shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

RAB behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was somber and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stairs with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

Jess, the mare, had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention;" for as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's ower clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab, and James outside the circle—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheeks colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret; her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick; she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out



I was leaving the hospital, when in walked Rab. After him came the carrier leading the horse and cart. In it was a woman. "Maister John," the carrier said, "this is the mistress."

of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear gentle old woman; then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave away, and then came that terrible spectacle,

> The intellectual power, through words and things,
> Went sounding on its dim and perilous way;

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doating over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

THE end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula, blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow, into which one day we must all enter—and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and, as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one who, his mother comforteth, and who sucks and is satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love.

"Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, Doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain, was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly: the delirium left her; but, as she whispered, she was "clean silly;" it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said, "James!" He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly, but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless; he came forward beside us; Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time—saying nothing; he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latchets, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore!"

I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window; there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was *in statu quo;* he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate in the dim morning—for the sun was not up, was Jess and the cart—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—himself unseen but not unthought of—when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and after having walked many a mile over the hills, may have seen her sitting while "a' the lave were sleepin'," and by the firelight working her name on the blankets, for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and downstairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my hand in the calm frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G."—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then, taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the college, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands, and making them like onlooking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee;" and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snowing, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier who got the goodwill of James's business and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, " 'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly dee; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill—but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace, and be civil?

He was buried on the braeface, near the burn, the children of the village—his companions, who used to make very free with him and sit on his ample stomach as he lay half asleep at the door in the sun—watching the solemnity from a distance.

Old *or* New? Do you ever read aloud? Two stories admirably suited for the purpose will appear in Everybody's for January. The older one is by an American, Frank R. Stockton, and the modern one by a contemporary British author, H. G. Wells. The stories might be described as fairy tales for grown-ups, but there is something of interest in them to hold the attention of every member of the family circle. Look for "The Bee Man of Orn" (Stockton) and "The Magic Shop" (Wells), the pair of stories selected for next month.

Bingo

The story of my dog

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 120)

by Ernest Thompson Seton

Illustrated by the Author

IT WAS early in November, 1882, and the Manitoba winter had just set in. I was tilting back in my chair for a few lazy moments after breakfast idly alternating my gaze from the one window-pane of our shanty, through which was framed a bit of the prairie and the end of our cow shed, to the old rhyme of the "Franckelyn's dogge" pinned on the logs near by. But the dreamy mixture of rhyme and view was quickly dispelled by the sight of a large gray animal dashing across the prairie into the cow shed, with a smaller black-and-white animal in hot pursuit.

"A wolf," I exclaimed, and seizing a rifle dashed out to help the dog. But before I could get there they had left the stable, and after a short run over the snow the wolf again turned at bay, and the dog, our neighbor's collie, circled about watching his chance to snap.

I fired a couple of long shots, which had the effect only of setting them off again over the prairie. After another run this matchless dog closed and seized the wolf by the haunch, but again retreated to avoid the fierce return chop. Then there was another stand at bay, and again a race over the snow. Every few hundred yards this scene was repeated. The dog managing so that each fresh rush should be toward the settlement, while the wolf vainly tried to break back toward the dark belt of trees in the east. At last after a mile of this fighting and running I overtook them, and the dog, seeing that he now had good backing, closed in for the finish.

After a few seconds the whirl of struggling animals resolved itself into a wolf, on his back, with a bleeding collie gripping his throat, and it was now easy for me to step up and end the fight by putting a ball through the wolf's head.

Then, when this dog of marvelous wind saw that his foe was dead, he gave him no second glance, but set out at a lope for a farm four miles across the snow where he had left his master when first the wolf was started. He was a wonderful dog, and even if I had not come he undoubtedly would have killed the wolf alone, as I learned he had already done with others of the kind, in spite of the fact that the wolf, though of the smaller or prairie race, was much larger than himself.

I was filled with admiration for the dog's prowess and at once sought to buy him at any price. The scornful reply of his owner was, "Why don't you try to buy one of the children?"

Since Frank was not in the market I was obliged to content myself with the next best thing, one of his alleged progeny. That is, a son of his wife. This probable offspring of an illustrious sire was a roly-poly ball of black fur that looked more like a long-tailed bear cub than a puppy. But he had some tan markings like those on Frank's coat, that were, I hoped, guarantees of future greatness, and also a very characteristic ring of white that he always wore on his muzzle.

Having got possession of his person, the next thing was to find him a name. Surely the puzzle was already solved. The rhyme of the "Franckelyn's dogge" was inbuilt with the foundation of our acquaintance, so with adequate pomp we "yclept him little Bingo."

From "Wild Animals I Have Known," copyright, by Ernest Thompson Seton, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The rest of that winter Bingo spent in our shanty, living the life of a lubberly, fat, well-meaning, ill-doing puppy; gorging himself with food and growing bigger and clumsier each day. Even sad experience failed to teach him that he must keep his nose out of the rat-trap. His most friendly overtures to the cat were wholly misunderstood and resulted only in an armed neutrality that, varied by occasional reigns of terror, continued to the end; which came when Bingo, who early showed a mind of his own, got a notion for sleeping at the barn and avoiding the shanty altogether.

When the spring came I set about his serious education. After much pains on my behalf and many pains on his, he learned to go at the word in quest of our old yellow cow, that pastured at will on the unfenced prairie.

BINGO

"Ye Franckelyn's dogge leaped over a style,

And yey yclept him lyttel Bingo,

B — I — N — G — O,

And yey yclept him lyttel Bingo.

Ye Franckelyn's wyfe brewed nutte-brown ayle,

And he yclept ytte rare goode Stingo,

S — T — I — N — G — O,

And he yclept ytte rare goode Stingo.

Now ys not this a prettye rhyme?

I thynke ytte ys bye Jingo,

J — I — N — G — O,

I thynke ytte ys bye Jingo."

Once he had learned his business, he became very fond of it and nothing pleased him more than an order to go and fetch the cow. Away he would dash, barking with pleasure and leaping high in the air that he might better scan the plain for his victim. In a short time he would return driving her at full gallop before him, and gave her no peace until, puffing and blowing, she was safely driven into the farthest corner of her stable.

Less energy on his part would have been more satisfactory, but we bore with him until he grew so fond of this semi-daily hunt that he began to bring "old Dunne" without being told. And at length not once or twice but a dozen times a day this energetic cowherd would sally forth on his own responsibility and drive the cow home to the stable.

AT LAST things came to such a pass that whenever he felt like taking a little exercise, or had a few minutes of spare time, or even happened to think of it, Bingo would sally forth at racing speed over the plain and a few minutes later return, driving the unhappy yellow cow at full gallop before him.

At first this did not seem very bad, as it kept the cow from straying too far; but soon it was seen that it hindered her feeding. She became thin and gave less milk; it seemed to weigh on her mind too, as she was always watching nervously for that hateful dog, and in the morning would hang around the stable as though afraid to venture off and subject herself at once to an onset.

This was giong too far. All attempts to make Bingo more moderate in his pleasure were failures, so he was compelled to give it up altogether. After this, though he dared not bring her home, he continued to show his interest by lying at her stable door while she was being milked.

As the summer came on the mosquitoes became a dreadful plague, and the consequent vicious switching of Dunne's tail at milking-time even more annoying than the mosquitoes.

Fred, the brother who did the milking, was of an inventive as well as an impatient turn of mind, and he devised a simple plan to stop the switching. He fastened a brick to the cow's tail, then set blithely about his work assured of unusual comfort while the rest of us looked on in doubt.

Suddenly through the mist of mosquitoes came a dull whack and an outburst of "language." The cow went on placidly chewing till Fred got on his feet and furiously attacked her with the milking-stool. It was bad enough to be whacked on the ear with a brick, by a stupid old cow, but the uproarious enjoyment and ridicule of the bystanders made it unendurable.

Bingo, hearing the uproar, and divining that he was needed, rushed in and attacked Dunne on the other side. Before the affair quieted down the milk was spilt, the pail and stool were broken, and the cow and the dog severely beaten.

Poor Bingo could not understand it at all. He had long ago learned to despise that cow, and now in utter disgust he decided to forsake even her stable door, and from that time he attached himself exclusively to the horses and their stable.

The cattle were mine, the horses were my brother's, and in transferring his allegiance from the cow-stable to the horse-stable Bingo seemed to give me up, too, and anything like daily companionship ceased, and, yet, whenever any emergency arose Bingo turned to me and I to him, and both seemed to feel that the bond between man and dog is one that lasts as long as life.

The only other occasion on which Bingo acted as cowherd was in the autumn of the same year at the annual Carberry Fair. Among the dazzling inducements to enter one's stock there was, in addition to a prospect of glory, a cash prize of "two dollars," for the "best collie in training."

Misled by a false friend, I entered Bingo, and early on the day fixed, the cow was driven to the prairie just outside of the village. When the time came she was pointed out to Bingo and the word given—"Go fetch the cow." It was the intention, of course, that he should bring her to me at the judge's stand.

But the animals knew better. They hadn't rehearsed all summer for nothing. When Dunne saw Bingo's careering form she knew that her only hope for safety was to get into her stable, and Bingo was equally sure that his sole mission in life was to quicken her pace in that direction. So off they raced over the prairie, like a wolf after a deer, and heading straight toward their home two miles away, they disappeared from view.

That was the last that judge or jury ever saw of dog or cow. The prize was awarded to the only other entry.

Bingo's loyalty to the horses was quite remarkable; by day he trotted beside them, and by night he slept at the stable door. Where the team went Bingo went, and nothing kept him away from them. This interesting assumption of ownership lent the greater significance to the following circumstance.

I was not superstitious, and up to this time had had no faith in omens, but was now deeply impressed by a strange occurrence in which Bingo took a leading part. There were but two of us now living on the De Winton Farm. One morning my brother set out for Boggy Creek for a load of hay. It was a long day's journey there and back, and he made an early start. Strange to tell, Bingo for once in his life did not follow the team. My brother called to him, but still he stood at a safe distance, and eying the team askance, refused to stir. Suddenly he raised his nose in the air and gave vent to a long, melancholy howl. He watched the wagon out of sight, and even followed for a hundred yards or so, raising his voice from time to time in the most doleful howlings. All that day he stayed about the barn, the only time that he was willingly separated from the horses, and at intervals howled a very death dirge. I was alone, and the dog's behavior inspired me with an awful foreboding of calamity, that weighed upon me more and more as the hours passed away.

About six o'clock Bingo's howlings became unbearable, so that for lack of a better thought I threw something at him, and ordered him away. But oh, the feeling of horror that filled me! Why did I let my brother go away alone? Should I ever again see him alive? I might have known from the dog's actions that something dreadful was about to happen.

At length the hour for his return arrived, and there was John on his load. I took charge of the horses, vastly relieved, and with an air of assumed unconcern, asked, "All right?"

"Right," was the laconic answer.

Who now can say that there is nothing to omens?

AND yet, when long afterward, I told this to one skilled in the occult, he looked grave, and said, "Bingo always turned to you in a crisis?"

"Yes."

"Then do not smile. It was you that were in danger that day; he stayed and saved your life, though you never knew from what."

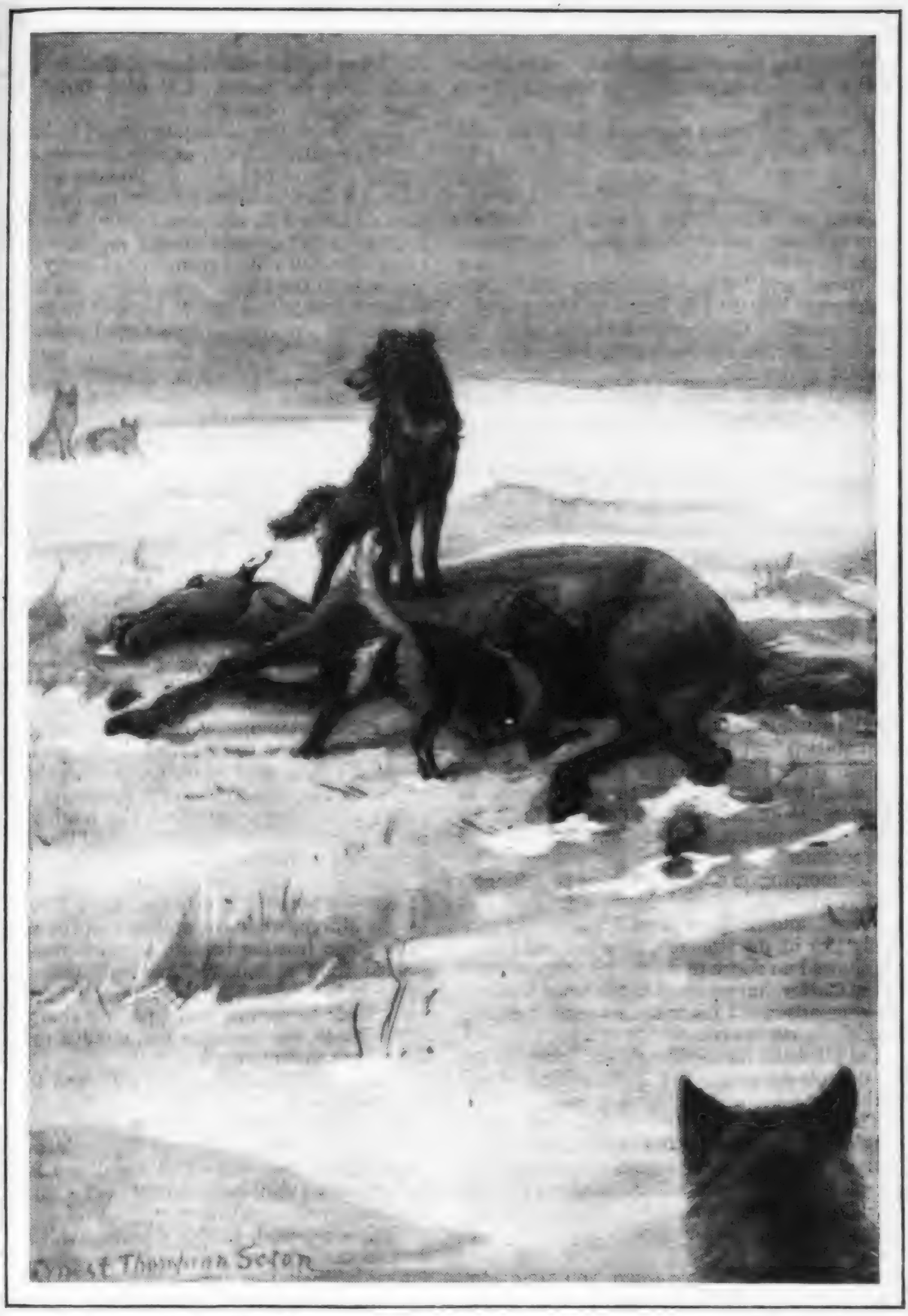
Early in the spring I had begun Bingo's education. Very shortly afterward he began mine.

Midway on the two-mile stretch of prairie that lay between our shanty and the village of Carberry, was the corner-stake of the farm; it was a stout post in a low mound of earth, and was visible from afar.

I soon noticed that Bingo never passed without minutely examining this mysterious post. Next I learned that it was also visited by the prairie wolves as well as by all the dogs in the neighborhood, and at length, with the aid of a telescope, I made a number of observations that helped me to an understanding of the matter and enabled me to enter more fully into Bingo's private life.

The post was by common agreement a registry of the canine tribes. Their exquisite sense of smell enabled each individual to tell at once by the track and trace what other had recently been at the post. When the snow came much more was revealed. I then discovered that this post was but one of a system that covered the country; that, in short, the entire region was laid out in signal stations at convenient intervals. These were marked by any conspicuous post, stone, buffalo skull, or other object that chanced to be in the desired locality, and extensive observation showed that it was a very complete system for getting and giving the news.

Each dog or wolf makes a point of calling at those stations that are near his line of travel to


Ernest Thompson Seton

That very night, with Wright's own dog Curley, he visited the carcass. It seemed as though Bingo had busied himself chiefly keeping off the wolves, but Curley feasted immoderately.

learn who has recently been there, just as a man calls at his club on returning to town and looks up the register.

I have seen Bingo approach the post, sniff, examine the ground about, then growl, and with bristling mane and glowing eyes, scratch fiercely and contemptuously with his hind feet, finally walking off very stiffly, glancing back from time to time. All of which, being interpreted, said:

"Grrrh! woof! there's that dirty cur of McCarthy's. Woof! I'll 'tend to him tonight. Woof! woof!" On another occasion, after the preliminaries, he became keenly interested and studied a coyote's track that came and went, saying to himself, as I afterward learned:

"A coyote track coming from the north, smelling of dead cow. Indeed? Pollworth's old Brindle must be dead at last. This is worth looking into."

At other times he would wag his tail, trot about the vicinity and come again and again to make his own visit more evident, perhaps for the benefit of his brother Bill just back from Brandon! So that it was not by chance that one night Bill turned up at Bingo's home and was taken to the hills where a delicious dead horse afforded a chance to suitably celebrate the reunion.

At other times he would be suddenly aroused by the news, take up the trail, and race to the next station for later information.

Sometimes his inspection produced only an air of grave attention, as though he said to himself, "Dear me, who the deuce is this?" or "It seems to me I met that fellow at the Portage last summer."

One morning on approaching the post Bingo's every hair stood on end, his tail dropped and quivered, and he gave proof that he was suddenly sick at the stomach, sure signs of terror. He showed no desire to follow up or know more of the matter, but returned to the house and half an hour afterward his mane was still bristling and his expression one of hate or fear.

I studied the dreaded track and learned that in Bingo's language the half-terrified, deep-gurled "grrr-wff" means "timber wolf."

These were among the things that Bingo taught me. And in the after time when I might chance to see him arouse from his frosty nest by the stable door, and after stretching himself and shaking the snow from his shaggy coat, disappear into the gloom at a steady trot, trot, trot, I used to think:

"Aha! old dog, I know where you are off to, and why you eschew the shelter of the shanty. Now I know why your nightly trips over the country are so well timed, and how you know just where to go for what you want, and when and how to see it."

In the autumn of 1884, the shanty at De Winton farm was closed and Bingo changed his home to the establishment, that is, to the stable, not the house, of Gordon Wright, our most intimate neighbor.

Since the winter of his puppyhood he had declined to enter a house at any time excepting during a thunder-storm. Of thunder and guns he had a deep dread—no doubt the fear of the first originated in the second, and that arose from some unpleasant shot-gun experiences, the cause of which will be seen. His nightly couch was outside the stable, even during the coldest weather, and it was easy to see that he enjoyed to the full the complete nocturnal liberty entailed. Bingo's midnight wanderings extended across the plains for miles. There was plenty of proof of this. Some farmers at very remote points sent word to old Gordon that if he did not keep his dog home nights, they would use the shot-gun, and Bingo's terror of firearms would indicate that the threats were not idle. A man living as far away as Petrel said he saw a large black wolf kill a coyote on the snow one winter evening, but afterward he changed his opinion and "reckoned it must 'a' been Wright's dog." Whenever the body of a winter-killed ox or horse was exposed, Bingo was sure to repair to it nightly, and driving away the prairie wolves, feast to repletion.

Sometimes the object of a night's foray was merely to maul some distant neighbor's dog, and notwithstanding vengeful threats, there seemed no reason to fear that the Bingo breed would die out. One man even avowed that he had seen a prairie wolf accompanied by three young ones which resembled the mother, excepting that they were very large and black and had a ring of white around the muzzle.

TRUE or not as that may be, I knew that late in March, while we were out in the sleigh with Bingo trotting behind, a prairie wolf was started from a hollow. Away it went with Bingo in full chase, but the wolf did not greatly exert itself to escape, and within a short distance Bingo was close up, yet, strange to tell, there was no grappling, no fight!

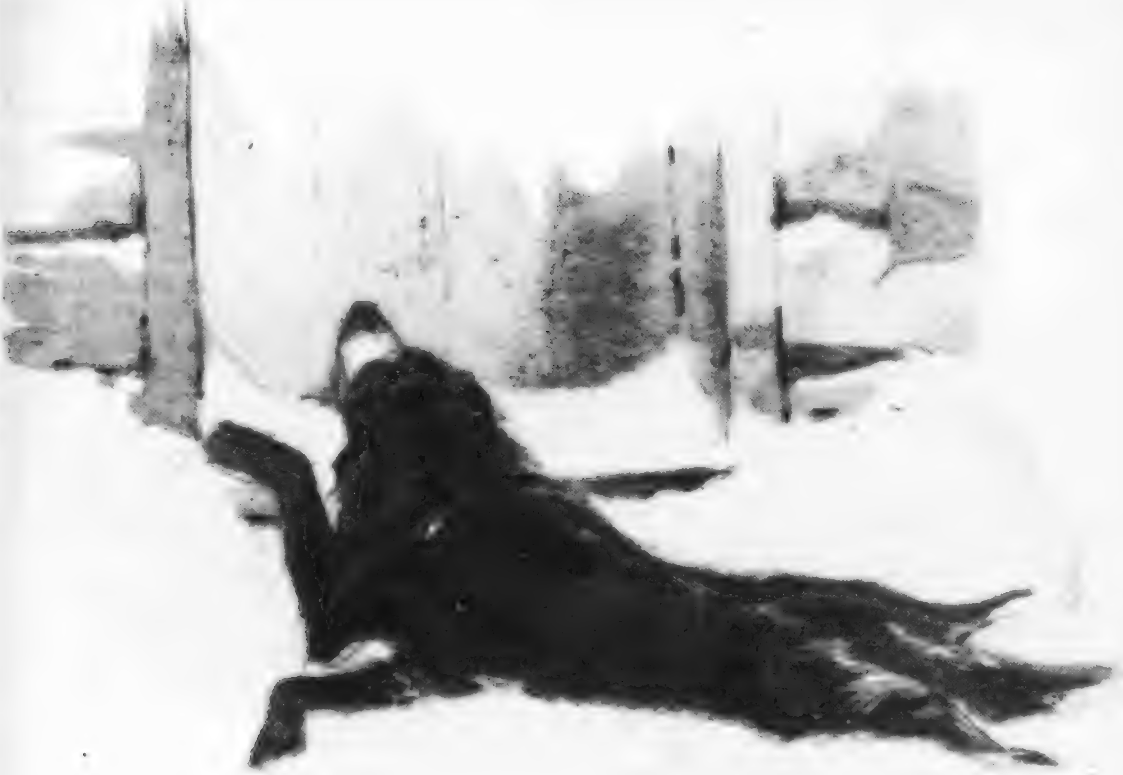
Bingo trotted amiably alongside and licked the wolf's nose.

We were astounded, and shouted to urge Bingo on. Our shouting and approach several times started the wolf off at speed and Bingo again pursued until he had overtaken it, but his gentleness was too obvious.

"It is a she-wolf, he won't harm her," I exclaimed as the truth dawned on me. And Gordon said: "Well, I be darned."

So we called our unwilling dog and drove on.

For weeks after this we were annoyed by the depredations of a prairie wolf who killed our chickens, stole pieces of pork from the end of the house, and several times terrified the children by looking into the window of the shanty while the men were away.



Next day I found him dead in the snow, with his head on the sill of the door. It was my help he sought, and vainly sought, in the hour of his bitter extremity.

Against this animal Bingo seemed to be no safeguard. At length the wolf, a female, was killed, and then Bingo plainly showed his hand by his lasting enmity toward Oliver, the man who did the deed.

IT IS wonderful and beautiful how a man and his dog will stick to one another, through thick and thin. Butler tells of an undivided Indian tribe, in the Far North which was all but exterminated by an internecine feud over a dog that belonged to one man and was killed by his neighbor; and among ourselves we have law suits, fights, and deadly feuds, all pointing the same old moral, "Love me, love my dog."

One of our neighbors had a very fine hound that he thought the best and dearest dog in the world. I loved him, so I loved his dog, and when one day poor Tan crawled home terribly mangled and died by the door, I joined my threats of vengeance with those of his master and thenceforth lost no opportunity of tracing the miscreant, both by offering rewards and by collecting scraps of evidence. At length it was clear that one of three men to the southward had had a hand in the cruel affair. The scent was warming up, and soon we should have been in a position to exact rigorous justice at least, from the wretch who had murdered poor old Tan.

Then something took place which at once changed my mind and led me to believe that the mangling of the old hound was not by any means an unpardonable crime, but indeed on second thoughts was rather commendable than otherwise.

Gordon Wright's farm lay to the south of us, and while there one day, Gordon, Jr., knowing that I was tracking the murderer, took me aside and looking about furtively, he whispered in tragic tones:

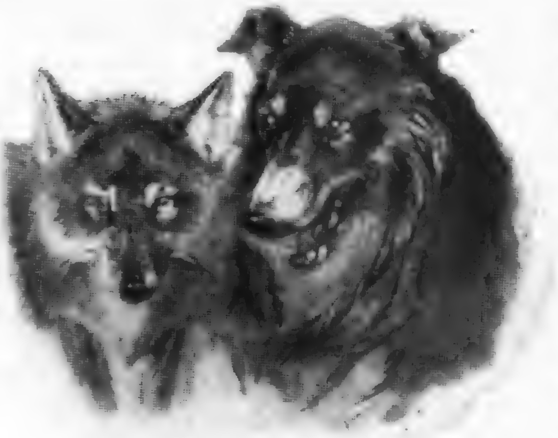
"It was Bingo done it."

And the matter dropped right there. For I confess that from the moment I did all in my power to baffle the justice I had previously striven so hard to further.

I had given Bingo away long before, but the feeling of ownership did not die; and of this indissolute fellowship of dog and man he was soon to take part in another important illustration.

Old Gordon and Oliver were close neighbors and friends; they joined in a contract to cut wood, and worked together harmoniously till late on in winter. Then Oliver's old horse died, and he, determining to profit as far as possible, dragged it out on the plain and laid poison baits for wolves around it. Alas, for poor Bingo! He would lead a wolfish life, though again and again it brought him into wolfish misfortunes.

He was as fond of dead horse as any of his wild kindred. That very night, with Wright's own dog Curley, he visited the carcass. It seemed as though Bingo had busied himself



Bingo trotted amiably alongside the she-wolf. His gentleness was too obvious.

chiefly keeping off the wolves, but Curley feasted immoderately. The tracks in the snow told the story of the banquet; the interruption as the poison began to work, and of the dreadful spasms of pain during the erratic course back home where Curley, falling in convulsions at Gordon's feet, died in the greatest agony.

"Love me, love my dog," no explanations or apology were acceptable; it was useless to urge that it was accidental, the long-standing feud between Bingo and Oliver was now remembered as an important side-light. The wood contract was thrown up, all friendly relations ceased, and to this day there is no county big enough to hold the rival factions which were called at once into existence and to arms by Curley's dying yell.

It was months before Bingo really recovered from the poison. We believed indeed that he never again would be the sturdy old-time Bingo. But when the spring came he began to gain strength, and bettering as the grass grew, he was within a few weeks once more in full health and vigor to be a pride to his friends and a nuisance to his neighbors.

CHANGES took me far away from Manitoba, and on my return in 1886 Bingo was still a member of Wright's household. I thought he would have forgotten me after two years' absence, but not so. One day early in the winter, after having been lost for forty-eight hours, he crawled home to Wright's with a wolf-trap and a heavy log fast to one foot frozen to stony hardness. No one had been able to approach to help him, he was so savage, when I, the stranger now, stooped down and laid hold of the trap with one hand and his leg with the other. Instantly he seized my wrist in his teeth.

Without stirring I said, "Bingo, don't you know me?"

He had not broken the skin and at once released his hold and offered no further resistance, although he whined a good deal during the removal of the trap. He still acknowledged me his master in spite of his change of residence and my long absence, and notwithstanding my surrender of ownership I still felt that he was my dog.

Bingo was carried into the house much against his will and his frozen foot thawed out. During the rest of the winter he went lame and two of his toes eventually dropped off. But before the return of warm weather his health and strength were fully restored, and to a casual glance he bore no mark of his dreadful experience in the steel trap.

During that same winter I caught many wolves and foxes who did not have Bingo's good luck in escaping the traps, which I kept out right into the spring, for bounties are good even when fur is not.

Kennedy's Plain was always a good trapping ground because it was unfrequented by man and yet lay between the heavy woods and the settlement. I had been fortunate with the fur here, and late in April rode in on one of my regular rounds.

The wolf-traps are made of heavy steel and have two strong springs, each of one hundred pounds power. They are set in fours around a buried piece of bait, and after being strongly fastened to concealed logs, are carefully covered in cotton and in fine sand so as to be quite invisible.

A prairie wolf was caught in one of these. I killed him with a club and throwing him aside proceeded to reset the trap as I had done so many hundred times before. All was quickly done. I threw the trap-wrench over toward the pony, and seeing some fine sand near-by, I reached out for a handful of it to add a good finish to the setting.

Oh, unlucky thought! Oh, mad heedlessness born of long immunity! That fine sand was *on the next wolf trap* and in an instant I was a prisoner. Although not wounded, for the traps have no teeth, and my thick trapping gloves deadened the snap, I was firmly caught across the hand above the knuckles. Not greatly alarmed at this, I tried to reach the trap-wrench with my right foot. Stretching out at full length, face downward, I worked myself toward it, making my imprisoned arm as long and straight as possible. I could not see and reach at the same time, but counted on my toe telling me when I touched the little iron key to my fetters. My first effort was a failure; strain as I might at the chain my toe struck no metal. I swung slowly around my anchor, but still failed. Then a painfully taken observation showed I was much too far to the west. I set about working around, tapping blindly with my toe to discover the key. Thus, wildly groping with my right foot I entirely forgot about the other trap till there was a sharp "clank" and the iron jaws of trap No. 3 closed tight on my left foot.

The terrors of the situation did not, at first, impress me, but I soon found that all my struggles were in vain. I could not get free from either trap or move the traps together, and there I lay stretched out and firmly staked to the ground. What would become of me now? There was not much danger of freezing, for the cold weather was over, but Kennedy's Plain was never visited excepting by the winter woodcutters. No one knew where I had gone, and unless I could manage to free myself there was no prospect ahead but to be devoured by wolves, or else die of cold and starvation.

As I lay there the red sun went down over the spruce swamp west of the plain, and a shorelark on a gopher mound a few yards off twittered his evening song, just as one had done the night before at our shanty door, and though the numb pains were creeping up my arm, and a deadly chill possessed me, I noticed how long his little eartufts were. Then my thoughts went to the comfortable supper-table at Wright's shanty, and I thought, now they are frying the pork for supper, or just sitting down. My pony still stood as I left him with his bridle on the ground patiently waiting to take me home. He did not understand the long delay, and when I called he ceased nibbling the grass and looked at me in dumb, helpless inquiry. If he would only go home the empty saddle might tell the tale and bring help. But his very faithfulness kept him waiting hour after hour while I was perishing of cold and hunger.

Then I remembered how old Girou the trapper had been lost, and in the following spring his comrades found his skeleton held by the leg in a bear trap. I wondered which part of my clothing would show my identity. Then a new thought came to me. This is how a wolf must feel when he is trapped. Oh! what terrible misery have I been responsible for! Now I'm to pay for it.

Night came slowly on. A prairie wolf howled, the pony pricked up his ears and walking nearer to me, stood with his head down. Then another prairie wolf howled and another, and I could make out that they were gathering in the neighborhood. There I lay prone and helpless, wondering if it would not be strictly just that they should come and tear me to pieces. I heard them calling for a long time before I realized that dim, shadowy forms were sneaking near. The horse saw them first, and his terrified snort drove them back at first, but they came nearer next time and sat around me on the prairie. Soon one bolder than the others crawled up and tugged at the body of his dead relative. I shouted and he retreated growling. The pony ran to a distance in terror. Presently the wolf returned, and after two or three of these retreats and returns, the body was dragged off and devoured by the rest in a few minutes.

After this they gathered nearer and sat on their haunches to look at me, and the boldest one smelt the rifle and scratched dirt on it. He retreated when I kicked at him with my free foot and shouted, but growing bolder as I grew weaker he came and snarled right in my face. At this several others snarled and came up closer, and I realized that I was to be devoured by the foe that I most despised, when suddenly out of the gloom with a guttural roar sprang a great black wolf. The prairie wolves scattered like chaff except the bold one, which seized by the black new-comer was in a few moments a draggled corpse, and then, oh horrors! this mighty brute bounded at me and—Bingo—noble Bingo, rubbed his shaggy, panting sides against me and licked my cold face.

"Bingo—Bing—old—boy—fetch me the trap-wrench!"

Away he went and returned immediately, dragging the rifle, for he knew only that I wanted something.

"No—Bing—the trap-wrench." This time it was my sash, but at last he brought the wrench and wagged his tail in joy that it was right. Reaching out with my free hand, after much difficulty I unscrewed the pillar-nut. The trap fell apart and my hand was released, and a minute later I was free. Bingo brought the pony up, and after slowly walking to restore the circulation I was able to mount. Then slowly at first but soon at a gallop, with Bingo as herald careering and barking ahead, we set out for home, there to learn that the night before, though never taken on the trapping rounds, the brave dog had acted strangely, whimpering and watching the timber-trail; and at last when night came on, in spite of attempts to detain him he had set out in the gloom and guided by a knowledge that is beyond us had reached the spot in time to avenge me as well as set me free.

Stanch old Bing—he was a strange dog. Though his heart was with me, he passed me next day with scarcely a look, but responded with alacrity when little Gordon called him to a gopher-hunt. And it was so to the end; and to the end also he lived the wolfish life that he loved, and never failed to seek the winter-killed horses and found one again with a poisoned bait, and wolfishly bolted that; then feeling the pang, set out, not for Wright's but to find me, and reached the door of my shanty where I should have been. Next day on returning I found him dead in the snow with his head on the sill of the door—the door of his puppyhood's days; my dog to the last in his heart of hearts—it was my help he sought, and vainly sought, in the hour of his bitter extremity.

Keeper of the Eternal Fire

DEEP within the wild, rocky fastnesses of the Spavinaw Hills of Oklahoma, some thirty miles from the nearest town, burns the "Eternal Fire" of the Creeks, attended faithfully by White Quill, the appointed "Medicine Man of the Manitou."

According to the Indian belief, seventy years ago a noted war chieftain of the Creeks, Black Wolf, at his "last sleep," called his braves about him and informed them that the Great Spirit had need of him and that he was to be called away, but only for a certain number of "moons," which, in the white man's count would be one hundred years. He appointed a "keeper of the flames." The one appointed, and upon his death, his successor, was to keep the fire then burning in Black Wolf's wigwam supplied with fuel and never to allow it to burn out until he, Black Wolf, returned to his people.

Whatever there may be to the legend, or belief, the fire has been burning ever since the oldest white settler can remember. The Creeks fully expect to see the return of their beloved chieftain at the end of the next thirty years. The first keeper of the fire died some forty years ago and a young "medicine man" was appointed as his successor. This Indian, White Quill, has faithfully attended to his duty for forty years, and as the Creeks live to a ripe old age, he doubts not but that he will see the return of Black Wolf from the domain of the Great Spirit.

White Quill, now sixty years old, was prepared for his "eternal vigil" not only in the lore of his tribe. He also received a good education in a "paleface" school. He believes implicitly in the legend of his tribe—that "flame and smoke from fire followed the upward flight of Black Wolf"—that the chieftain in person will appear again within thirty years. For this reason the fire is kept burning or smoldering continuously. At the end of thirty more years—at the appointed hour—the flames will "leap high, the smoke will ascend to the sky, and down this shaft of smoke and flame will reappear the form of Black Wolf."

White Quill is "civilized" in practically all respects, with the exception of his dress. But he attends to his appointed duty with a faithfulness and attention to detail that no white man would attempt. Each day he carries the ashes from the sacred fire, in the skull of a sacred bison (American buffalo), and scatters them to the four winds, in order that Black Wolf may know his commands are being attended to. At each change of the moon a huge bed of embers is raked apart and green pine needles laid upon the live coals so that a column of smoke "reaching to the clouds" may be seen. This is also to warn Black Wolf in his spirit home that his return to earth and his people is gradually drawing nearer.

For forty lonesome years White Quill, valiant medicine man of the Oklahoma Creeks, has kept the sacred fire burning in Black Wolf's tepee.

White Quill is not only a medicine man and "keeper of the fire," but a warrior also, as he has many times proved. Situated as it is, many miles from the nearest habitation, the location of the eternal fire is infested by various dangers. During the heavy snows of a "lean winter" some ten years ago, White Quill's living tent was attacked by a horde of ravenous wolves that had scented a freshly killed deer hung on the inside. The Indian, at the time, was in the fire tepee attending to his duties. The fire tepee was located a hundred yards from the living quarters. White Quill, without the least hesitation, with knife in hand, slashed his way through the yapping, howling mob of murderous animals and reached his tent into

[*Continued on page 152*]

She Can't Walk, But—

TWENTY years ago in the city of Marion, Ohio, there lived a very determined, little girl who, when only a child in grammar school, developed a firm ambition to perform difficult tasks. She was a rather vivacious youngster, possessed of a charming manner that won for her a host of friends. But what claimed the early admiration of her teachers and parents was the indomitable spirit with which she attacked every bit of work. Conscientious and thorough, she never could believe anything was done at all unless it was done well.

Shortly after her eleventh birthday she finished the seventh grade in the Marion public schools. She looked forward eagerly to the long summer vacation ahead, believing it would bring sunshiny days in the open and long tramps through the woods where she could think out alone her many dreams and ambitions for future years. . . . Vacation time came. But instead of bringing days of sunshine, it brought doctors, nurses and interminable weeks in bed. The child had contracted infantile paralysis.

Through the long months that followed, she was hopeful and brave. Eventually she was able to sit up. Then one day she heard someone whisper that she probably never would be able to walk again.

"I don't care if I can't walk," she said to her mother, her eyes flashing in spite of the tears. "There are lots and lots of other things I *can* do."

And that is why an account of Glenna Mae Sauer's achievements through the last twenty years is, more than anything else, a story of relentless determination.

Miss Sauer, now a young woman of thirty-one, lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Sauer, in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Despite every effort to correct her affliction, including long and tedious treatments in hospitals and sanitariums, she is still unable to walk unless someone is beside her acting as a support. Yet today she is a very active and highly successful business woman, working twelve to fourteen hours daily at two quite diverse occupations and earning a regular income considerably beyond that of the average businessman of her own age. She spends her "spare" time developing certain talents in art and music; she drives a car wherever she pleases, and, most important of all, she always has a cheerful word for everyone and never complains about a thing!

Unable to walk, she can drive an automobile as expertly as anyone. At first mention, this seems quite extraordinary, but the explanation is this: The disease affected her knees, leaving them unstable and altogether too weak to support her weight in walking. As a matter of fact, she can hardly lift her knees at all, being able only to shuffle along when she has someone to lean on for support. Nevertheless, she has sufficient strength in her feet to operate the clutch and brake pedals once she is properly seated in the car. And that is how she effected her emancipation from the life of a shut in.

"If I can't walk, I can do other things," said Glenna Sauer, and she became a successful young business woman of Fort Wayne.

Consider, if you will, her average business day:

Shortly after eight in the morning, a member of her family assists her to the garage where she is helped into the automobile, a medium-priced car with no special adjustments. Once seated, she is able to press the self-starter and then drag her feet to the pedals where she keeps them whenever driving. At eight-thirty, she

[*Continued on page 154*]

His Weeds a Boon to Farmers

DOWN on a Missouri river bottom a big husky farmer was plowing his wheat stubble one fall day. His hired hand had played hookey to attend a circus and William H. Wood of Logan, Iowa, was doing the job himself. "W. H." as the folks around there call him runs a seven-hundred- acre farm just as other people run factories. His good valley land is really a great chemical laboratory on which he is continually experimenting with staple crops and trying out new ones.

"Oh, well, he has that rich bottom land. It'll raise anything," the neighbors say. But Mr. Wood knows better than that whence come his exceptionally fine yields. Any land cultivated without fertilization or rotation of crops will eventually wear out. So "W. H." has an accounting system for every field and it runs on a schedule of crop rotation year by year. You've got to mix the best farming land in the world with sweat and brains.

But this particular patch of land he was plowing that day had always been a puzzle to him. Year after year, without fertilization or change, a good yield had been maintained. And for seven years the parcel of land had been planted to wheat which is exceptionally hard on soil. So "W. H.," as his shining steel plow cut the rich black Iowa loam continued to ponder the riddle in his mind. That was why he was the particular man to stumble upon a discovery which may revolutionize certain kinds of farming.

While stopping to clean the dirt from a plow shovel he noticed tiny knots on the roots of a weed which grew in great profusion in this field. Knowing that nodules on the roots of alfalfa mean nitrogen deposits for the soil and being of an inquiring nature as well as a hardheaded business man who keeps careful ledgers, Mr. Wood heaved his two hundred and sixty pounds off of the groaning plow seat and proceeded to gather some sample plants. Going over the field charts that night he discovered that this field had always had a heavy growth of the curious fern-like weed. It was brought in, he believed, by the Missouri River which used to overflow the bottoms and cover his land before the installation of the dikes that now hold it in check. He also remembered that the weed always came up after the grain had been cut. Apparently it did not injure the crops. On the contrary a survey of his records showed that the yield in this field was greater than it had been seven years previous. And don't forget it had been planted every year to wheat.

The thigh-deep "weeds" discovered by this Iowa farmer and named after him, Wood's Clover, may some day prove as valuable as alfalfa.

As a result of these investigations "W. H." sent samples of the weed to the Iowa Experiment Station at Ames. Here the samples fell into the hands of Professor H. D. Hughes a famous clover expert. The professor recognized the samples as Dalea alopecuroides, a clover little known and generally considered worthless. However, Professor Hughes was greatly interested in the abundance of nodules on the plant's roots. He made a special trip out to see Mr. Wood.

The upshot of some very thorough investigating was a decision to test out the weed in a novel way. "W. H." started mowing his weed patches and threshing the seed. "When folks heard I was saving weed seed and going to plant it the next spring they thought I was daffy." However, he went ahead and later furnished samples of the seed, a very hard tiny grain, shaped almost like a boxing glove, to the experiment station at Ames. Several acres were also planted to this Dalea along with his spring grain.

[*Continued on page 164*]

Librarian to the World

IN ONE corner of the Hotel National in Geneva, Switzerland, is a library which serves not Geneva, nor Switzerland alone, but fifty-two countries of the world. It contains the material which helped settle the vexing questions about Albania. The information on its shelves made possible the difficult division of Upper Silesia between Germany and Poland. Every time that most of the world meets in conference it calls on the documents of this library to help solve its problems. It is the library of the League of Nations, and over it presides an American woman, Miss Florence Wilson of New York.

Miss Wilson is still a young woman, low-voiced, with a decisive courtesy of manner which would attract you even if her brown eyes were less compelling. She has always held a "man's job," and she is allowed to forget it now even less than ever before. For no other woman in all Europe is head of a big library of any sort.

If she had not been the only woman member of the Versailles Peace Conference, she might not have been asked to organize the League Library. And if she had not organized the library for Colonel House's Inquiry she might not have been appointed to the Peace Conference. If she had not spent nine long years at Columbia organizing libraries of every description, she might not have been put in charge of the very complicated Inquiry library. If she had not overruled her family and her physician she would never have gone to Columbia, and if she had not been a fragile child, she wouldn't have had to disobey those important people. So it all goes back, somewhat as President Roosevelt's success did, to the handicap of ill health and the will to overcome it.

She dreamed through childhood, this present librarian to the world, guarded and protected by her family. Most of her days she spent out of doors, and life was a smooth stream down which one glided with as little fuss as possible. She was almost grown when she discovered that such an existence didn't lead anywhere. As far as she could see stretched the same existence, in which she played the rôle of an amiable spectator. She rebelled. Delicate or not, she determined to take a part in the work of the world, to make some reason for living.

As a first step she announced she was going to enter the Library School of Drexel Institute. Her family protested. She could not stand it. If she must be foolish, why not choose something easy instead of the hardest course in the Institute? Finally she won from them a reluctant consent, the first victory in what was to be a long struggle.

A Wilson still furthers the League of Nations. Miss Florence Wilson manages its thirty-five thousand volume library in Geneva.

The library school was doubly difficult for her. Her health was precarious, and she was used to taking excellent care of it. Now she had no more time to spend in outdoor exercise. There was no time for anything but work, continuous work which must be done with an accuracy and a routine drive that appalled her.

Somehow she struggled through. Her family assumed that having satisfied her "whim," she would be content to come home. But the girl who had worked so hard to prepare herself had no mind to abandon her future on its threshold. She determined to go to New York and get a job.

Again there were family protests and even commands. This time her determination failed to win consent. She went to New York without it, and got a job in a settlement library. That first year "on her own" was exciting, but

[*Continued on page 182*]

Everybody's Chestnut Tree

Editor's Note: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

Served Them Right

Bride (at the telephone): Oh, John do come home. I've mixed the plugs in some way. The radio is all covered with frost and the electric ice-box is singing "Way Out West in Kansas."

Well-Founded

In the days of the old Cripple Creek a mining camp judge, upon finding the bad citizen of the camp hanging by the neck from a cottonwood, with his hands tied behind him, a six-gun in one hip pocket and $25.10 in the other, reached this decision:

"If the co't know itself, and the co't think it do, it allow this hyar man come to death from some unknowed causes at the hands of persons unknowed to this co't, and the co't finds the corpse $25.10 for carrying concealed weapons."

No Trade

A Woman's Exchange in St. Louis was managed at one time by a lady of uncertain age noted neither for pulchritude nor amiability. A lank Missourian walking by noticed the sign, studied it awhile, grinned and sauntered in. In an instant the manager was facing him asking rather acidly what he wanted.

"This the Woman's Exchange?" he drawled.

"It is," she snapped.

"An' air you the woman?" he persisted.

"I am," she replied in an exasperated tone.

He looked at her again, then around the room, changed his chew of tobacco from the right to the left cheek and edged toward the door. Once safe in the doorway he remarked: "Wall, I thought, ptu, we might do business, ptu, but I reckon I'll just keep Sal."

In the Big League Now

A rising young burglar had just moved in from Milwaukee to Chicago and won the hand of Chi Bessie, the famous dip. He rushed home one morning in the wee, small hours in high excitement.

"Wake up, Kid!" he shouted to his wife, "Wake up! Pack up! We gotta hop a rattler quick. I just cracked the biggest crib in town and bumped off a coupla harness bulls!"

"Aw, shut up and go to sleep," expostulated the fair lady. "You're in Chicago now."

They Sure Could Gambol

An Idaho sheep raiser whose herder had quit, searched high and low for a substitute. There were no old hands to be had, so he offered the job to a Michigan lumberjack who was stranded on his way to the Coast.

"I don't know nothing about sheep," admitted the man.

"Well you don't need to know nothing to herd sheep," said the sheepman. "You just have to be a little spry to get them all rounded up at night."

"Oh, I'm spry all right," said the logger, and he took the job.

That night he was pretty well fagged.

"How'd you make it with them sheep?" remarked his employer.

"Them sheep was all right," said the lumber jack, "but I sure had a H——l of a time with your d——n lambs."

"Lambs?" said the sheep raiser. It was too early in the season for lambs, so he took the man back to his corral at a run and peered in.

After a grave pause he turned to the new sheep herder. "Yes, you're spry, all right," he conceded. "But them ain't lambs. Them are jackrabbits."

Breaking It to the Minister

The rector of a country church was in his study hard at work on his sermon for the coming Sunday, when a visitor was announced. She was a big muscular person, and when the minister had brought forward a chair she flopped into it and opened up bluntly:

"You're minister Smith, ain't you?"

"I am."

"You remember marrying a couple of strangers at your church a couple of months ago?"

"What were the names?"

"Walter Perkins and Elizabeth Jerkins," said the woman, "And I'm Elizabeth."

"Are you indeed? I thought I remembered your face when you came in, but—"

"Yes," continued the visitor, "I'm her all right, and I thought I ought to drop in and let you know Walter has escaped!"

Faithful to the End

At one of the open-air summer concerts in New York the park band was playing a classic symphony in which the trumpet had one considerable solo part. This trumpet was supposed to come from a distance—"Heard off," and indoors the trumpeter was customarily somewhere off in the stage wings. On this occasion he had left the band stand to seek some favorable location. The music reached the point where the trumpet was supposed to take it up and there was a dead hush. No trumpet. Then from a distant clump of bushes there floated through the darkness the first silvery notes of the trumpet solo. Suddenly they stopped short and there was another breathless hush. Then from another clump of bushes came a few more notes. Again silence. The despairing band leader raised his baton to continue the symphony when a few more notes rang out from a nearer clump. Again they were cut off abruptly. The temperamental leader was rapidly going mad, when from a still different place a considerable part of the solo came rather blurred and hurriedly but triumphant. It was cut off suddenly with a blatt and there was a scurry on the outskirts of the crowd. Through them charged the trumpeter screaming in two or three languages, none of them English. Behind him panted four fat policemen. The frantic musician hurled his trumpet passionately at the leader's feet and turned on his pursuers like a hunted animal.

"Vat ees?" demanded the orchestra leader of a perspiring sergeant.

"It's aall right, chief," said the sergeant soothingly. "Go right on wid your piece. We just waant this gimmick here for distairbin' the peace. He was thryin' to butt inta ye're paarty."

Unexpected Advice

Mr. Newlyrich strutted into a club to which he had been elected. He looked around to see if there was anybody there he knew, and after a while he discovered a well-known lawyer reading by a window.

He walked across to the lawyer and held out his hand, palm down. On his third finger glittered a diamond ring he had just bought.

"Hello, Mr. Briefs," he said, wiggling his fingers to make the diamond sparkle. "What would you do if you were me and had that?"

"I'd sell it," said the attorney, "and buy a nail brush."

The Wrong Key Note

Swiftly he entered the crowded room, pulled a bundle of notes from his pocket and began to address the assembly.

"Gentlemen," said he scowling, "A serious condition confronts us."

The chairman made several attempts to interrupt the speaker, but he refused to be even slowed up. His oration lasted for half an hour, ending with the abruptness with which it had commenced.

"Have you quite finished, sir?" asked the chairman.

"Yes—quite. But I defy you to deny the accuracy of my statements," retorted the orator.

"I have no wish to," answered the chairman. "But I should like to point out that this is the Boosters' Club. The Undertakers' Convention you intended to address is holding its meeting in the room across the hall."

No Place for A Lady

At a small, country station a freight train pulled in and side-tracked for the passenger train. The passenger arrived and pulled out; then the freight started to do its switching. A placid well dressed woman had alighted from the passenger train and was passing close to one of the freight brakemen when he yelled to his buddy.

"Jump on her when she comes by, Bill, run her down by the elevator, cut her in two and bring the head end up by the depot!"

The lady picked up her skirts and ran for the station yelling murder at every jump.

Higher Education

"I hear," said Jones, "That Boggs has sent his son to an agricultural college."

"Yes," remarked Smith. "Said he wanted the boy to have the advantages that he, Boggs, had missed."

"But I thought Boggs was a graduate of an Eastern university."

"He is."

A Fairy Godmother to the Helpless

[*Continued from page 34*]

"Whenever I assert that there is a sane person in an asylum I am accused of setting up my judgment against that of the best alienists in the country; but people who want to put someone away don't employ the best alienists in the country. They are careful not to. They employ unscrupulous physicians who will do anything for money."

If you ask how Mrs. Grannis gets people out, she explains, "When a case comes to my knowledge, I collect thirty or forty written statements by people who know the inmate to be perfectly sane and, armed with these proofs, I make my demands. The asylum authorities surrender the inmate to me rather than have a row and go to court. Not one of the people I have got out has since betrayed any symptom of insanity. All have been happy and self-supporting."

Then she adds, "I don't see why people who are accused of being insane should not have the same privilege of trial by jury that criminals have before their liberty is taken away from them. I am attempting to get a law made that will provide trial by jury in such cases, but it's hard, up-hill work; nobody cares about the prisoners in asylums, as their misery is not seen."

IF YOU question her persistently, Mrs. Grannis will tell of individual cases that show how outrageously the present laws can work. There was the case of a hunchback girl whose parents had died and whose sisters-in-law "didn't want a hunchback around." She spent four years in a madhouse; when Mrs. Grannis got her out, she became secretary to a city official. There was the case of a teacher whose brothers coveted her property; after three years in an asylum, she is again teaching. There was the case of a German-American whose political enemies had him pronounced insane; he is now at the head of a successful business. There was the case of two boys whose mother put them into an idiot asylum; after liberation both boys became soldiers. There was the case of a rich girl whose guardian died. In order to get possession of the girl's property, his widow put her into a hospital for the insane. The girl, now free, has never had the means or the courage to fight for her property. There was the case of a woman whose brother having put two aged aunts and a sister-in-law into asylums, did the same to her, and there she remained until Mrs. Grannis forced her release. There was the case of a woman put in because she might give important evidence in divorce proceedings. There was the case of another woman, whose husband, a self-confessed libertine, had her pronounced "insane with jealousy." There was the case of a physician, whose brother wanted his money. So the story runs on interminably.

From all this, particularly as Mrs. Grannis has taken these people into her own house, one after another, and provided them with funds until they could find employment, you will probably conclude that Mrs. Grannis is an amazing person. Many before you have reached that conclusion—sometimes with amusement and sometimes with rage.

In New England they have a word for the trait dominant in Mrs. Grannis—the word "spunk"—and the more you learn about her Connecticut ancestors, the more you will come to recognize how much she owes to them. They had spunk in large quantities, and a direct, if sometimes a severe way of doing things. Here, for example, is a story of hers that takes you far back into the dim but lively past and shows you how her people could behave when spunk was at a premium.

"Old Judge Dimmick, my great-grandfather, disinherited my grandmother, Melinda, because she married George Howard, the clerk of court. Judge Dimmick thought that his daughter oughtn't to marry George until he was more thoroughly established in his profession, so the old man did everything in his power to keep the young people apart. One winter night he got an ox-team, in order not to make a noise with sleigh-bells, and started with Melinda for a boarding school in Massachusetts. There he left her, thinking that he had got her away from George Howard.

"Two days later George Howard brought her back, and after a few months it came out that the young man had married her on their journey homeward. So her parents shut Melinda up, put her on bread and water, and prepared to send her away.

"Now in those days you were obliged by law to give a daughter six chairs, a table, two feather beds, and four pillows. They added a little horse-hair trunk.

"When George Howard heard that Melinda was to be sent away with only these few things, he spread the news everywhere and got the people from all around to come in wagons and hayricks and help him carry off the bride's dowry. There was a caravan two miles long. He got his bride and her dowry and, taking her to his new home next the courthouse, gave a housewarming.

"After these plucky grandparents of mine had been married quite a while, old Judge

Dimmick lost all his money. By that time he was on fairly good terms with his son-in-law, who had become a successful lawyer, and he asked him for a loan of four hundred dollars—a large sum then. George Howard rose to the occasion magnificently—not only lent him the money, but said, warmly, 'This is the greatest day of my life.' "

However, even spunk inherited from New England ancestors requires cultivation and a queer, formative, ridiculous thing happened to Mrs. Grannis when she was a little girl only eleven years old. One day she came rushing in from her swing and there was the minister, making a pastoral call and ready with an absurd proposition. She says, "He took me up in his lap, as I was small for my age, and told me that if I would coax children to his Sunday school I could have a class and teach just like grown up people.

"I had never heard of anything like that, and I guess nobody else ever did, but I went around among the immigrant children, saw a comical little German girl dragging a rag doll in a match box with a long string on the sidewalk, and coaxed her to come. So next Sunday I had my one pupil. The following Sunday I had two more. Presently I had seven, and I kept my seven. They were never tardy, for I went and fetched them myself.

"Then women took to giving me old dresses and hats. I would have my children's mothers make them over, so my pupils were all gaily attired every Sunday. Though none of the mothers could speak English, they were proud and sensitive. If they accepted help it was because I was a child. The experience I gained in helping them has stood me in good stead for nearly three-quarters of a century."

When the little teacher began to grow up she was sent to Lake Erie Seminary, now Lake Erie College, at Painesville, Ohio, where all the instructors were graduates of the college founded at Mount Holyoke by Mary Lyon.

"Mary Lyon was the guiding star of my life," she says. "I had read everything I could find about her, and her biography I knew backward and forward." But there were other inspirations also. One was the experience of going with a group of Lake Erie girls to hear Lincoln.

"We had all seen the cartoons of him and thought he would be awful to look at," she says, "but when he came out on the platform I thought that his was the handsomest face I had ever seen—there was so much gentleness in it, and he had the most wonderful smile."

THEN, too, there was the inspiration of hearing Garfield preach in a grove at Mentor. She says, "He made one gesture—held out one hand and went up on his toes—and it went through me like an electric thrill." In pure fun she got up a political meeting at the Seminary, made a speech on the stairs, and nominated Garfield for President. Then she says, "Twenty years later, I attended Garfield's inauguration."

A great hero-worshiper was Mrs. Grannis in her student days, and soon, when she became an army nurse after a year or two of teaching, her own heroic qualities were to be tested. "I was in Brooklyn," she says, "when a lot of Northern soldiers were brought to the Brooklyn hospital from Andersonville Prison. The horror of it will never go out of my mind. I remember a Pennsylvania Dutchman who was so thin that you could see his skeleton. I was told to give him only a little food at a time. He pleaded for more—like a hungry animal. They all did, for they had been starved."

Mrs. Grannis was twenty then and a raging beauty, and she tells with amusement how every man there discovered that she was the very image of his wife or mother. "One poor fellow that I was taking care of had been shot through the lungs," she says, "and for hours he never spoke. At last he said, 'You look just like my wife,' and took out her picture from a little pocket. It portrayed a woman forty years old and no more like me than a sour apple."

At twenty-five she married Captain Grannis, art critic and associate editor of the *Evening Post*, and settled down in New York. "He was a perfect husband," she says, "but was disgusted with the woman suffrage business." And she confesses, "The first time I ever went to a suffrage meeting I was so afraid that I covered myself up in a waterproof and sneaked around all sorts of curious ways to dodge anybody who might recognize me and tell."

Evidently she was also afraid of the suffragists, for she says, "I had been reading the papers and seeing the cartoons, and I expected to encounter the most ridiculous women. Instead, I saw the best looking women I had ever seen in my life. They had no ear-rings, no bustles, and none of the outlandish trumpery that the fashions of the time prescribed. Among them were such celebrities as Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott—Lucretia, I remember, wore a beautiful headdress, and I thought I had never seen anything so lovely."

Mrs. Grannis's acquaintance with famous men began later, when she bought Henry Ward Beecher's little magazine, *The Church Union*, and set up as editor—a daring exploit, as in those days "elegant females" were expected to avoid work and content themselves with a sweetly decorative existence. But the excitement subsided, and in course of time her sanctum became a rendezvous for the literary lights of the period—Bryant, Whitman and the rest.

"Bryant was old in those days, so I used to have a girl open a door to let in more light when he came. One day he noticed this, and, drawing my arm through his, danced me all around the office in an impromptu jig, protesting, 'When I get so I can't dance a jig, I'll admit that I'm old, but not before.' "

However, there was no impromptu capering with Walt Whitman. Mrs. Grannis kept Whitman at arm's length, quite properly. "He was a fascinating man, very interesting to spend time with," she says, "but I never stepped my foot on the street with him. I didn't dare."

Among her contributors was a Southern clergyman, Dr. Joseph Wilson, Woodrow Wilson's father. He became acquainted with her by correspondence, and, as she always signed her letters "E. B. Grannis," he supposed that he had been writing to a man. Huge was his astonishment when, coming to New York and dropping in at the *Church Union* office, he encountered a charming and dainty little widow. She took him quite off his feet, and it was not long before, as she relates it, he "wanted to give me a ring that I would value more than my engagement ring."

THAT he never succeeded is not remarkable. She says, "He was the most autocratic man I ever knew. I never saw him meet Woodrow in a college corridor or a railway station when they didn't embrace and kiss each other. Woodrow hated to do it, but his father made him; he was dominated by his father and by no other human being.

"When Woodrow made his first speech I thought he was conceited. He kept repeating, 'If I am elected I shall be the leader of the party'—as if nobody could control him, and I thought, 'Woodrow Wilson, what would your father say?' "

Nevertheless, she had a great affection for Woodrow, partly because of the fun in him. She quotes with delight his whimsical joke, "I know I look like a horse, but what of it? I am right behind the horse." This was obviously the inspiration for his favorite limerick:

"For beauty I am not a star—
There are others more handsome by far.
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
It's the people in front that I jar."

Acquaintance with famous men and famous women showed Mrs. Grannis that celebrities were nothing to be afraid of. She could admire their strong points and laugh at their weak ones. She became as dauntless in her attitude toward the world in general, and there she found absurdities that were anything but laughable. She found a double standard of morality, and called it an outrage. She saw illegitimate children exploited under an old English law transplanted into America, and fought to give them their rights. She saw the entire race deficient in primary good sense—not understanding mating, not understanding breeding—and was among the first to fight for the principle of eugenics. Certain of the most progressive laws designed to protect humanity against its folly in prepetrating crime, insanity, idiocy, and disease were a product of her foresight and courage. She could assail governors, storm legislatures, and fight, fight, until she got results.

Thirty-eight years ago she encountered for the first time an instance of unwarranted incarceration on the charge of insanity. The victim, a woman, had been imprisoned in a madhouse for nearly three years, though as sane as anybody and proving it by writing an excellent book called "Palace Prisons." Mrs. Grannis got her out, and in the struggle uncovered a villainy of proportions at once colossal and ridiculous—colossal in the mischief it does, ridiculous in that a self-governing community has created and maintained a state of things imperiling the freedom of every individual of which that community is composed.

At the height of her powers, mentally, though frail in body, Mrs. Grannis toils with endless persistence to get that state of things abolished, but she says, "All this is only incidental to my real work. My real work is an endeavor to get people so born that there won't be any insanity." In other words it is a fight for the principles of eugenics, and in order to enforce those principles she has built up a league of forward-looking associates who systematically reelect her their president. One of her vice-presidents was Bishop Doane of Albany—he of the leggings, the shovel hat and the famous signature, "William of Albany." Another was the famous fighting Bishop, General Samuel Fallows.

While reading about her now, you probably ask, "Why is it that I never heard of Mrs. Grannis before?" Very little has been published about her. She is not in "Who's Who." Autobiographies by celebrities whose work she has shared generally omit all mention of her. Hardly anyone, passing the old house in East Twelfth Street, knows that there, at a table piled high with correspondence, sits the little old lady whose courage and wisdom and untiring devotion have affected the lives of multitudes, invariably for good, and will have their effect upon generations still unborn.

It has been great fun. A jollier old lady than Mrs. Grannis you will seldom meet. She looks back upon innumerable glorious fights, and laughs, and when she remembers that among asylum officials she is known as "that Grannis woman," she chuckles. Besides, there come letters from people whom she has liberated—letters which alone would be sufficient to reward a lifetime of toil. One, which arrived the other day, is from a woman. Overflowing with gratitude, it begins: "My darling Fairy Godmother."

Profit Intangible

[*Continued from page 114*]

there, turned at sight of her and came to meet her, smiling.

"So you found it!" she exclaimed.

"Found what?" he demanded quizzically.

"The cup, of course!"

"Yes." He sobered. "You know how Hamelet got away with it? Chan Tou reached him with a knife—a slight wound in the thigh. I found Hamelet in that village this morning, done for. He knew it, too."

"Done for?" She stared at him. "You mean, cholera?"

"No. Blood-poisoning and gangrene—pretty horrible, I can tell you. He had gone off his head at first and attacked the villagers. They penned him up in an old hut and left him. Well, there was nothing I could do for the poor chap except lend him my pistol—he had shot away all his cartridges."

"You did—that!" she said slowly.

"Yes." Martinson met her eyes steadily. "It was the most merciful thing. He wouldn't let me bring him here; in any case, it was a matter of hours. So the cup has come back to you."

"Oh—the cup, the cup!" she muttered impatiently, as though she could have cursed it. "Yes, the cup!"

"Exactly. Damn the cup." Martinson smiled. "As Chan Tou said, a thing which can so breed passion, is better gone. You'd better sell it, get rid of it, give it away—no matter. Its value is nothing to you."

She gave him a swift, direct look which bored him through.

"What do you mean by that? Of course it is a good deal to me."

Martinson offered her a cigaret, but she refused. He took one and lighted it, and snapped the match away.

"Remember speaking to me last night about your little camel?"

"Yes."

"I stuck the thing into my pocket before going to bed, so I'd be sure to remember it in the morning. Well, with the rain and all, I forgot it. Coming home, I had a look at it—here it is."

He brought the broken, oddly shaped stone from his pocket, and with it two or three others he had been picking up. She took them from him, frowning in perplexity.

"Why the others?"

"Might be worth keeping," and Martinson smiled. "Look at the inside of the varnished camel—same sort of stuff, isn't it? A ledge of it all along here."

"Yes? But what is it?"

"Some stone, about twenty per cent. galena, and perhaps thirty per cent. silver—runs pretty high, I'd say at a guess."

"Silver!"

She stared at him, suddenly speechless. Martinson chuckled.

"Yes. I wonder what old Yut Lee suspected? Well, it's an odd chance about the camel, but here's your silver mine, and a good one. By the way, you haven't Yut Lee's enclosed letter, I suppose? I'm going to ask you for it. I've found a lot of intangible things."

"Silver! Why, it's incredible—the letter? Yes, it's here—you've put me all in a stupid daze with this news! I can't believe it yet!"

WONDERING, half between smiles and tears, she reached into her white uniform blouse and drew out Yut Lee's letter, and produced the inner sealed envelope, addressed to Martinson. He took it, tore it open. She looked from him to the stones in her hand, and back again.

"You'll be interested in this," said Martinson quietly, a new note in his voice. "Let's read it together—here."

She took one side of the typed sheet and leaned over, her cheek beside his, and read:

> MY FRIEND:
>
> Have you found the silver? No matter, I have suspected for a long time silver was there. Now, being prosperous, I have acquired mineral rights from the government over an area all around the Wu Shan Hospital, and have the money for development. If you have not found the silver, then look. Our agreement was half shares, you will remember.
>
> However, there are greater things than silver in the Wu Shan hills. You will either discover or pass by the intangible treasure; only in the consciousness of discovery will you seek to read this note, I think. And if you read it, know that I desire to compliment you—nothing more. There will not be a division of this intangible treasure, naturally, but a decision will have to be made—by the treasure itself. I shall burn prayers in hope of happiness.

Doctor Hill looked up from the three ideographs forming the name of Lee Yut Toi, and a slow color crept into her cheeks as she met the eyes of Martinson.

"Your decision, Eve!" he asked quietly.

"Eve?" she said, a question in her voice.

"Why, yes! Eve was the first woman. You'll always be Eve, to me."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as though comprehending. "But Eve didn't decide anything—she only got the blame!"

Yut Lee's letter fell unheeded to the ground between them, as their hands met.

The Million-Dollar Lie

[*Continued from page 85*]

"I will go to the bank myself," said Jones with dignity.

"Then can I count on $50,000 by tomorrow?"

"Absolutely."

"All right. Fine and dandy! That's the way I like to hear a man talk. Todd & Jones, Realtors! We'll make 'em sit up and take notice, in this little old town of Mayville!"

Jones took leave of Todd and went up the street to the Mayville State Bank. Wells was in and would see him at once.

He entered the private office of the vice-president with a lump in his throat—but he came out with a cashier's check for $50,000 in his hand.

"We won't consider it as a loan, Mr. Jones," concluded Wells. "It's your profit on the industrial deal."

"But, I—"

"I know. You didn't put up a dime. As a matter of fact, neither did I. It took only $100,000 cash to handle. Your name did the rest."

Jones went out reeling. His first impulse was to rush to Todd with the money but on second thought he decided to take the check home and show it to Mrs. Jones. It might make matters easier.

Jones found his wife in no amiable frame of mind. She confronted him with a half dozen letters, addressed to him at Cedar Rapids, care of Kennicot Dobbs, and returned "wrong address."

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

He thought she did not seem quite satisfied with his explanation. She wanted to know too much about his mysterious "deal." She was even harder to lie to than Todd. But she accepted the proof of the check.

Supper that night was interrupted by the arrival of Norwood, who had heard at the office of Jones' return.

"Mr. Jones," he began, "if I had your luck, the government could collect all the income tax they needed right from me."

"Why?"

"Why not! You just naturally walk into money, that's all. There's a nice little profit of $15,000 waiting for you down at the Bank of Commerce, just as soon as you sign the transfers on that business corner."

"You've resold it?"

An ague of excitement had Jones in its grip.

"Just like shooting fish in a barrel! You made an extra $5,000 by staying away so long. I couldn't deliver to the parties at $50,000 so another buyer comes along at $55,000."

"How soon will you have to have the balance of the $10,000, Jack? I promised Todd $50,000 tomorrow and I have a check here for that amount," producing it. "I can't very well cut into this. I'm afraid you'll have to wait a day or so."

"Nothing of the kind. We can close the deal the minute you sign up. No more money needed. You have made $15,000 on an investment of $3,000. Mrs. Jones—and I've cleaned up $2,500 in commissions, $1,500 of which I will collect from you. I'm sure you don't object to that?"

"Not in the slightest, Jack. Any time you have another good think, let me know," condescended Jones, his nonchalance returning.

"Sure thing. And by the way, I have a buyer for your house here. What do you hold it at?"

"Well, I wouldn't sell it for less than $7,500."

"Would you sell it for $8,500, Mr. Jones?"

"We would!" came with alacrity from Mrs. Jones, who up to this point had listened in silence.

"Then you can consider it sold. Naturally, Mrs. Jones, you would want to build in one of the more exclusive sections, now that mere money is no object. Say, I have just the lot for you! It is—"

"We'll go into that later, Jack," interrupted Jones hastily. "My wife and I are still planning to take that trip, you know. We will not build until after our return."

"Surely you aren't going to go away now, right when you are beginning to make money hand over fist?" asked Norwood in dismay.

"We can't say, really. Our plans are quite indefinite."

"But your partnership with Mr. Todd?"

"Mr. Todd is more interested in my money than he is in me," said Jones, with prophetic truth. "I am willing to let him work for me but I do not intend to be an office slave."

"Anyway, I can count on meeting you at the Bank of Commerce tomorrow at nine, can I not, Mr. Jones?"

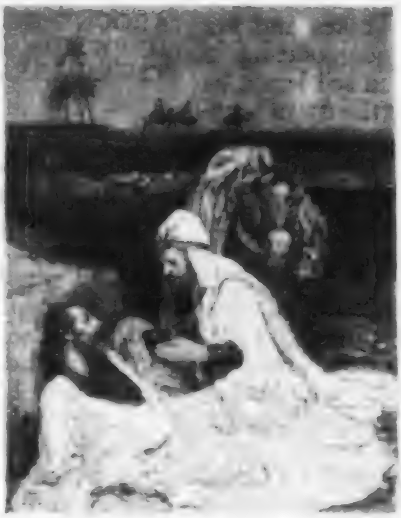
"I will be there."

They resumed their dinner in silence after Norwood left. An atmosphere of restraint was between them. Mrs. Jones seemed to have something on her mind and once or twice she appeared on the verge of broaching the subject, whatever it was, but apparently thought better of it.

The silence was relieved by the ringing of the telephone. It was a salesman for an expensive make of motorcar. He wanted to know if he might have the pleasure of an appointment for

Giving Good Gifts

WHAT a lovely thing it is—the Christmas spirit—that prompts men and women to forget self and open hearts and purses that others may be made happy. But sometimes that very spirit—beautiful as it is—sweeps one into gift-giving which is embarrassing. In our efforts to spread gladness as far as we can, we frequently send gifts to those who have much "gold, frankincense and myrrh" and would appreciate a kindly Christmas thought more than an expensive gift.



At the Wayside

In a beautiful Christmas story, we read of a Fourth Wise Man who was turned from his high purpose of bearing offerings to the new-born King by a compelling impulse to help the suffering at the wayside. Yet in the end was his honor all the greater. The allegory is plain:—the worthy desire to give costly gifts to those we love should not keep us from helping the unfriended and the needy.

When well and happy we are apt to forget the sick and suffering and needy—men and women and little children to whom Christmas has brought nothing but heartbreak and hopes denied, whose lives, drab at best, are made even more dreary by contrast with the gladness and cheer of the Yuletide season.

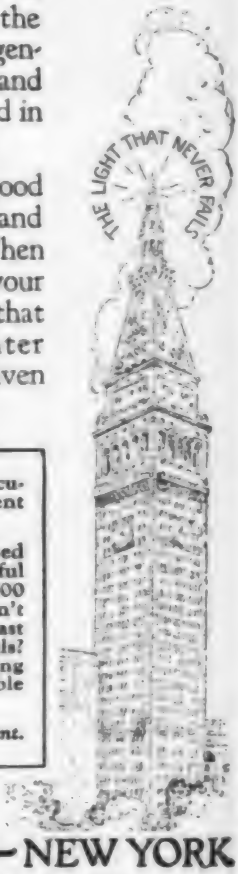
Try a New Plan this Year

This Christmas, give good gifts—not as custom dictates, but as your heart prompts. Give lavishly as your means will permit. Give to those you love and those to whom your gift will bring gladness. Give as far and as widely as you can. But in your giving set apart something—a little or much—for those who are in *need* of Christmas gifts. It is not necessary to have a great deal of money to extend your gift-giving beyond your immediate circle. Perhaps you can spare only a dollar, or a twenty-five-cent piece, or a dime.

Give Wisely

If you do not know any unfortunate families who need your help, or if you feel that the amount you can give is too small to be of use, give to one of the many well-organized relief and welfare societies. They are in a position to investigate needy cases and will use your money to do the greatest amount of good. They supply warm clothing, they furnish nourishing dinners and distribute toys to eager youngsters who have written confidingly to Santa Claus. It is impossible to calculate the good which these charitable agencies do in giving new hope and cheer to those sick in spirit and in body. They need your help.

—This Christmas, give good gifts—the gifts of happiness and cheer and encouragement. When you are making merry around your tree know the joy of feeling that others are having a brighter Christmas because you have given from your heart.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

You who are well and happy this Christmas—who are looking forward to a day of gladness spent with your dear ones—won't you help spread cheer and comfort among those stricken with Tuberculosis?

All over the world today are thousands and thousands of sufferers from Tuberculosis. In this country alone it is estimated that there are 1,000,000 men, women and children afflicted with this dread disease.

Christmas Seals help to support more than 600 hospitals and sanatoria, with nearly 70,000 beds; more than 600 clinics and dispensaries; 3,000 open-air schools, fresh air classes and outdoor camps for children predisposed to Tuberculosis; 10,000 nurses who are giving treatment and health instructions.

The cheery little Christmas Seals which are used to fight Tuberculosis offer an instance of useful giving. Whether your income is $50,000, $5,000 or $500 a year—here is a way to help. Won't you do this simple, gracious thing—buy at least a dollar's or a dime's worth of Christmas Seals? They cost only a penny apiece. Others, seeing your Seals may be reminded to join in the noble work of fighting the Great White Plague.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

the next day, to demonstrate the car to Mr. and Mrs. Jones. He might not, Jones told him.

There was a man waiting to see Jones when he came down to breakfast the next morning.

"Are you a salesman?" he demanded.

"No, Mr. Jones," that individual replied, handing him a card which carried the information that his name was J. B. Stokes and his business was oil. "We are incorporating a company of local men to buy and sell leases in the new Arroyo Seco Field. For the use of your name in connection with the proposition, we will give you a $20,000 block of stock."

"And what will be the extent of my liability?"

"The company will stand investigation, Mr. Jones."

"Very well, then if my bank advises it, Mr. Stokes, I will accept your proposition. I wish you good morning."

In the next three days, Jones began to reap the full harvest of his lie. It became no longer a problem of getting into deals but of keeping out of them. He had become that austere personage his fancy had long pictured—Mayville's leading citizen.

While in time Jones's structure might have become topheavy and crashed of its own weight, it was not permitted to get beyond a good solid foundation. On Monday night of the following week, as they were preparing to retire, there came a ring at the door.

"You go, dear," said Jones. "I've lost my patience with these salesmen and promoters."

Mrs. Jones returned with a telegram. This time she did not wait for her husband but opened it herself. The message was from Cedar Rapids and read:

YOUR UNCLE KENNICOT DOBBS DIED IN NAPLES YESTERDAY ACCORDING TO CABLE ADVICE BODY BEING SHIPPED HERE FOR BURIAL ADVISE COME AT ONCE

WILLIAM B. HAYWORTH EXECUTOR

As Mrs. Jones read the message, a smile slowly spread over her face.

"Anthony," she called, "it's a telegram."

The word telegram brought Jones from the bathroom on the run. Digging the soap out of his eyes, he took the message and read it at a glance. Then his jaw fell. For a long moment he stood there silent. Finally he looked up with a sheepish grin.

At that Mrs. Jones burst out laughing.

"Oh, Anthony, you're so funny! I was really fond of poor Uncle Dobbs and I'm sorry he's dead—at last. But how could he die twice?"

"Well, dear, I—"

"No, Anthony, please don't explain. I understand better than you know. See here!" And she went to her bedroom, returning with her purse, out of which she took a telegram worn with much folding and refolding. "Read that!"

Jones took the message and read:

NO NEED TO COME AM LEAVING FRIDAY FOR NEW YORK ON FIRST LEG AROUND WORLD IN OPPOSITE DIRECTION HOPE MRS. JONES IS OVER SMALL-POX BY TIME I ARRIVE LOS ANGELES

UNCLE DOBBS

"It came the night you left," she explained.

"And to think you let me go on believing you didn't know!"

"It was too terrible, Anthony. I just didn't dare. I was afraid if I as much as breathed a word of suspicion, you would lose your nerve and people would have known you for—"

"Say it, dear! A damnable, monstrous, inconceivable liar!"

When all that was earthly of Kennicot Dobbs had been restored to the rich Cedar Rapids soil from which he sprang, and when the will was opened and read, Jones received the biggest surprise of his life.

"To my industrious but small-visioned nephew, Anthony Kennicot Jones, who can see no farther than a set of books in a real estate office, and who in my estimation lacks the financial acumen to handle any considerable sum of money, I will and bequeath the sum of $40 a week, for the rest of his natural life, payable weekly, out of the residue of my estate, as in my opinion he always will be a $40 a week man.

"The balance of my real and personal property, including all stocks, bonds, cash in banks and other securities, collaterals and assets of any and all description, I herewith will and bequeath as a fund for the founding of an institution for the training of young men in professions more profitable than that of bookkeeping."

A ripple of laughter greeted the conclusion of the reading. Flushing, Jones turned to his wife. She sat pale, trembling with anger. Rising, he surveyed the people in the room. The smiles died from their lips as they caught the look in his eyes.

Then, as suddenly as it had risen, the tide of wrath ebbed in Jones. He grew calm. The color in his cheeks became normal. Surveying the audience once more, he burst into laughter.

"Do you realize where you are, Mr. Jones?" demanded Attorney Hayworth, executor for the estate, who had read the will.

"Yes, I do. That's what makes me laugh. It's where I've wanted to be all my life!"

"Where? Surely not at your uncle's funeral?"

"No, Mr. Hayworth, not at my uncle's funeral. In the millionaire class, that's where I

So Simple It's Hard to Believe

Yet this fresh, new food works surely, naturally. Here is the whole secret of its power:

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Z-23, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD *tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!*

"ABOUT A YEAR AGO my face, neck and arms were covered with pimples. I was a bundle of nerves. One day my Mother told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I took two a day for two months. Then the miracles started to happen. My pimples vanished. I no longer jumped at every little noise. Today, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a new girl."

ANNE M. CREMIN, New Haven, Conn.

"I AM AN OFFICER in the Merchant Marine. Day and night, in fair weather and in foul, duty confines me to the bridge. Unceasing vigilance calls for sustained alertness of faculties. This means keeping clean inside and out. Two years ago I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. To its daily use from that time do I ascribe my present condition of physical well-being. I have proved it to be an efficacious intestinal cleanser—wonderfully invigorating. This food keeps fresh for days in the refrigerator. I restock at all ports of call. I enjoy a clear skin, fine appetite, an orderly stomach and improved eyesight—further benefits directly traceable to the proper use of Fleischmann's Yeast."

FREDERICK A. MACK, New York City.

am! And the joke of it is, Uncle Dobbs didn't know!"

"Mr. Jones, you evidently misheard the will. I will read one clause of it again, for your especial benefit."

"Oh, no, Mr. Hayworth. You needn't bother. I heard every word."

"Then what are you standing there laughing for, on this solemn occasion, and talking about being in the millionaire class. Do you consider yourself a millionaire?"

"Not yet, Mr. Hayworth, but soon, quite soon. Within the year, I would say, or next year at the outside—and all on account of good old Uncle Dobbs."

"So you are going to make a million dollars out of $40 a week, are you?"

"Oh, no, hardly. Out of a million-dollar lie, if you will pardon me. But you wouldn't understand, Mr. Hayworth. No, a man like you couldn't understand. Tell me, about how much do you suppose it would cost to hire some one to keep my uncle's grave green? Permanently, you understand. Do you suppose it could be accomplished for $40 a week?"

"That is all provided for in the will, Mr. Jones. You need not trouble yourself."

"Very well, then. I suppose I'll find some equally worthy use for the money. You see, I revere Uncle Dobbs's memory. I am really the first graduate from his school and I wanted to do something handsome. So glad it's been provided for. I'll look in on the grave from time to time, when I come East, to see that everything is green and nice. You'll have to excuse us now, as we're on our way back to California. It's quite a trip, the way we're going—New York, Paris, Hong Kong and Honolulu. Same way poor Uncle Dobbs started out. Only we'll make it, I imagine. We're younger. Good day, sir. Good day, all. Come, dear!"

The leading citizen of Mayville and next president of the Optimist Club took Mrs. Jones's arm and they left the room, in their eyes already the fulfilled vision of far land and strange seas.

Keeper of the Eternal Fire

[*Continued from page 138*]

which the wolves had not penetrated. Once inside and in possession of his modern Winchester rifle the battle was soon over. Nineteen hungry beasts suffered death before the remainder slunk away, defeated. At another time a band of drunken outlaws undertook to raid the sacred fire tepee in search of what was reputed to be a small fortune in dressed skins, wampum and other valuable Indian relics. They made the mistake of trying to enter the fire tepee first, for White Quill was asleep in his own tent. The first intimation the outlaws had of his presence was a stream of lead and living fire from the Indian's rifle. He was located in the forks of a huge oak tree near-by. Three of the raiders paid with their lives, while two others were wounded and were taken by other Indians to Strang the next day and turned over to the law.

The fire tepee is made of tanned buckskin and weatherproofed by a secret process known only to White Quill. Night and day, sun or storm, he keeps the sacred fire burning. He allows no one, white or red, to enter the fire tepee except himself. No white man is ever knowingly allowed even to see it. To take a picture of it is out of the question.

When off duty White Quill usually wears the ordinary costume of his race—buckskin trousers and hunting shirt—but invariably when replenishing the sacred fire he is dressed in the full regalia of his rank—a medicine man and keeper of the eternal fire. Never, under any circumstances, will he enter the fire tepee in ordinary dress. He sleeps in an ordinary tent, and it is often moved to suit his fancy, according to the weather, but is always in sight of the fire tepee. Not once during the forty years he has been fire keeper has White Quill been out of seeing distance of the eternal fire.

His food is brought to him by the young Creek Indians—from the stores thirty miles away, from the forests and streams, though he often bags a deer or wild turkey within sight of the fire tepee. Needless to say, he fares well, for he is a sort of god to the other Indians. He never receives more than two Indian visitors at a time, and the same individuals only once a year. It is said that only three white men have ever visited him by his consent during the forty years of his vigil, and they were not allowed to approach the fire tepee.

White Quill is a unique character, even for an Indian. He can talk entertainingly on almost any subject familiar to the white race, and keeps himself informed by reading all the late books and magazines, but he is thoroughly imbued with the Indian lore and the belief that Black Wolf will return to his people at the appointed time. He has never seen an automobile for the reason that one could not be driven to within many miles of his location, but he has seen the "thunder birds" (airplanes) passing overhead and is greatly interested in them. He firmly believes, as do his brother Indians, that Black Wolf will return with the consent and the good will of the Great Spirit and in possession of a sacred power that will make the Creeks the most powerful and happy of *all* Indian tribes.—G. A. TIBBANS.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Quality–

determines the pride you take in your car

Quality in its design and finish make you proud of its fine appearance.

Quality in its chassis construction gives you a brilliant performance of which you may well be proud.

And because of the lasting pride to be found in its appearance and performance—worthy of much costlier cars—more than two million people have become Chevrolet owners.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Touring -	$525
Roadster -	525
Coupe -	675
Sedan - -	775
Commercial Chassis -	425
Express Truck Express -	550

ALL PRICES F. O. B.
FLINT, MICHIGAN

The Coach $695 f.o.b. Flint. Mich.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

She Can't Walk, But—

[*Continued from page 139*]

arrives at her place of business, the Fort Wayne Drug Company, a large, wholesale house in the business district of the city. An associate meets her at the curb and helps her to her desk. As head of the billing department for the store, she puts in a very busy eight hours, taking off an hour at noon when she drives home for lunch.

At five-thirty, she is helped into her car again and one day's work is done. But instead of returning home to rest, she proceeds to put in *another* day's work. Assuming the rôle of life insurance agent, she drives to all parts of the city and to numerous towns throughout the county, calling on as many prospects as possible. She takes advantage of the quitting hour to meet many of her clients on the street and drive them home, "selling them" on the way. She usually returns home for dinner—although not always—and then goes out again, rarely quitting before ten o'clock at night. Sometimes she is not home until after eleven.

Her success in selling policies has been so marked that on numerous occasions she has done as much business as full-time salesmen employed by the same firm in the Fort Wayne district, both as to the number of policies written per month and also as to the monthly volume of business, or net earnings.

She has always been as busy ever since the day she was condemned, seemingly, to the dreary life of an invalid. After several years in hospitals and sanitariums, following which her case was pronounced "hopeless," the outlook, for a girl just entering her "teens," was hardly a bright one. Yet Glenna does not seem to have wasted much vital energy bemoaning her unhappy plight. Instead she concentrated all her efforts on fitting herself for whatever a person so handicapped could do. The first thing she turned her attention to was music. And she stuck to it, practicing on the piano until she had achieved the results she desired. Today she plays excellently. Next came drawing and painting, more difficult fields for her. Several of her attempts in oil and water colors adorn the Sauer home today. Then she took up in turn china painting, wash drawing and pen-and-ink sketching. You can see how she was reaching out in every direction for things to do. It was not a mere matter of occupying her time, either. She concentrated on every task as if everything depended upon it.

When she was twenty-three—a dozen years after she had been compelled to leave school—she decided she wanted a diploma from the eighth grade. It meant a full year's work in a different school system, as her family meanwhile had moved from Marion to Fort Wayne, and it involved the studying of long forgotten arithmetic formulas and grammar rules. Her brother, Henry, who was then attending the eighth grade himself, arranged with the teacher to bring home lesson assignments every evening. Glenna purchased text books, worked out each lesson without help and sent them back in the morning. She passed every subject with honor marks, and received her diploma.

Within the next few years she felt an urge to do something of a more practical nature. Although her parents never dreamed she secretly was planning to enter the business world, they permitted her to study a commercial course by correspondence. Along with her studies she needed a typewriter. This was obtained and she practiced until she became proficient.

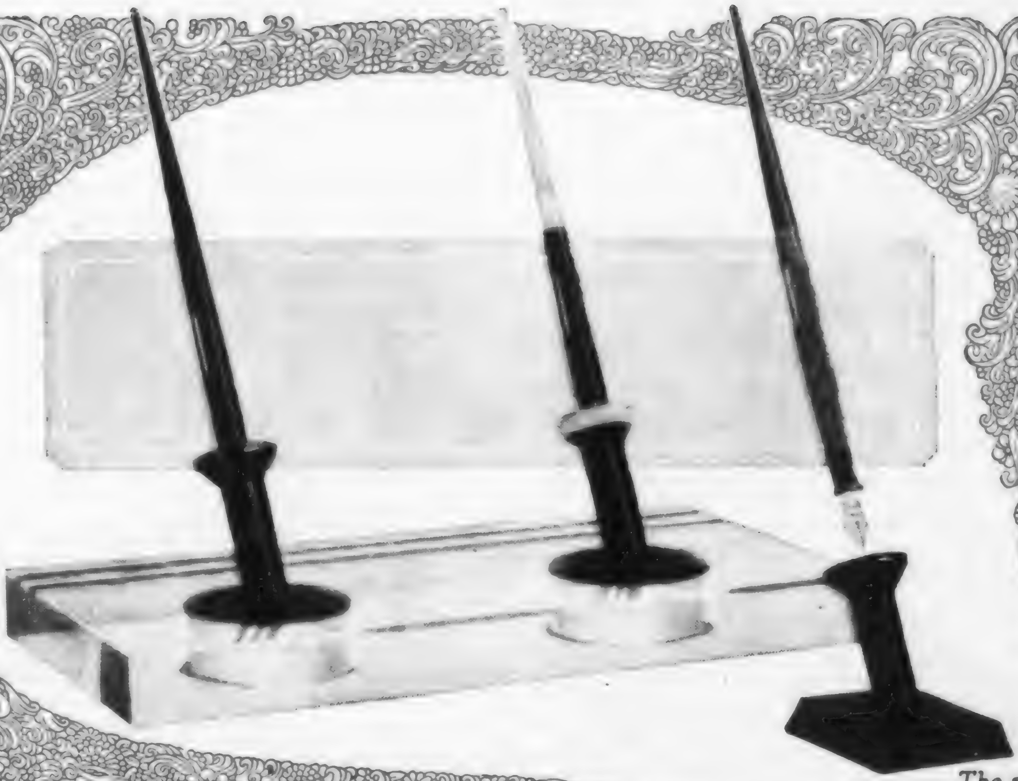
One day three years ago she decided it was time to use her commercial knowledge to advantage. She called a taxi and drove down to the drug store where she is now employed. After she had explained to the manager that her brother could drive her to and from work every day, the surprised executive decided to give a girl of her pluck at least a fighting chance.

"But of course," he explained to her anxious parents, "it will be only temporary. She will tire of the ordeal after a week or so." It was with this understanding Miss Sauer tackled her first job. She not only continued at the store but she soon proved herself so capable she was given a promotion. Her parents finally were reconciled when they saw the work was doing her no harm. Promotions continued until now she is a department head with half a dozen girls under her.

About a year after she started to work, Henry, who had been taking her to work regularly, was forced to leave the city. Glenna said the situation could be solved if Henry would teach her to drive the automobile before he left. Her brother consented and they worked together night after night until Glenna was able to drive alone.

When she was approached one day by a life insurance agent, a new ambition possessed her. She was already busy at the store and with her varied interests at home, but she disliked "being idle." So she was given a chance and she began selling life insurance after working hours and on Saturday afternoons. Success apparently was inevitable.

Whether Miss Sauer will ever walk again, physicians say, is very doubtful. But whether she does or not, she will, it seems safe to predict, be a pretty busy woman the rest of her life.—DONALD F. SLUTZ.



The sign of ● a Lifetime

America has long wanted and needed this fountain pen set

Here is a brand new kind of gift for busy men, and women also—another Sheaffer achievement. It is a rich and beautiful desk set, holding two fountain pens so that they are always ready for *instant use.* The pens, of course, are the famous Sheaffer Lifetimes, made of the jewel-like Radite and made to give hard service for a lifetime. The base is of finest plate glass and the sockets are of lustrous and imperishable Radite, holding the pens in vacuums, so that they cannot dry out. Both black and red ink always at hand. This splendid and practical gift, in different styles and sizes, now at better stores everywhere.

Prices, including long pens, from $10 to $30

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

The Man They Hanged

[*Continued from page 59*]

hope you carry pleasant news to Colonel Livingston, from the Northland."

"As for that Livingston," said the taller of the two, "we are none of his people but belong to Major Schuyler." He spoked sullenly; and now that I looked at them I thought both seemed dangerous men.

"Oh," said I, "and how fares it with Major Schuyler in the North?"

Said the short, powerful fellow in an impudent, surly voice: "He trod upon a hell's nest of French and beat 'em twice and cut his way out. And no thanks to Livingston, either."

"Were you with him?" I asked, slackening step also to listen.

"Yes, we were there," said the taller man carelessly.

"Was it a brave fight?" I enquired eagerly.

He gave me a bantering look, yet not disrespectful: "Well, Captain-long-sword," said he, "if you must know, it was something of a wild-cat fight. And they say that Frontenac wrote to his French King that Schuyler's battle was the fiercest and bloodiest that ever yet had been fought in North America."

"Come," said I, excited, "you shall drink a draught with me at the Dark Ship and tell me more. For," said I, "though I never yet have seen a battle, I mean to, and the telling of such tales delights me."

THE shorter fellow looked hard at me, then at my feathered hat, the brim of which was bound with tarnished gold, I having that privilege through the Derringdale blood in me.

"Sir," said he bluntly, "will you be pleased to name yourself so that we may reckon with your politics?"

"With pleasure," said I, laughing, "and my name is Dirck Hazlett—"

"Ho!" exclaimed the taller forest-runner. "Was it *you* who pinked the pirate? No! Not a youth like you!"

I said that it was I who had done Captain Maze's business; and at that they shouted with delight. "Look at the lad who amazed Mr. Maze! Thy hand, friend—if it be not too great a condescension—"

They grasped my hand and almost crushed it, looking at me like two great, dangerous, grinning dogs.

"Pinked the pirate!" they cried. "And sent him to his ship on a shutter! And he tells us he never yet has seen a battle." They roared and slapped their knees.

"Lord!" said I, "that was no difficult affair, my friends, and I marvel that two so gallant men who have fought with Peter Schuyler should notice so small a matter as a tavern brawl."

But it seemed that this Captain Maze was considered a terrible adversary in Albany where once he had attacked a mutinous crew and slew eight with his own hand. I had never heard of that affair till now, but I said that those sailors must have been no more than wretched sheep to suffer so contemptible a sword as Captain Maze's.

The forest-runners were now in happiest spirits and without suspicions. They named themselves; the tall fellow with the yellow dangerous eyes, called himself Schoharie Harry, and the other Nick of Beverwyck.

So, arm in arm, we went into The Dark Ship Tavern, and I made them drink and sup with me, and showed them the sea-faring folk from ships in port, who sat around about us drinking and supping and noisy in their laughter and disputes.

"Be there pirates among 'em?" whispered Nick of Beverwyck in my ear, and his eyes of an owl very wide and round.

"Plenty," said I, smiling. "Yonder bald fellow who hath hung up his wig with his sword upon yonder nail is a known buccaneer. He is in the Malabar trade, carries letters of reprisals, and is come into port under English colors with a Portuguese snow as prize, which he swears, showed French passes although he had mislaid them. His name is Dick Chivers, and it is said that Stephen Delancy has him in pay, and will answer for the lost passes."

"Are there others?" asked Schoharie Harry, "that—long man yonder by the window—the one in earrings and a scarlet coat and a black patch to hide an empty eye—"

"Lord," said I, laughing, "he is a most honest trader, one Mr. Bradley, brother to pretty Madam Oort who is to wed my dear friend, Captain William Kidd—"

At that moment Mr. Bradley caught my gaze and gaily waved a hand at me, then lifted his wine glass.

I bowed and rendered him reason, then I said to Harry, "No; but yonder little fellow in snuff-colored doublet, broad-belt and a yellow China sash full o' Moorish pistols, who sits a-gnawing a ham bone, and wolfs his bread like a famished thing—*he* is in the Red Sea Trade; and he comes into port with Armenian goods and a hold full o' blacks to sell."

"Slaves?"

"Aye. We need no more blacks in New York. There are eight hundred now, and rumors that they plot to rise if the French come down."

We ate and drank for a while in silence, but

Candy—The Universal Gift—
appropriate and appreciated always.
BUNTE BROTHERS.

DIANA
STUFT

DIANA "Stuft" Confections are as essential to the success of the holidays as the Christmas Tree itself. ¶A gift for all the family. ¶These thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells "stuft" with pure . . . *luscious fruit-jams . . . nuts and marmalades* . . . are the ideal candy for the holidays and every social occasion. ¶The packages best suited to Christmas are the 2, 3, 5 pound air-tight tins, or the 1 pound air-tight glass jar. ¶Get the original and genuine Diana "Stuft" Confections wherever good candy is sold.

BUNTE BROTHERS • Est. 1876 • *World-Famous Candies* • CHICAGO

DIANA "STUFT"
Confections

Bunte
ESTABLISHED CHICAGO
1876

WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES
1200 Kinds From Which to Choose

their eyes always were on duty and roving curiously to see what they might spy. And ever they were nudging each other to take notice of new arrivals, and their covetous gaze devoured the gaudy sashes and bright gold-laced hats and jerkins and the long knee-coats fastened with silken knots and loops instead o' buttons.

"The French soldiers," said Nick presently, "wear their own hair curled and gathered and tied with a ribbon. And their hats are three cornered and cocked."

"That new style is known also in New York," said I, "and some among the English folk affect it, but none of the Dutch as yet. Tell me the history of Schuyler's fight. I am eager to hear of this bloody encounter in the woods."

Nick related it, how they had marched with less than two hundred English and Dutch out of Albany, and with some Algonquins, but with the remainder all Iroquois, and mostly Mohawk. And he told me how they ambushed and surprised the French works, slaying the Praying Indians on the strand where they lay asleep under their canoes and then rushed upon the fort and drove the Frenchmen headlong upon their main body.

He related how, in turn, a French ambush was laid on the road back to their boats. "There," said he, "it was hand to hand, breast to breast, sword to sword, and hatchet to hatchet! The French Loups ran from the field, and so did our Algonquins, but the Iroquois fought like true men, and Frenchmen and Englishmen and Dutchmen fell dead in bloody embrace. Sir, it was a battle of crazed wildcats, there in the thick forest by the waters; and had the French garrison behind us then marched out upon us, none among us ever had survived."

"Were you hurt?"

"Not I, not Harry, either. Yet—" he lifted his beaded pouch and pointed at Harry's wallet, and I saw that both of them were ornamented with scalps.

"A bounty?" I asked, shuddering.

"Not even a stiver of siwan. No, 'twas for the glory only," and he fondly considered his wallet, and smoothed and caressed the long fringes of dead hair. "It seems a tasteful and pretty design. Here," says he, toying with a braided scalp-lock "is the hair of a war-chief from St. Francis. I broke his leg and then his arms, and had him between two great logs of their breastworks, but he got under them so that I thought I never would finish killing him. And this," said he, "was the lock of a young Abenaki who chased me to the water and where I turned on him and drowned the poor fool. But Harry has more and finer scalps which he took from three Loups and an Otaway—"

"I shot only the Otaway," said Harry modestly, "and slid my knife under only one other. Two more lay near a-dying, so I took their hair as nobody else had noticed them. God," he added thoughtfully, "that was a red day in the forest, and Nicky, here, was running scarlet like a butcher when I met him by the water's edge—"

"You were no cleaner," retorted Nick of Beverwyck, crunching the roasted leg of a capon and washing it down with a great draught of new cider.

But I had eaten enough, for, what they told me, had somewhat sickened my appetite. Yet it all bewitched me, and as soon as ever the French king began his war once more in earnest, I meant to see what it was like.

I said this, with some modesty and hesitation, to Nick; and spoke of enlisting in the New England army.

But he told me that there were no trained troops in New England; that if ever they won a battle, it was by accident or at a fearful cost of men. "Because," said he, "they think bravery is enough, and training not necessary. I went with the army when Sir William Phips sailed for the St. Lawrence. Nothing was done, as you know, Mr. Hazlett, and all ended in ridicule and disgrace and cost New England a mint o' money, too."

"MUST a man go to Europe if he desires to serve in the Wars?" I demanded.

"I know not," said Schoharie Harry, "only that New York City will not take the field and drive the French from Canada; and Boston can not; but both push on the Iroquois who already are sickening of the cuffs and kicks which Frontenac bestows.

"Yes," added Nick, "and lately comes, to the Albany Fort, sachems from the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onandagas, and Senecas, and with a pack o' wampum belts, to talk with Schuyler and the Patroon.

"They say it was a bitter talk, and that all the sachems cried out upon the unjustice and cowardice of New York. 'For,' said they, 'we Iroquois are the only barrier that protects you from the French. You tell us to make war upon them, and we do so, but we see no New York or Boston soldiers behind us. None! Why do you push us on to fight while you remain hiding in New York City! Why do you not *lead* us yourselves?'"

"That is true," said I. "And I hope that when Colonel Fletcher, our new governor, arrives, he will set us marching on that New World's plague spot, Quebec."

I ordered a fresh jug of cider and long clays and tobacco for my new friends.

Said Nick, blinking with the content of a full-fed cat: "Mr. Hazlett, are you so impatient for adventure that you talk of seeking the European wars?"

"I will be frank," said I. "Two motives urge me: I am poor and my fortune needs mending.

FATIMA
what a whale of
a difference just
a few cents make

I naturally incline to arms and adventure, for it runs in the blood of my race."

Nick glanced through the smoke of his clay pipe at his comrade, and Schoharie Harry winked at him.

"Sir," said Nick, "it is plain that you are a gentleman and an honest one, and ought to be trusted. Shall I tell you why we came to New York in company with five Mohawks?"

"I ask no secrets in payment for your entertainment," said I, sharply.

"You misunderstand us," said Harry. "We need you more than you need us."

Said Nick, nodding agreement: "We came here for two reasons, one public, one private. Major Schuyler sent us to ask for troops against Three Rivers. We are told that no troops can be sent until your new governor arrives. So that is our answer, and our Indians take it back.

"But our private reason for coming here is this—" he placed his mouth close to my ear: "There is a fortune to be made on the St. Lawrence, and if you will share our enterprise we welcome you and swear to divide fairly what we gain."

"What," said I, wondering, "is this enterprise you mention?"

Then they leaned closer, and, over their cider, they disclosed to me how, on their way from the Mohawk country to Albany, they had caught a French bearer of despatches and so learned that a rich convoy was coming out of France bound for Quebec.

Already, said they, a swarm of our privateers were cruising off the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and it would be no difficult thing for some among them to avoid the French frigates and take the richly laden transports, and carry them into port.

Now what they desired, it appeared, was to gather a ship's company, engage a sloop, arm her, apply for passes and reprisals, and sail with an easy commission under patronage of some great man.

The very madness of the enterprise attracted me. Here were forest folk who might, perhaps, safely roam the uncharted sea of forests, and navigate a bark canoe, but who knew no more of ocean and the winds and tides and ships that plied it than did I who knew nothing concerning these things.

I asked: "Where is this sloop to be had?"

They replied that they did not know, but that I should find her.

I asked them when they desired to set sail, and they replied as soon as might be.

"Sir," said Nick of Beverwyck, "they tell me that any one o' these French prizes is worth a hundred thousand guineas and more. God knows we be afeared o' the salt sea, my comrade here and I. But life, for such as we, is long and hard. There's blood on every farthing that ever we have earned by trap or firelock in the forest. Life is unkind, sir, what with the black and bitter winters and the parching heat of summers, and the endless trails to travel where both wild beasts and wild men are ever watching. Sooner or later the slayer will seize and slay us, or the black winter drive his icy daggers to our bones, or thirst or hunger, or sickness turn our strength to palsy and lay our bones on the rotting forest floor. We be very poor, Mr. Hazlett, and no means of mending, nothing but to go on wearily, sick or well, for that is all that men can do who are born doomed to the forests. And so, seeing a faint rift o' day in the endless dark of the woods, hope led us to the river, and by it we came in a sloop to this city. And I think God meant that we should meet with you."

"I know nothing of the sea," said I.

"You know those who are acquainted with it, sir."

"Do you think I can procure you a ship, a captain, a crew, and papers?" I asked, smiling.

"If God wills it," said Nick of Beverywyck.

I thought for a while, then: "Where do you bait?" I enquired.

They named a pot-house on the Beaver Path.

"Very well," said I gaily, "let me try what I can do this very evening. For," said I, "I also am disgusted with idleness, and am weary of poverty, and long for new faces, new skies, and a brave chance to better fortune."

I was full of my adventure as I left The Dark Ship and walked swiftly in the direction of The Sea Horse Tavern.

It was a more sober and respectable inn than many another, and here, as I expected, I discovered my friend, Riel de Lanois, supping in his own company upon a pigeon and a glass of claret.

HE EXTENDED his muscular brown hand and drew me to a seat beside him, but I thanked him, saying that I already had supped.

Always I had liked him well, this supple young man with his clear, dark skin which showed French blood, and his dark, kind, and somewhat mischievous eyes which could become gaily determined and even reckless. His father, who was a Frenchman, and mine had been friends. Now the son and I continued the friendship.

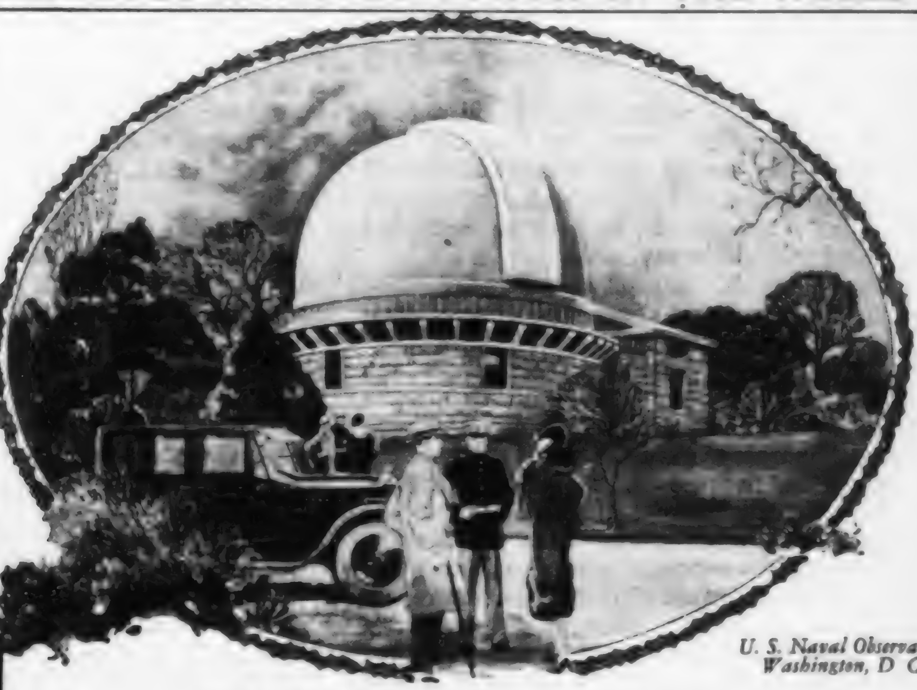
He asked me how I did, and if my hurt ever troubled me, and pretended a pious hope that this same dagger thrust had sobered me of desire for all adventure and sword play.

"Riel," said I, "you understand something of the sea, and ships, and war, for you sailed as doctor aboard that ass, Sir William Phips."

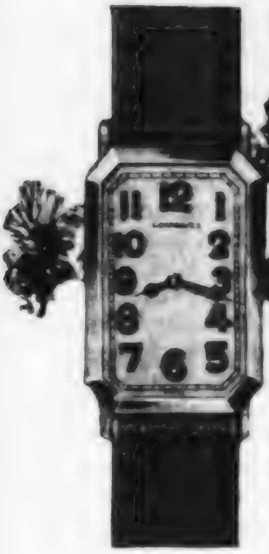
"And had a belly-full o' cheap glory," said he, laughing.

I looked about me. Nobody was near enough to hear or notice us. I leaned nearer, and I told him all I had heard concerning the French

THE MOST HONORED WATCH IN THE WORLD



U. S. Naval Observatory
Washington, D C

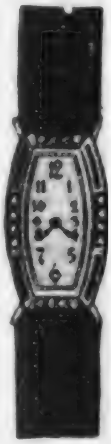


With this inscription:

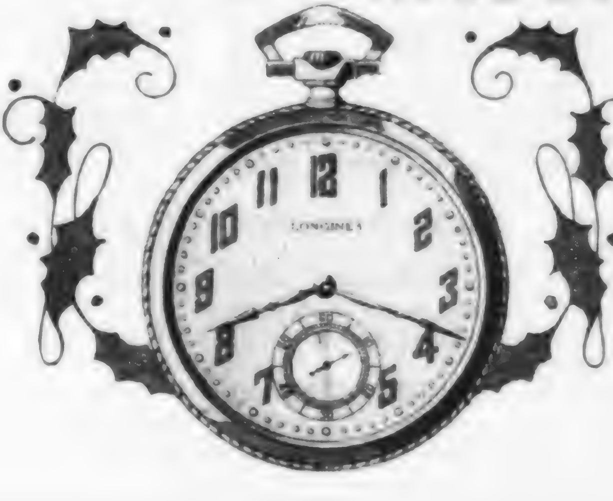
Give a Longines Watch this Christmas. Have this message inscribed in it: "To tell you more than the time". For with the "observatory accuracy" that is Longines' own, there is a beauty that enhances its life-long usefulness and makes it the supreme gift. Give a Longines—and know that no gift could express more gracefully your thought or sentiment through all the years to come.

From $35 to $1,000. At your jeweler's.

A. WITTNAUER CO.
Established 1866
New York Montreal Chicago Geneva



THE *Longines* WATCH



Official Government Observatory Awards

At U. S. Naval Observatory—Washington: Longines have been first in order of merit in all International Trials. Since 1916 more Longines Watches passed six months' Accuracy Trial and were accepted than all others combined.

At Geneva Observatory—Switzerland: This year Longines again obtained first prize of series, duplicating results of 1923 and 1924.

At Neuchatel Observatory — Switzerland: 365 awards in Accuracy Contests since 1905. During 1924 Longines received 17 first prizes.

At Kew Teddington Observatory — England: 132 awards in Accuracy Contests since 1910 (1918 year's record for the best performance). Since 1919 every Longines Watch submitted passed trial with mention "especially good."

Grand Prizes Awarded Longines at International Exhibitions

Antwerp—1885 *Paris*—1889
Brussels—1897 *Paris*—1900
Milan —1906 *Genoa*—1914
Berne—1914

Also 17 additional medals

convoy and my desire to attempt to gain a fortune.

He did not seem surprised, but was merry and jested, asking me if I desired to turn pirate, when I had so lately reproved piracy with my sword-point.

But he knew, of course, that we still were in a state of war with France, and that such privateering was lawful and commendable and was favored here and in England. So when he perceived I was serious, he bent an interested ear to what I had to say.

"How," said I, "is such an enterprise to be begun; for you should know something of such things, Riel?"

"Well," says he, "it is done in this manner: the commissions which our King hath issued to the Lords of the Admiralty permit them to empower Colonial officials to grant letters of marque.

"Until our new Governor, Colonel Fletcher, arrives, Mr. Ingoldsby, acting as Governor *pro tem.* and Vice-Admiral, may issue privateering commissions to captains whose bondsmen are able to furnish proper security. These are the documents necessary though a privateer's papers should include accounts for supplies, and for medicines also, accounts between owners and crew, and general accounts."

"I understand. But what if we take a prize?"

LANOIS laughed. "Our new governor is empowered to hold Admiralty court in person; and under warrant and the Great Seal, there will be appointed an Admiralty judge and deputies to say whether or no you have taken a fair prize, what part of her value you may keep for yourselves, what part belongs to the King, and how much shall your expenses figure. Also," he added mischievously, "you shall be told whether you are a privateer and are to be given three cheers, or whether you are no more than a greedy pirate and shall hang for your trouble."

"I think," said I, smiling upon him, "that there is some difference between privateering and piracy."

"Not so much," said he, "for a captain on the high seas with his commission and a ship and crew at his will, and a common purpose to acquire riches for all, is a danger to himself as well as to the enemy. For the temptations are many and great, Dirck, to take *something* that swims under sail, and if the enemy elude, then there is a fierce and prize-hungry crew to reckon with who have no mind to return empty handed."

"I know," said I, "that nearly all pirates were first privateers."

"That is true," says he, "and also it is true that a commission can be read many ways when deferred hope sickens the heart and the gold fever maddens the brain."

After a silence I asked how I should go about securing a sloop.

"The safest way," said he, "is to wait upon that skinflint Dutchman, Frederic Philipse, and lay before him the affair. You need not fear for his discretion, he is a secret man. But if you prevail, then, Dirck, for God's sake, have a care o' the bargain you make, for, if he can, he will secure every stiver for himself and leave you a barrel o' stinking pork for your share."

"Riel," said I, "will you sail with us as ship's doctor?"

"I might."

"Lord," said I, "to take a tall ship of France and carry her into port! Only I am vexed to be so ignorant of the sea and of ships."

"You know guns. Tell the Patroon you desire to sail as a gunner-lieutenant. There is no such officer aboard a sloop, but a gunner's share, plus a lieutenant's, plus the share of one among three men who conceives the enterprise, should give you something to marry on."

"Marriage! Do you suppose I am sailing with that in view?"

Reil Lanois smiled. "How should I know? There are two fair maidens, at least who—"

"It is in the mind of neither," said I, "nor God knows, in mine. No! For the one loves laughter and gaiety and is full of an innocent mischief, with no thought other, and no harm. And the other is scarce sixteen, Riel, and is to me like a sister, and no more, I swear."

He was still smiling. "I thought," he said, "that you might be inclined to Maddaleen.

"For her courage and kindness," said I, "may I never forget to be grateful. She is a sweet child, and innocent—like some who seem bold and are not so, really. For often, I notice, the chaste seem the more audacious, but their temerity arises only from their inexperience."

"Dirck," said he, laughing, "yours is a sweet, gentle heart for so notorious a brawler."

"Damme, Riel," said I, "whatever it is, it's a clean one."

"I know that," said he. . . . "*I cared for Malloch Strawn, also.*"

"Oh," said I, carelessly, "was he sick?"

But Lanois merely smiled.

Well, I cared not if he suspected how Mr. Strawn came by his mischance. Whatever Riel knew concerning others was safe, for that is a principle with doctors as well with other honest men.

We sat a while longer to discuss our business. Riel spoke of a new sloop lately fitted for sea, and owned by Colonel Philipse.

Riel thought she carried ten guns, six swivels and a bow and stern chaser and was designed for a company of one hundred people but could be sailed and fought by half that number.

And the further we conversed upon this matter the deeper the thrills that invaded me, and ever I was thinking to myself, "Oh, God, to lay an enemy alongside and take golden fortune by the handful from his hold."

Behold this box!

You press a pedal or turn a switch and it starts your car. You click a tiny lever on the dash and your pathway is lighted through the night. You insert a plug and your living-room is filled with the strains of a stirring symphony from New York, a jazz band from Florida, the gay program of a night club in Los Angeles.

Prest-O-Lite marks "The Oldest Service to Motorists." When wagons first went down the road minus horses, Prest-O-Lite led the field in equipping those grotesque vehicles with "eyes" and in giving service that they might continue on their clattering way. Today there is a Prest-O-Lite Service Station within earshot of any horn—motor-car or radio.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
New York San Francisco

In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Prest-O-Lite

Prest-O-Lite

Also I could see that Riel was no less for it than I. In his fine eyes excitement danced in tiny flames, and his animated laughter rang pleasantly through the almost deserted room.

Our candles, meanwhile, grew less and less, and we had cracked three more of French claret before we got up, put on our shoulder belts and took our hats.

As Colonel Philipse lay this night at Mr. Graham's house, it was agreed that I wait upon him in the morning.

So I walked along the footway which borders the canal and so carried Riel to his house on Broad Street, and there took leave of him with much gaiety and sanguine excitement.

Clump-clump! comes the Watch a-marching with lantern and halberd, and gave me a polite yet suspicious good evening, for it was late and my long sword swaggered as I walked.

But I was for no tavern that night, but full o' my adventure and impatient to hear the cock crow. So, lightly back to Great Queen Street and away along the water-side and through the gate to my little house.

Thus, happy, hopeful, and with eager beating heart to bed and dreams of gold and glory!

TO BE CONTINUED

His Weeds a Boon to Farmers

[*Continued from page 140*]

After the wheat and oats were cut in the fall the planted Dalea was found coming up and making a tremendous growth. The volunteer crops had also reappeared. Tests on the planted area showed that the weed crop plowed under would equal in some places as much as fourteen tons of green manure to an acre. This was without counting the unknown value of the nitrogen deposited in the ground by nodules on the plant's roots.

Still "W. H." knew that before convincing people of the weed's value he would have to prove its worth on various types of soils and in different parts of the country. That fall seed for experimentation was sent all over the United States, to Canada and even across the ocean to far off China. "I just planted more seed and the skeptics looked on and grinned," mused Mr. Wood. "A few of the fellows were willing to try it, but most were afraid to start weeds where they had enough of 'em already. I told them that this clover, which they still called a weed, would kill off their other weeds with its quick growth and that it wasn't hard to get rid of, if one tried to kill it." But most of the farmers were still doubtful.

THE following fall more results of a satisfactory nature were obtained. On thin clay hillsides, tenant farmed for years and skinned to the bone, the plant seemed to grow best. One farmer working a piece of ground described as, "So thin you didn't dare walk across it for fear of breaking through," had been instructed by "W. H." to pull some of the plants as soon as they matured to see if the roots bore nodules. "Mr. Wood!" the renter shouted in excitement over the 'phone one day. "The roots of that weed are just covered with nodules." They were. And it proved that the plant had lost none of its value in the new soil.

From experimenters came the report that the weed had a sweetening effect on sour acid soils. "Still we kept up working with it under different conditions, but now folks were beginning to help more. Seed men came to investigate and the neighbors who had sneered began to look about in their weed patches for the plant. And they found it," added "W. H." Reports showed that it was scattered all up and down the Missouri River bottoms. Sundogs and clay points that wouldn't raise other weeds began to blossom out with the hardy plant.

We never look in the weed patch for our money making crops, yet that's where many of them originated. Even corn and tobacco were weeds until we found a use for them. A weed is a worthless, harmful plant, "A good plant in the wrong place."

Now another one of these so-called obnoxious weeds has been added to the farmer's list of valuable plants as the much talked of Dalea clover. This plant, practically unrecognized before it was unearthed by the labor and experiments of Mr. Wood now promises to become more popular than its famous predecessor alfalfa. Already it is conceded to be superior in several respects. It produces more seed per acre, is cheaper to handle and it can be grown on soils unfavorable to alfalfa.

The Ames experiment station, known internationally for its contributions to agricultural science, has decided after many tests that the plant is a valuable aid to farming. A special bulletin has been issued telling of this weed, its possibilities and varied uses. It is spoken of as "Wood's Clover," named for the man whose untiring efforts lifted it out of the weed patch into the front rank of our clover crops. Today it is being used in many sections of the country and credit for this valuable plant's discovery goes to the man who had faith enough in weeds to spend on them years of his time as well as much money. Despite adverse criticism he has gone serenely ahead and brought the farmer another agricultural aid.—Q. WOOD.

4 out of 5 are victims

If she had only known!
Like a thief in the night comes Pyorrhea
He pays the price of neglect
Thousands like her wait too long

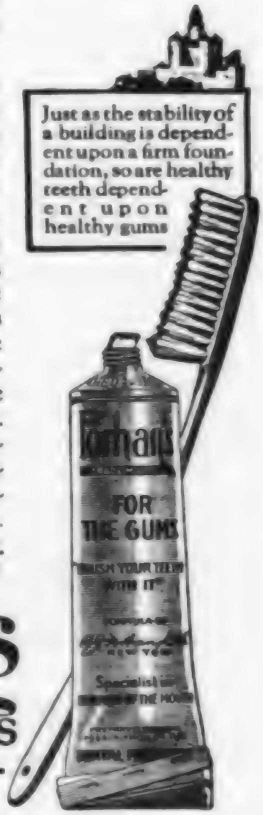
Be on your guard for signs of Pyorrhea

Just as the stability of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so healthy teeth depend upon healthy gums.

Bleeding gums are the first sign of Pyorrhea's approach. Soon the teeth are loosened, pus pockets form and drain their poisons through the system.

Forhan's For the Gums is a most effective agent in the fight against this insidious disease. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession) to neutralize oral poisons, and keep the gums in a healthy condition. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day. 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
Forhan Company, New York


Just as the stability of a building is dependent upon a firm foundation, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums
Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Phoenix
ARIZONA

Warm Sunshine and the song of birds NOW

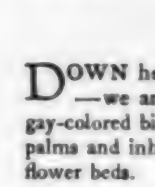
DOWN here in Phoenix we have sunshine all year—we are still in our gardens, hearing the song of gay-colored birds. *Today* we can still stroll under leafy palms and inhale the perfume of gorgeous, sun-splashed flower beds.

At Christmas our temperature will be around 65 deg. We shall be picking big, juicy Arizona grapefruit and our ranches will be giving us luscious fruit of all kinds, and vegetables. Some days we shall go off into the mountains and bag duck, quail, and other game—or we shall picnic in the open air—or play golf, or tennis. "Winter" here brings a succession of open-air attractions.

We wish we could share these delights with you. We have the Apache Trail Highway, the Roosevelt Dam, Prehistoric Indian remains, and a host of unusual things to show you. We can assure you, too, of the famous Phoenix welcome!

This year plan a trip to the Coast, and visit Phoenix en route. Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railways allow free 10-day stop-over.

Get a copy of our book before you start. It is free. Just mail the coupon.


Phoenix
ARIZONA

15

Phoenix Arizona Club
505 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Phoenix, Ariz.

Please send my copy of "*Phoenix, Where Winter Never Comes,*" by return mail.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*____________________

The Magic of Fear

[*Continued from page 15*]

"A thoroughly nasty fellow," said Hamilton.

But it was at dinner that he touched the zenith of his boorishness. The dinner was bad; he hated palm nut chop; sweet potatoes made him ill; the chicken was tough; the coffee vile. Happily he had brought his own cigars.

Lieutenant Tibbetts, second-in-command of the Houssas, spent that trying hour wondering what would happen to him if he leaned across the table and batted an Under-secretary with a cut-glass salt cellar.

Only Sanders showed no sign of annoyance. Not a muscle of his face moved when Mr. Nickerson Haben made the most unforgivable of all suggestions. He did this out of sheer ignorance and because of that streak of commonness which was his very own.

"A native woman is . . . a native woman," said Sanders quietly. "Happily, I have only had gentlemen under my control, and that complication has never arisen."

Mr. Haben smiled skeptically; he was sourest when he smiled.

"Very noble," he said dryly, "and yet one has heard of such things happening."

Hamilton was white with rage. Bones stared open-mouthed, like a boy who only dimly understood. The pale man asked a question and, to the amazement of the others, Sanders nodded.

"Yes, I brought a girl down from Chimbiri," he said. "She is at present in the Houssa lines with the wife of Sergeant Abiboo. I hardly know what to do with her."

"I suppose not," more dryly yet. "A prisoner, I suppose?"

"N-no," Sanders hesitated; seemed confused in Haben's eyes. "She has a peculiar brand of magic which rather confounds me—"

Here Mr. Nickerson Haben laughed.

"That stuff!" he said contemptuously. "Let me see your magician."

BONES was sent to fetch her—he swore loudly all the way across the dark square.

"That is what we complain about," said Mr. Haben in the time of waiting. "You fellows are in the country so long that you get niggerized." (Sanders winced. "Nigger" is a word you do not use in Africa.) "You absorb their philosophies and superstitions. Magic . . . good God!"

He waggled his long head hopelessly.

"My poor wife believed in the same rubbish—she came from one of the Southern States—had a black mammy who did wonderful things with chicken bones! . . ."

Sanders had not credited him with a wife. When he learned that the poor lady had died, he felt that much worse things could happen to a woman.

"Appendicitis—an operation . . . fool of a doctor. . . ." Mr. Haben unbent so far as to scatter these personal items. "As I said before, you people—hum. . . ."

Agasaka stood in the doorway, "missionary dressed," as they say. Her figure was concealed in a blue cotton "cloth" wrapped and pinned about her to the height of her breast.

"This is the lady, eh? Come here!" he beckoned her and she came to him. "Let us see her magic . . . speak to her!"

Sanders nodded.

"This man wishes to see your magic, Agasaka; he is a great chief amongst my people."

She did not answer.

"Not bad looking," said Nickerson, and did a thing which amazed these men, for he rose and, putting his hand under her chin, raised her face to his. And there was something in his queer, hard eyes that she read, as we may read the printed word. The streak of commonness was abominably broad and raw-edged.

"You're not so bad for a nig. . . ."

He dropped his hands suddenly; they saw his face pucker hideously. He was looking at a woman, a handsome woman with deep shadows under her eyes. It was the face he often saw and always tried to forget. A dead white face. She wore a silk nightdress, rather high to the throat. . . .

And she spoke.

"Won't you wait until the nurse comes back, Nick? I don't think I ought to drink ice-water . . . the doctor says . . ."

"Damn the doctor!" said Nickerson Haben between his teeth, and the three men heard him, saw his hand go up holding an imaginary glass, saw his eyes fall to the level of an imaginary pillow.

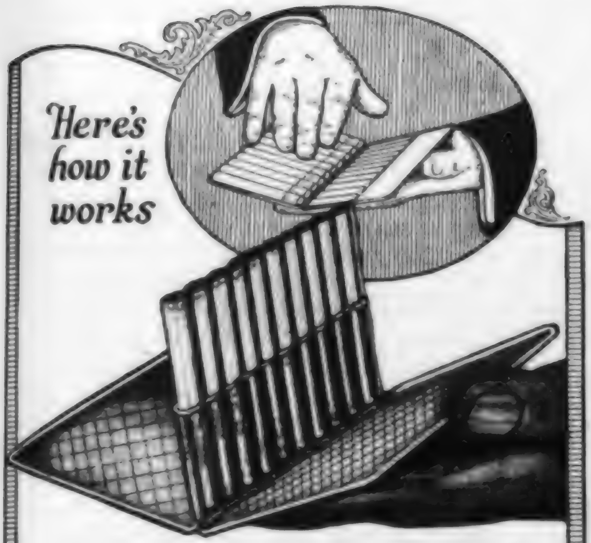
"I'm sick of you . . . sick of you! Make a new will, eh? Like hell!"

He stared and stared, and then slowly turned his drawn face to Sanders.

"My wife . . ." he pointed to space and mumbled the words. "I . . . I killed her."

And then he realized that he was Nickerson Haben, Under-Secretary of State, and these were three very unimportant officials—and a black woman who was regarding him gravely. But this discovery of his was just the flash of a second too late.

"Go to your room, sir," said Sanders, and spent the greater part of the night composing a letter to the Foreign Secretary.



Have a Smoke!

YOUR favorite cigarette tastes better when taken from the Fillkwik Cigarette Case. Every smoker is proud to carry the "Fillkwik", delighted with its fine jewelry appearance, its convenience, its unique action.

Quickly filled with ten cigarettes which stand upright in interior, automatic grooved rack. Never gets out of order because of patented construction—no springs, no solder.

Ask Your Dealer

He has the Fillkwik in varied designs and qualities from nickel to sterling silver. Also in combination sets with match boxes, each set in individual gift case.

FILLKWIK COMPANY

ATTLEBORO, MASS., U. S. A.

Fillkwik

THE QUICKLY FILLED

CIGARETTE CASE

ASK . . ANY . . RADIO . . ENGINEER

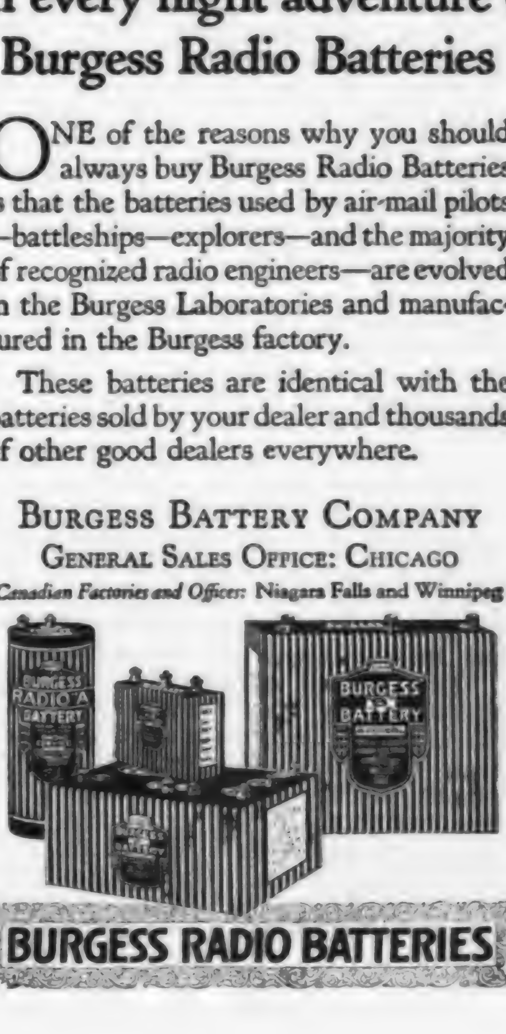
Burgess Batteries operate the receiving sets of radio-equipped mail planes

An every night adventure of Burgess Radio Batteries

ONE of the reasons why you should always buy Burgess Radio Batteries is that the batteries used by air-mail pilots—battleships—explorers—and the majority of recognized radio engineers—are evolved in the Burgess Laboratories and manufactured in the Burgess factory.

These batteries are identical with the batteries sold by your dealer and thousands of other good dealers everywhere.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO
Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

He Teaches Birds to Fly

[*Continued from page 86*]

will fly straight up, while others will go under the wings of the plane. When a pigeon is tossed from a great height, it more frequently drops almost at once. Sometimes it will dive straight like a plummet until it reaches its favorable flying level of five hundred feet. Then it circles around for from four to five minutes. This, in some strange and unexplainable way, gives it the direction of home, and off it goes.

These birds are intelligent enough to get home the easiest way as well as by the most direct route. If a strong head-wind is blowing the pigeon will endeavor to ride above the wind or get below it near the earth. However, if there is no escaping the wind, bucking the air current is a part of its trip home and nothing short of death stops its flight.

The school period for these birds lasts about two years. By the third year they are graduates or they are "flunked out." The first year they are known as "youngsters," the second as "yearlings," and from the third on as "old birds." The youngsters are never flown more than two hundred miles since their strength is not great enough for the long distances.

These young birds are put through a regular course as carefully prepared and directed as in the most precise school. First the distance to be covered is two miles. Then the pigeon is taken four miles away from home and released. Then it is jumped to twenty-five miles, then fifty, seventy-five and one hundred miles. After that the lessons become stiffer. A hundred miles is added each time.

THE more than three hundred pupils of Chief Quartermaster Kubec's school are a valuable lot. Naturally they are given every attention and care. A hospital is provided to keep them well, and they have clean, airy, sunny quarters for their club rooms. They even have armed guards to patrol the grounds at night.

And why not? Here are birds that have been educated to fly swiftly and unerringly under almost every conceivable condition. Chief Quartermaster Kubec has "Aerial Lad" who travels at an average speed of one thousand two hundred and thirty four yards a minute.

"Here," he said, holding out a vari-plumaged pigeon carefully, "is a bird a lot of folks would like to have. He is a star pupil and a champion. Over there is the pigeon that delivered a message in record time recently from the President's yacht, the Mayflower, flying forty miles an hour for two hundred miles in a headwind."

Then there is "Aero Queen" who at a race over in Deshler, Ohio, did one hundred and ten miles at an average speed of forty-five miles an hour. Another swift traveling bird flew the National Concourse race of a hundred and ten miles on April 30, 1923, winging the entire distance at an average speed of two thousand two hundred and forty yards a minute over the entire course—more than a mile a minute! It was explained that this is probably the fastest speed ever made by a pigeon for this distance. At another pigeon race last year at a distance of five hundred miles the Navy birds won first and second place against very strong competition.

In the various lofts these little racers are divided according to their accomplishments. Many of them have flown five hundred miles. In fact one hundred and fifty have passed a test which consists in doing a distance of that length between daybreak and nightfall. It is only during the daylight hours that homing pigeons will fly. When night comes on they will seek a place to rest, continuing their flight in the morning.

There is one hen at the Anacostia Station that has flown five hundred miles six times, a very creditable record for a homing pigeon. In another large airy loft there are seventeen birds that have passed the final examination and qualified for the long distance flights.

These lofts are models of bird apartments. They are fitted with running water and electric lights and all modern conveniences. There is nothing omitted that would give additional comfort and happiness to these pets of Uncle Sam.

Chief Kubec runs a sort of normal school in addition to his flying school. The men assigned to him for training learn about the mysteries of pigeons, their dispositions, their health, their manners, their idiosyncrasies, while the birds themselves are graduating from class to class.

When the men are graduated they are sent all over the map to stations like Pearl Harbor, Guam, Santo Domingo or Coco Solo. Most stations have about sixty pigeons.

"Do you give them stiff examinations," I asked Chief Kubec.

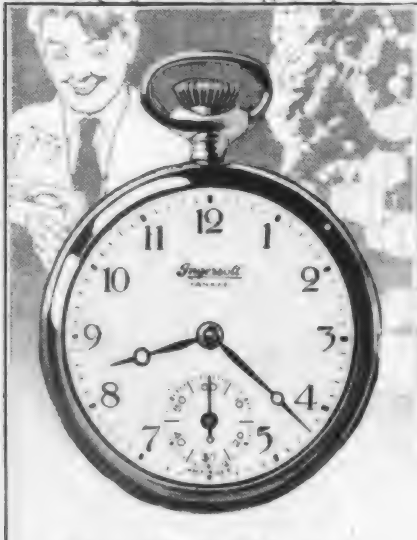
"I make them deliver the goods," he repeated. He has had twenty years in the Navy. This was interrupted just before the war (for which he reenlisted) by four and a half years in civilian life. The four and a half years were mostly spent in pigeon raising. He makes his men deliver the goods all right. As a matter of fact half the men sent to Chief Kubec at the Anacostia Pigeon School fail to pass their final examinations. Sympathetic understanding and patience is necessary. But when you have thoroughly trained a homing pigeon you have a very remarkable product.

[*Continued on page 170*]

"I enjoy seeing a man smoke a pipe. It seems so peaceful"... Elsie Janis

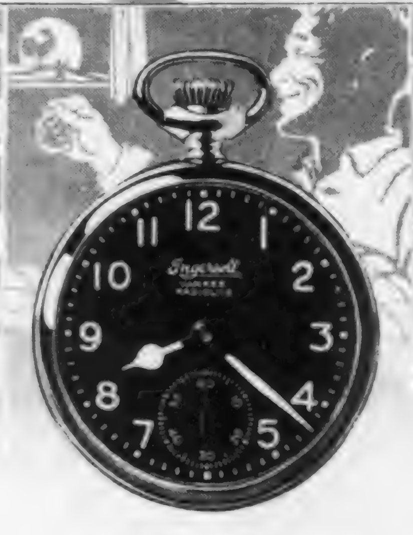
FRESH
Tuxedo
TOBACCO
fresh from the factory
fresh
WHEREVER YOU GET IT
THIS BAND IS YOUR PROTECTION
...ALLY PREPA...
...OKING TOBACCO
Quality created the demand - demand made possible the price NOW 12¢
RIZ LA +
© Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
Tuxedo makes wonderful cigarettes
RIZ LA CROIX Cigarette Papers 5¢

For Christmas An Ingersoll



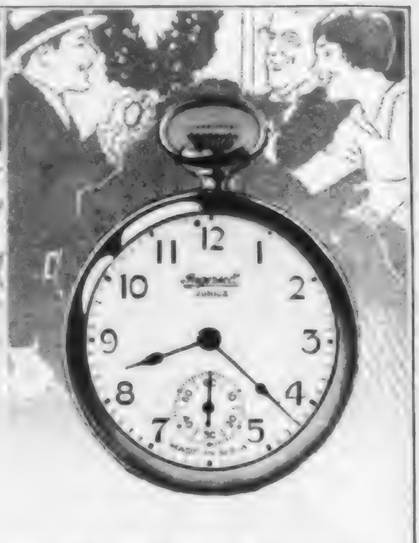
New Model Yankee

Dependable, as always, but with many new features of grace and beauty. $1.75



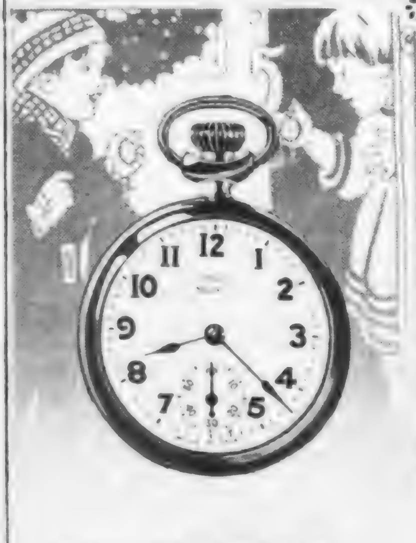
Yankee Radiolite

The Yankee with Radiolite figures and hands. Tells time in the dark. $2.75



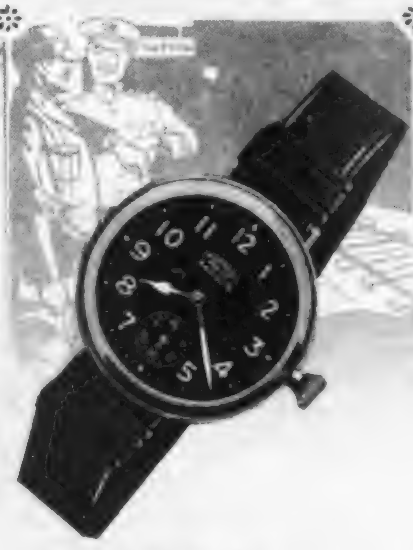
New Model Junior

Handsome, new and improved model. Thin; 12-size. Nickel case. $3.50



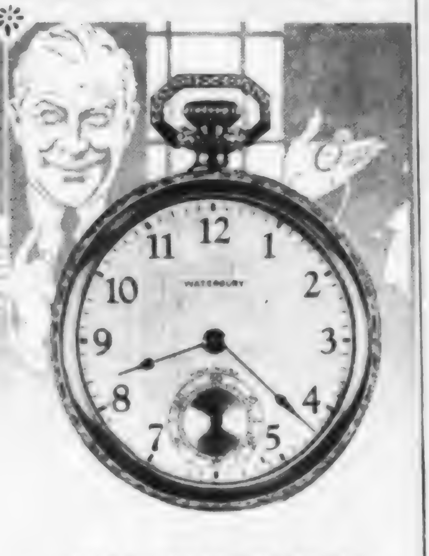
New Model Midget

For women, girls, and small boys. Nickel case; guaranteed movement. $3.50



Wrist Radiolite

A serviceable watch for women, boys, girls, sportsmen, motorists, etc. $4.50



WATERBURY

4-jewels; stylish 12-size. Green or white 14-k rolled gold-plate case. $9.50

For Xmas

Nockabout Jackets
$7.50 to $10.00

Nockabout Vests
$6.00 to $10.00

NOCKABOUT
TRADE MARK

Knit Jackets and Vests

Remember the name when you buy and your gift will cause no regrets. Nockabout superior quality is known to men who like the better kind of knit jackets and vests. See them at your dealer's, examine the excellent material and details in finishing—you'll see quality all through.

Write us if your dealer cannot supply you.
Descriptive booklet on request.

Grushlaw & Sichel
345 Broadway, Dept. A, New York

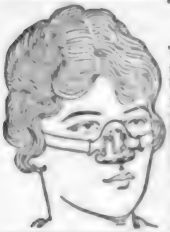
FOR DANDRUFF

GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the Scalp and Hair; *free* on request. It will tell you many things you should know. Write Dept. N-2.

H. Clay Glover Co.,
Inc., 119 - 121
Fifth Avenue.
New York.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

At Druggists, Barbers or Hairdressers



A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE
Can Easily Be Yours

Trados Model No. 25 corrects now all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only adjustable, safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 90,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service. **Model 25 Junior for Children.** Write for testimonials and free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist
Dept. 2548 Binghamton, N. Y.

PLAYS

Comedies, Dramas, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Choruses, Songs, Blackface plays. Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods. Everything for Burnt Cork Shows and All Amateur Entertainments. Monologs, Dialogs, Speakers. CATALOGUE FREE.

T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 85 CHICAGO

"Don't tell me you never had a chance!"

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same bench. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and decided to let the International Correspondence Schools help me. I wanted you to do the same, but you said, 'Aw, forget it!' You had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

There are lots of "Jims" in the world—in stores, factories, offices, everywhere. Are *you* one of them? Wake up! Every time you see an I. C. S. coupon your chance is staring you in the face. Don't turn it down.

Right now more than 180,000 men and women are preparing themselves for bigger jobs and better pay through I. C. S. courses.

You can join them and get in line for promotion Mark and mail this coupon, and find out how.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2632-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify fo the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Personnel Organization
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Business Law
☐ Banking and Banking Law
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Private Secretary
☐ Spanish ☐ French
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ Better Letters
☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Business English
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Metallurgy
☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Radio
☐ Architect
☐ Architects' Blueprints
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Navigation
☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name..
Street 3-6-2
Address...
City.............................State.........................
Occupation...

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the Interna tional Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canad

THERE is a story told around the station of "Laddie Boy," a racing pigeon and namesake of the once noted White House dog, that came home like the prodigal son. The bird was shipped along with others to be liberated at Oglethorpe, Georgia, a distance of six hundred miles. Later, however, Laddie Boy failed to return to his loft while all the others arrived safely. Two years later, to the amazement of all, he was found back in his loft one evening. Half of his wing feathers had been cut, showing that he had been caught and held a prisoner during those two years. When he escaped, his homing instinct had brought him back.

At most Naval stations when an airplane is to go any distance at all, some of these wise old birds are taken along. Then should there be an accident, word may be sent back to the base. The message is fastened to the bird in a small aluminum message holder, much resembling a metallic capsule. It is about one inch long, one-half of the capsule-like compartment being withdrawn to permit insertion of the tightly rolled sheet of thin paper on which the message is written. The holder is fastened to the bird by a metallic band, which folds around the bird's leg.

These messages are written in triplicate. Two copies are placed one on each of two birds. The third is retained. Specially provided loose-leaf books make this easy to do. The pages all being numbered, the correlating later is not difficult. The time and approximate bearing of longitude and latitude are given to indicate the distance from the station.

The sheet is then folded until about one inch square, and rolled with the aid of a match or something similar to a small and compact size and inserted into the holder.

When a seaplane was recently suffering from engine trouble halfway between Indian Head and Quantico the pigeons were released. Within an hour another plane had arrived to repair the damage.

Are You Miscast?

[*Continued from page 119*]

Again, it was a woman. She was middle-aged, widowed, and in need of making money. How? She was afraid. The directness of business people frightened her. How could she hope to make her way against them? Maybe it would be better to take in boarders. She had had a plan for a little shop but she saw only failure ahead. "I guess I'm not bright enough," she said. So the examiner gave her an intelligence test. She came through it with flying colors. "Nothing to be afraid of on that score," she was told. From that she plucked up courage, went ahead, and found that her terrors were no terrors at all.

Another woman, younger, suffered from a cousin. She didn't see how she could ever do as well as Mary, who was so full of assurance. If Cousin Mary wanted work she just shook the tree and work fell into her hands. The timid woman marveled. This capable cousin, who could sell bonds, was a wonder; everybody said so. As for her poor self, who would want to give her work of any sort? They went for an examination together, the first in fear and Mary with a touch of swank, just to find out how very superior she was. And behold: it was found that the humble one had more intelligence than the clever one. Once again an examinee walks out with firm step and head up, ready to tackle the world.

Psychology is a strange commodity for a corporation to deal in. To many it sounds mysterious; to others it seems a new sort of magic. But to the men and women who go to the Psychological Corporation it becomes something vital and practical. That is why this, one of the newer sciences, is paying its way in a world of business—by giving the individual something worth buying and by serving business in the mass.

Answers to Familiar Proverbs:
(See questions on Page 119)

"The early bird catches the worm."

No. 1—Statement 5
A—Statement 6
B—Statement 3

"The burnt child dreads the fire."

No. 1—Statement 2
A—Statement 1
B—Statement 3

A BRAIN TEASER

(See examples on Page 116)

1. A clean camp is necessary to health. True
2. Wilson is King of Germany and England. False
3. All men like work. False
4. Cork will not float on water. False
5. Paper is made of iron filings. False
6. Rubber is produced in the tropics. True
7. Boys never like to fish and hunt. False
8. Guns now in use are of great size. True
9. Bushes and trees have their roots in the air. False
10. Bees and ants are not called lazy. True

WASHINGTON JEWELRY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

XMAS GIFT for Dad, Brother, Friend

8-POWER
MILITARY BINOCULARS

"A Gift of Lifetime Pleasure"

A GIFT every man will treasure. They broaden one's field of vision. Open up new worlds. Make objects miles away visible. Multiply by 8 the grandeur of nature. Bring people, views, scenes, games of ACTION right to one's feet. Double the joy of sports: hiking, hunting, races, motoring, camping, yachting, baseball, football games, bird and nature study, etc. An all year round pleasure-giving investment.

10 Days' FREE Trial. Send NO Money!

WE received limited quantity GENUINE imported French and German Army Officers' Binoculars. 8-Power Achromatic lenses *Premiere Qualite*—Genuine Prisms of remarkable light-gathering, light-transmitting properties. Central focusing, easily adjusted to any eyesight. Beautifully finished, superbly constructed. Prisms in each barrel permit of great field of vision, many times the area of Field Glasses. We have supplied hundreds of them to U. S. Army and Navy Officers. Such powerful Binoculars usually sell for $40 to $50. Our price (while they last) complete with *genuine leather* case and carrying straps **$21**

SEND NO MONEY! NOTHING to Pay Postman!

See them! Examine them! Try them for 10 days. If satisfied, after 10 DAYS' TRIAL, you may pay at rate of

$4 A MONTH

or, if you wish to pay cash, after 10 DAYS, take $1.50 Discount and send check or money order for **$19.50**

AVOID Christmas Congestion of Mails. Send NO Money—Just the Coupon

2 Generations of Honorable Dealings

WASHINGTON JEWELRY Co.

365 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Importers and National Mail Order House
Largest Retailers of Binoculars in America

For Prompt Attention address IMPORT DEPT. 124

Gentlemen: Please send me 8-power Binoculars. I enclose NO money, and pay NOTHING to Postman. If I am satisfied after 10 DAYS' TRIAL, I have the privilege of paying for them at the rate of $4.00 monthly—or of deducting $1.50 and sending $19.50 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise, I shall return them.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

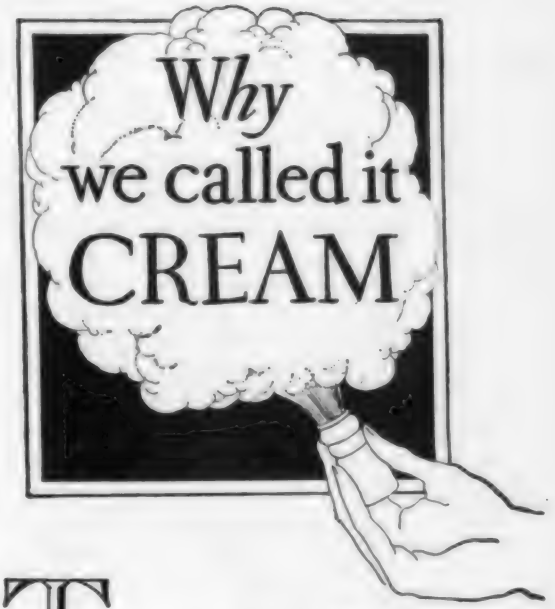
Please write PLAINLY! Tear this coupon out NOW! If you wish to tell us something about yourself it will be appreciated.
Everybody's 12-25

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A's. earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 5,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A's., including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1276-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution



TEN years ago Mennen introduced a startling new improvement in shaving. The miraculous product was called Mennen Shaving *Cream*. It was well named.

Instead of a stingy, skim-milk lather, it gave a thick, rich, creamy lather such as men had never seen before.

"After me, the flood." As many "creams" sprang up as there are hairs on a he-face.

But any dairyman will tell you that there are creams and creams. Mennen Shaving Cream is Grade A, triple extra.

It's not only the bigness of Mennen lather. It's the way it softens bristles by dermutation. It's not only the wetness of Mennen lather. It's the way it *gets* moist—fast, with any water at any temperature.

If you're trying to match thin, puny lather against heavy-weight whiskers, switch to a diet of rich cream—Mennen Shaving Cream. Whacking big tubes cost 50c.

Mennen Talcum for Men is the Cream's silent (and invisible) partner. It matches your skin and doesn't show. Feels mighty fine after bathing or shaving. 25c.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

50,000 Men Attend His Bible Class

[*Continued from page 68*]

He appeared as unobtrusively as any man in the audience. And later on it became evident that this had struck a definite keynote. Before the Bible Class Dr. Evans was, first of all, one of them. He came forward as a man comes to greet his friends who have dropped in for a morning's chat. And he spoke as a man speaks to his friends to whom he has been asked to give counsel on a vital matter, who trust him for advice, as he trusts them for sympathy and understanding.

Dr. Evans as he launched into the body of his address did not talk from a text. He took up what was evidently a thread from the lesson of the week before. It might, indeed, have been anybody's discussion of that subject, but there was in it always that rare personal appeal, and the response from the audience that made it "different." One was conscious of the charm and magnetism of the man, as well as of the rightness of his thinking, and his logical presentation of his subject.

At the end of Dr. Evans' talk there were the usual closing exercises, and then that army of men marched back to the everyday life of Kansas City. It was clear that no such body of men could be gotten together without some kind of an organization. Such an organization actually does exist. There is a president and a secretary, and business offices. "The class was organized about twelve years ago," said Mr. C. C. Stanley the secretary, "following along the lines of any other men's class. Perhaps every large church in a city has the beginnings of such a group, lacking only active leadership to do all that we have done. Things began to move with us when Mr. N. W. Dibble became our President, and Judge Albert Reeves the teacher. We were obliged to move out from the little classroom in the church and find a tent to cover us. Contests were held with other classes, and attendance reached to thirteen hundred, with an average attendance of about three hundred. Our tent was too small, and we built a tabernacle.

"JUDGE REEVES was obliged to give up and Dr. Evans became the teacher. Mr. Dibble began to agitate for larger things, realizing then, as we all do now, that we were most fortunate in our leadership.

"The contests with classes outside of the city rallied the interest of other classes in the city, and of affiliated organizations, and all helped us to win. After the contests our membership had been greatly enlarged, and we had become a city institution. Our weekly attendance did not drop back to its pre-contest number, and we were obliged to seek new quarters. The beautiful Ivanhoe Masonic Temple had just been opened across the street from our old classroom, and we moved our meetings here.

"We have been fortunate in developing a wonderful spirit of good fellowship and cooperation. American class divisions are largely divisions of men's occupations, which, after all, are superficial and are laid aside, as they ought to be, on Sunday mornings in Ivanhoe Temple. Our membership and attendance include men of all occupations—bankers, lawyers, the executive from a big store and the clerks who work under his direction; the head of a division from the Union Station and the car-men whom he superintends—from ticket agents and conductors to the 'butchies' on the trains."

The first of the year Mr. Dibble resigned as President of the class, and Mr. B. F. Eyer was elected to take his place. Mr. Eyer told me:

"We could not keep such a group together without organization. In addition to our general officers—and we have two vice-presidents as well as a treasurer and secretary, we have eight divisional vice-presidents. All members belong to one or the other of these divisions, and keep in touch with the class through their division leader. Each division is divided into ten teams, or companies, in charge of a captain. In this way we keep in personal touch with every man—through the special group leader to which he belongs.

"Through our division organizations we keep up a constant spur to new memberships and greater attendance. For instance, today was Eighth Division Day—and there were about four hundred men in that division. The leader is with the Pullman Company at the station, and he brought in this morning not only the four chief executives from the Union Station, but men from all departments of its varied interests — expressmen, baggagemen, railroadmen, trainmen down to the car sweeper, redcaps, ticket-sellers, inspectors--the business of the station would be stopped this morning were it not that this is their off hour, and 'the other fellow' is on duty."

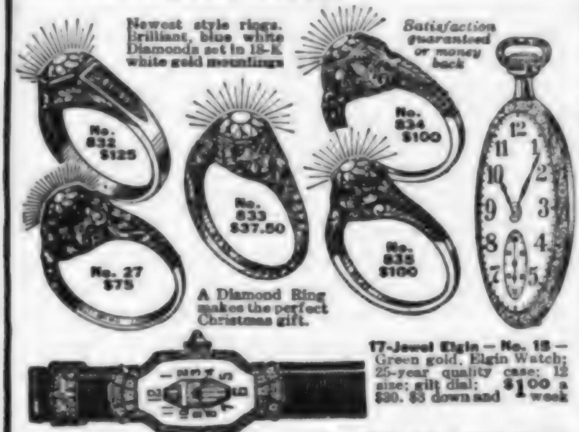
BUT neither efficient organization, personal enthusiasm, self sacrificing loyalty nor good fellowship could account for what I had seen that Sunday morning. And when the question "How do you account for it?" was put to various groups and individuals, the answer was always the same. It was Dr. Evans. "He understands men," said one, "and knows how to talk to us. He seems to know just what we are thinking, and helps us to think straight.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858

DIAMONDS WATCHES

Special Christmas Bargains!

Special values for buyers of Christmas gifts—lowest prices on Diamond Rings, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc. Easy credit terms—pay one-tenth down, balance in 9 months. Goods delivered on first payment. Order today!



Newest style rings. Brilliant, blue white Diamonds set in 18-K white gold mountings

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

A Diamond Ring makes the perfect Christmas gift.

17-Jewel Elgin — No. 15 — Green gold, Elgin Watch; 25-year quality case; 12 size; gilt dial; $30. $3 down and $1.00 a week

Wrist Watch—14-K white gold, hand engraved case. Fancy wing ends. Silver dial. High grade 15-Jewel movement, $30. $3 down and $1 a week

FREE! Big Catalog

Shows 2,000 bargains in highest quality jewelry. Sent absolutely free—no obligation. Write today!

Stores in Leading Cities **LOFTIS BROS. & CO.** Est'd 1858 *The Old Reliable Original Credit Jewelers*

Dept. G 864 **108 N. State Street** **Chicago, Ill.**

RADIO FANS Listen in on WHT every Tuesday night from 7 to 7.30; every Friday night from 10 to 10.30, central standard time. Loftis Bros. & Co.'s hour of music.

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

Your choice of the World's best typewriters—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—full size, late model, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. Prices smashed down to half. Act quick.

$2 and it's yours

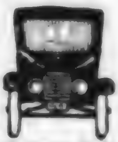
Free Trial

Just send your name and address and we will mail you our complete **FREE CATALOG** prepaid, fully describing and showing actual photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors. Tells every detail of our direct-to-you small-payment plan. Write now for tremendous saving. No obligation whatever. Still time if you act now.

International Typewriter Exchange

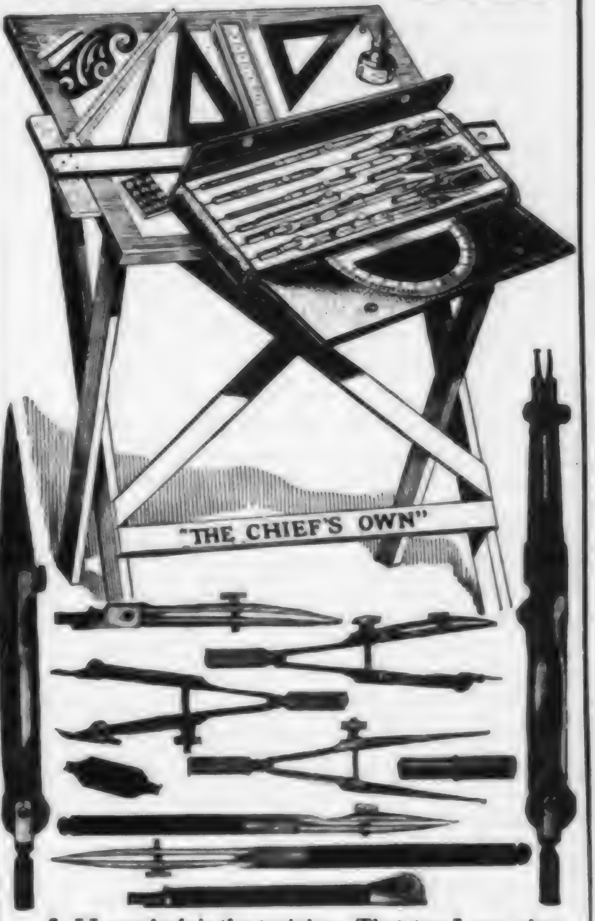
186-188 W. Lake Street. Department 1283, Chicago, Ill.

FARMER MAKES $240 with his Ford



A farmer in Alabama installed an amazing new device on his Ford which makes practically any car give double its regular mileage—many cars going 37 to 57 and even 60 miles on a gallon of gasoline. In no time at all he had made $240 just telling his friends about this astounding new invention. J. M. James made $120 in one day—J. W. Cronk $51 in one hour. The demand is enormous—you can make $250—$500 a month in spare or full time. And now the inventor will send you a sample at his own risk. Write to J. A. Stransky, W-330 Stransky Building, Pukwana, South Dakota.

With These Tools You Can Earn $3500 A Year



ALL you lack is the training. That too I can give you, right in your own home. Keep on working at your job. With my remarkable, practical method, I will soon make you a draftsman.

Right now is the time to start. A tremendous era of prosperity is just ahead. No chance for the man who wants to learn "on the job"—but more and more opportunity for the man who is trained.

Mail Coupon for My Great Special Offer

I am ready to do a great deal for ambitious men. Write me at once. You'll be surprised at the wonderfully liberal offer I will make you. Money doesn't count. If you have vim, vigor and ambition I'll give you your chance to get ahead. Put it up to me to show YOU how you can become a draftsman at big pay.

Chief Draftsman Dobe,
1951 Lawrence Avenue Div. 11-69 Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Great Special Offer open now to ambitious men. Also your book, "Successful Draftsmanship." No obligation on my part.

Name..*Age*..........

Address..

Post Office.......................................*State*..........

He doesn't talk a lot of highbrow stuff that we know nothing about. Everything he says lines right up with the things we are doing."

"I feel just as if he were talking to me," said a man who had stood by a pillar waiting to go in. "Sometimes I almost forget that there is anyone else in the room, and then I catch myself, and look around, a bit sheepish, and about two thousand other fellows look as if they thought the same thing.

To all this Dr. Evans added the opinion you would naturally expect. "All the credit of the Bible Class," says he emphatically, "is due to the men of the class. I am only the teacher."

Dr. Evans has a rare lighting smile when he talks—one glimpses why two or three thousand men want to hear him talk every week. He has, too, just the least bit of shyness in his manner—the little Welsh immigrant boy making his way among strangers, knowing that he has something worth while to give them, yet not willing to force either his gift or himself upon them.

In his study Dr. Evans is subtly different from the man before his Bible Class, or the same man before his congregation. Here he is the educated, cultured scholar, smilingly courteous, quickly responsive, with a keen sense of humor which must carry him over many difficult moments. Refusing to be labeled by any church party, he accepts the differences within the church as so much evidence of the human nature of which it is made up. He holds the great problems of human welfare as of greater importance to the man who seeks to serve his fellows than the questions of Liberalism or Fundamentalism. Interested in all of the civic questions of the community, he has been called upon to have an important share in them, and he is in demand as a speaker, not only in Kansas City but in the state.

THE day I saw him in his church, it was children's dedication day—a ceremony instituted by him, and reminding one of the christening services of some other denominations. Parents of little children—babes in arms and "toddlers" brought them into the church to dedicate them to Christian service. To a softly played march they came—twenty-four fathers carrying their babes, twenty-four mothers with shining eyes walking happily beside them, all to stand before the upraised hands of the minister while he asked God's blessing upon the little ones and God's help for the parents that they might rear the children in His fear and love. It was a very beautiful service, and fitting—the bringing of the little ones into the house of God in the name of the Master who said: "Suffer them to come unto me."

Dr. Evans has been referred to as a little Welsh immigrant boy. His parents came to this country from Wales and settled on a farm out in the lowhills of north Missouri, when David was three years old. Then, just as his determination to become a real American may have begun to flower somewhere in the subconscious, fate took the family back to Wales.

But David's determination to become an American was not to be thwarted. Fate again took a hand, and the little family came back to the farm up in Carroll County. David was twelve by this time.

He had always planned to be a minister. "It was my mother's ambition for me," he said, "and nothing else ever was considered."

After Hazel Dell came the consolidated High School and William Jewell College.

But going to school and studying languages wasn't so easy of accomplishment for the country boy from the hills of Wales transplanted to the rolling prairies of Missouri. Before the money could be spent at William Jewell it must be earned in Carroll.

Nevertheless, David Jones Evans had set his face toward the ministry, and it wasn't worth while to turn back—that would be only so much lost time. After finishing the course at Liberty there was his Doctor's degree to be won—four more years of hard work. For this he went to Louisville, Kentucky, and for a great part of the time had the responsibility of a pastorate in addition to his college work.

Soon after the completion of this course he was called back to William Jewell as a teacher, and just twenty-five years from the time that he entered that institution as a student he was installed as its president.

Nine years later, 1921, he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Kansas City. "It was an opportunity for greater service," he said.

"But I did not realize how great would be that opportunity. The Business Man's Bible Class then averaged about two hundred and fifty members in attendance. That seemed a large class, and we were very proud of it.

"Men are interested in religious matters, if one can only present them in such a way as to establish the relationship between religion and the aspirations and struggles of daily living. They care little for creeds and doctrines. They can be interested for a moment in the discussions of the Liberalists and the Fundamentalists, but they regard all of that as something outside their own personal interest.

"So it is the things of daily living that we talk about, not in terms of vague idealism or poetry, but, with the Bible lesson for a beginning we quickly reduce our study to the concrete things which make up a man's world.

"The class has grown through the effort and the loyalty of the men. The contests brought us men with whom we might otherwise never have come into touch, and our form of organization makes every man feel that he belongs,

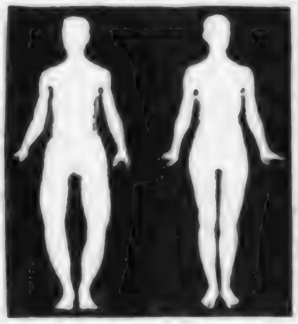
GIVE to your skin and complexion the alluring charm rendered by *"Beauty's Master Touch."* A bewitching, fascinating complexion with just a suggestion of the mystic, seductive touch of the Orient. The appearance is rendered instantly. Just apply

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM

Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also in Compacts, all shades, 50c. and $1.00

Send 10c for trial size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
New York



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the keynote of success, both in social and business life. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women,** both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 3 years by physicians everywhere.)

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
1394L, W. U. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

Men! Your Big Chance!

Fastest growing Direct-selling Hosiery Concern in America needs Men for Rapid Promotion. 'Phone Branch Manager in your city, or write us AT ONCE.

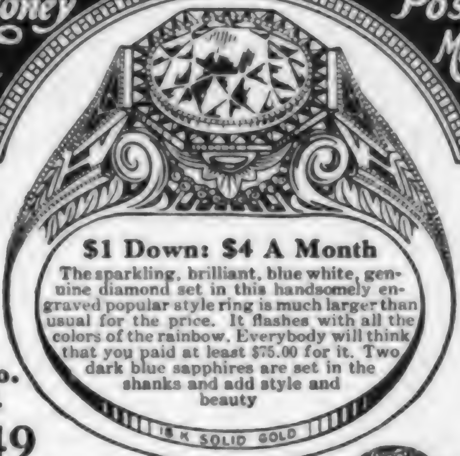
SMARTSILK HOSIERY MILLS, Inc.
587 North 3rd Street Newark, N. J.

PATENTS WRITE for our Free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of your invention for our Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms Reasonable.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 752 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

DIAMONDS
WATCHES & JEWELRY
12 MONTHS TO PAY

Send No Money *Pay The Post Man*



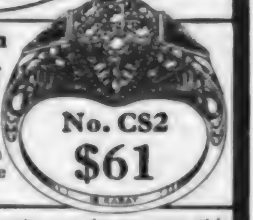
$1 Down: $4 A Month

The sparkling, brilliant, blue white, genuine diamond set in this handsomely engraved popular style ring is much larger than usual for the price. It flashes with all the colors of the rainbow. Everybody will think that you paid at least $75.00 for it. Two dark blue sapphires are set in the shanks and add style and beauty

No. 4
$49

$1 Down: $5 A Month

Great big cluster of seven sparkling, brilliant blue white, specially selected diamonds set in solid platinum in this handsomely engraved 18 kt. solid white gold ring Two triangular, dark blue sapphires give the proper touch of style. It looks like a 2 carat solitaire worth $1,000.00.



No. CS2
$61

FREE Every purchaser who answers this advertisement will receive a valuable premium. The premium list will be sent as soon as we receive coupon.

No. 8 **$22**

$1 DEPOSIT
$1.75 A MONTH

ELGIN OR WALTHAM

Man's full 12 size, open faced model, fancily engraved watch with your choice of either of the world-famous Elgin or Waltham movements. They are cased in this handsome gold filled case which will wear like solid gold. The Waltham and Elgin movements are positively guaranteed both by the factory and ourselves. They are accurate time keepers. FREE: We will give away, absolutely free, a handsome gold filled chain and knife to match. They come in a fine gift case, and make an unexcelled present.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO., Inc.
1540 Broadway Dept. P-2047 New York

TEAR OUT & MAIL

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO., Inc.
1540 Broadway, Dept. P-2047, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I have selected No.___________

☐ Please send it to me by parcel post C. O. D. and I will pay the small deposit to the mailman when he hands me the package.

☐ I enclose $_______ as a deposit. Please mail the article to me direct to my home.

☐ Don't send the ring or watch, but mail a copy of your big free catalog to me, which shows thousands of diamond, watch and jewelry bargains for me to select from.

Name ______________________________

Local Address ______________________________

City and State ______________________________

that he is a necessary part of what we are trying to do. We are, in fact, very like a fraternity, and no man is allowed to be lost in the group.

"We are doing something more than studying the Bible, in the usual acceptance of that expression. Indeed, I think that if I were called upon to account for the growth of the class I should explain a part of it, at least, in the fact that we have been able to present the Bible in terms of the great human document that it is—a book filled from beginning to end with great stories of life, of life as it is in Kansas City today, of life as men have themselves lived it.

An ex-Gob Named Tibbett

[*Continued from page 16*]

and went about the neighborhood telling all I knew of it, not in sorrow, but in pride. They gave him a public funeral; the band played Chopin's *Funeral March*. Never do I hear it, but I think of him in reverence.

Soon after the tragedy, mother took us three children, my sister, brother and me from our old home at Bakersfield to Los Angeles. There, partly due to strangeness of surroundings, I began to miss my father more and more. Grandfather must have known this, though I told nobody, for he took me in charge. I loved him and he doted on me, letting me trot after him eternally. Sometimes he would tell me stories of the old days of '49; sometimes he would sing his favorite songs to me, "Billy Boy" and "Ben Bolt," letting me pipe along.

But the best times of all came when I grew a little older, and grandfather took me up to his son's ranch in the Tejon Mountains. There his cowpunchers taught me to straddle a cayuse and to rope and brand. I liked the round-ups most of all. For days at a time we would live out on the range, eating tortillas and bacon and sleeping at night in the open. The wild freedom of it, the whizz of cold, pure air against my face, the swift movement of the pony that my legs hugged, made me feel more of a man with a man's sense of freedom than any other sensation that has been given me since.

Of course, these experiences came only in summertime. My mother's idea of training being a slight variation of the Biblical one, was. "spare the book and spoil the child." Fortunately for me, school presented one particularly alluring charm. I had, perhaps, a natural aptitude for reading aloud. At any rate when I was called on in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades to read simpler passages of Shakespeare before the class, I ate them up.

The majestic swing and rhythm of the lines meant music to me. Then and there, though I did not know it, my training as a singer had begun. There can be no better foundation in schooling for either song or opera than speaking Shakespeare naturally, with proper emphasis, rhythm and understanding of word values.

At the High School of Manual Arts in Los Angeles, when finally I reached it, another fortunate influence helped shape my course. Miss Howell, who later became stage manager for George Arliss, was the head of the Dramatic Department in that institution. I catapulted into it. I also catapulted into love, for the first time. At that High School I had met "the only girl in the world."

If Shakespeare had sweetened the pill of knowledge to me somewhat earlier, the violence of a combined attack of girl and acting was yet more potent. Indeed my disregard of how many fleeting hours I spent at High School caused my mother tense anxiety. My appetite forsook me, home meant only a place to go in those hours given to sleep. Even the prospect of a round-up in the Tejon Mountains failed to slake my parching thirst for learning.

THE plays Miss Howell gave us to act were chosen for their literary merit, and her class became a school for English diction, indispensable in singing. Another, and a very important influence, was Reginald Pole, nephew of Pole the foremost Shakespearean producer in England, whose newer methods gained praise from Granville Barker and Bernard Shaw. Reginald Pole it was, who later trained me for outdoor performances of *Othello*, in which I played "Iago," and as "Flute" in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

My first professional engagement was in a company assembled by Tyrone Power to play Shakespearean repertory. My début part was "Casca" in *Julius Cæsar*. For two weeks we played at Los Angeles, where I was then singing in a church choir. The fact that I could return to it on Sundays, when near enough, somewhat eased the desperate blow of parting, for I was leaving more than home and mother. But a very supporting comfort in this situation was the fact that I would be doing the one thing that I loved best to do, acting. Fame I did not bother with. What engaged me was the fact that I would be earning a real salary, which, when it grew a little realer, would add a Mrs. Tibbett to my family.

Our Shakespearean repertory next unfolded its length at Pasadena. It would then have indefinitely repeated the proceeding in San Diego. but there the severest frost yet known in California nipped it, and I went home to Los Angeles and the church choir.

There is one delightful thing about youth.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Neuralgia Colds Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

---

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1925. State of New York, County of New York, ss.: Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared FRANK QUINN, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforsesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a Corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City; Editor, FRANK QUINN, 223 Spring Street, New York City; Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a Corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City, whose stockholders are: THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a Corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., whose stockholder is: THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a Corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City, whose stockholders are: BLOCK, MALONEY & CO., 74 Broadway, New York City; CHISHOLM & CHAPMAN, 52 Broadway, New York City; S. R. LATSHAW, 237 West 74th Street, New York City; LAIDLAW & CO., 26 Broadway, New York City; NOYES & JACKSON, 42 Broadway, New York City; LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 514 West 114th Street, New York City; ORVIS BROS. & CO., 60 Broadway, New York City; MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 600 West 115th Street, New York City; CHARLES D. RAFFERTY as sole surviving successor Trustee of the Estate of WM. H. GELSHENEN, Dec'd, care of GARFIELD NATIONAL BANK, 190 Fifth Avenue, New York City; WHITEHOUSE & CO., 111 Broadway, New York City; G. W. WILDER, 41 Fifth Avenue, New York City; B. F. WILDER, Bell & Maxwell Aves., Bayside, L. I., New York; W. J. Wollman & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. FRANK QUINN, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1925. (Seal.) BLEVINS C. DUNKLIN, Notary Public. (New York County. County Clerk's No. 179, Reg. No. 7118; Bronx Co. Clerk's No. 9, Reg. No. 2710; Kings Co. Clerk's No. 18, Reg. No. 7076.) (*My commission expires March* 30, 1927.

SELL to STORES CANDY, GUM AND MINTS

40% to 160% Profit

I will put you in business as my DIRECT FACTORY AGENT AND JOBBER, to take orders for my full line of candies, chocolate bars, mints and chewing gum. Unlimited opportunities for hustlers. No experience needed. I furnish everything. Every store and everybody buys. Work spare time or fulltime. Write today for catalog, selling plan and FREE SAMPLES. Exclusive territory. ACT QUICK.

MILTON GORDON, 971 Jackson St., Cincinnati, O.

Learn ELECTRICITY in Great Shops of COYNE

All practical, personal training. No books or useless theory. You don't need education or experience. Earn while you learn.

Electrical Experts Earn $60 to $200 a Week

Complete course in 3 months. Send for Big FREE BOOK of 151 electrical photos. Ask about 2 Big Special FREE Courses.

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
Dept. 1419 1300-10 W. Harrison Street, Chicago

We always feel sure of getting tomorrow what we didn't get today. Sometimes we get it. In a very short time, but long enough to cover the frosted Shakespearean memory with barnacles, I was playing with the Community Theater Company at Hollywood. Some of the film players there, wanting to keep up practice in spoken drama, joined us. We would act one week, rehearse two, and then act again. Presently, we got on so famously that but one week was given to rehearsals and two to acting.

Just as I thought this would go on forever, and was planning, in imagination, semitropical foliage and other things about a pictured cottage door, the World War broke. The United States Navy absorbed my aquatic talent, hitherto confined to swimming.

For a time I was disturbed, thinking my artistic life ended. That the Shakespearean venture should have been exhausted from financial malnutrition was one thing. But the Hollywood performances for which I got real money seemed quite another. I had begun to count on something like a career. Like so many other boys when they first entered the service I felt that now it was all over. Then the fascination of the sea began to get in its work. I liked the work and I liked the life. And of course I discovered that the war hadn't ended all singing. At night we would get together on deck and sing melodies in close harmony. I even commenced to indulge in a little sentimental solo work, radioed, in thought at any rate, to Los Angeles. This ceased abruptly, though, when one day an officer yelled at me, "Stop that bawling!" Thank heaven, no audience has done it since.

After several months on the training ship, they decided that I knew enough to act as an instructor in seamanship to some of the newer boys. They knew less than I did and I made as good a bluff as I could at it. I actually got up sufficient nerve to order them about a little. Up and down the coast we cruised—up and down the deck I drilled. Then growing restless under the monotony of a training ship I asked to be released to active service. Shades of John Paul Jones! They put me on a supply boat with a cargo of shoes and salmon, bound for Baltimore. Just as we arrived the Armistice was declared. Instead of being shipped across, I was shipped back where I came from.

The nearer we got to the Pacific Coast, the more impatient I became to reach Los Angeles and the little girl who had been my sweetheart from the time that we went to school together. My country not having further need for me, and having now attained the dignified age of twenty years, there seemed not a moment to be lost if I was ever going to get married. So I asked for my discharge. They ordered me on a ship bound for Vladivostock!

On the way we struck a heavy storm, meeting with damage that forced us to put in at Honolulu. Repairs took long, but we did not mind the delay. Even with a Californian's beauty-accustomed eye, the island seemed to me a place of enchantment, with its splendid vegetation lying in white sunlight and black shadow, or under a velvety blue-black sky alive with a thousand stars.

Vladivostock, when we got there, was a tremendous contrast. The port was icebound. Huge cakes of ice crunched against one another in the harbor. When we got shore leave, we made land by jumping from cake to cake, like "Eliza" in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, except that she was a clear case of A.W.O.L. One night, a member of our shore party, having tampered recklessly with vodka, slipped off a cake of ice in getting back to the ship. We fished him out, quite sobered, but congealed about the legs. So we had to carry him back, jumping from cake to cake, with our human iced drink.

We seemed to have a surprising number of troops at Vladivostock. So did every other nation. There were even a lot of German prisoners. Shots rang out every night. Right and left people were the targets. The very unusualness of this mixed mass made the sights more fascinating. One night I viewed a scene more gruesome than any Doré pictured. A group of us were passing a deserted building. A curious buddy peered in and gave a cry of horror. We followed, craning our necks. Inside, piled up like cord-wood, were perhaps a hundred and fifty bodies frozen stark. They were soldiers killed in action or spies shot to death, lying there awaiting burial until the snow and ice masses should melt.

When we entered Nagasaki harbor on our homeward way, I was at the wheel. Imagine a harbor hung about with feathery green, exquisitely unreal, half veiled in a soft mist through which the sampans stole out to the fishing grounds. Again, I was at the wheel with beating heart as we slipped through the glorious Golden Gate.

My honorable discharge in my pocket, my route on landing was the most direct one to a telegraph office. There I wired the only girl: "Miss Grace Mackey Smith. Here today. There tomorrow. What about it?" She knew what I meant. Four days later we were married in Los Angeles.

WHAT a wedding trip we had, we two together, undisturbed by fellow travelers. We drove the length of California and up into Oregon in a little motorcar that had been among our presents. At night the spreading branches of a big tree made our inn roof; our bathrooms were crystal pools, our kitchen a shady spot by the roadside.

After a month of this poetic life, we went to live at La Crescenta. The place then, before a

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE

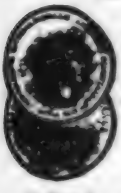
Puretest Glycerin and Rose Water
United Drug Co.

"There is one near you"

LET biting winds blow! Don't worry about chapped hands or face. Just rub your skin with PURETEST GLYCERIN AND ROSE WATER and keep it delightfully soft and smooth, Pure, clear, delicately rose-scented. PURETEST GLYCERIN AND ROSE WATER is also a balmy, luxurious lotion to use after shaving. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY
BOSTON

Stop Using a Truss



Reduced Fac-Simile Gold Medal

Reduced Fac-Simile Grand Prix

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being mechanico-chemico applicators made **self-adhesive** purposely to hold the distended muscles securely in place, **no straps, buckles or spring attached**—cannot slip, so **cannot** chafe or press against the pubic bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work—most obstinate cases conquered. **Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive.** Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending Trial of Plapao absolutely **FREE**

Write name on Coupon and send **TODAY.**

Plapao Co., 633 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Name ....

Address ....

Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao.

---

5 TUBE GUARANTEED RADIO

Get Special Offer

BIG POWERFUL MIRACO ultra 5

Users everywhere report it gets programs coast to coast, Canada to Gulf, loud and clear on speaker; outperforms $100 to $250 sets. Many hear Europe. Marvelous value. Let users testimony convince you. $59.50 Retail

FACTORY PRICES-SAVE ⅓ TO ½. Smaller Sets $13.75 up, retail. FREE! Literature on latest 1 to 5 tube models, new low prices and SPECIAL OFFER! (Agents Dealers Write!)

MIRACO RADIO GETS 'EM COAST to COAST

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Pioneer Builders of Sets
491-B-E 8th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

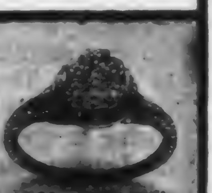
LOOK! YOU FOR ONLY $1 DOWN CAN SECURE AT ONCE ANY BEAUTIFUL GIFT!

SURPRISE and delight your loved one with a really beautiful gift! A dollar's all you need at Bales! Send a dollar—mention gift desired. That's all! Prompt shipment made. Charges prepaid, under our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! If fully satisfied pay balance NEXT YEAR 10% monthly. TEN FULL MONTHS TO PAY! ORDER NOW, AVOID THE LAST MINUTE RUSH.

X80—[illegible] 18Kt. white gold dinner ring. Three fine blue-white diamonds, two blue sapphires. $48.50
$1 down; $4.75 monthly

X81—14Kt. solid gold ladies' solitaire. White gold prongs. Specially selected fine quality blue-white diamond. Only $65.00
$1 down; $6.40 monthly

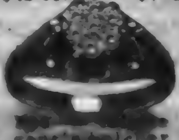
[illegible] ring. 18Kt. white gold. Two square cut blue sapphires; large, fine quality diamond in center. $57.50
$1 down; $5.65 monthly



X83—18Kt. white gold pierced and engraved ring. Cluster seven fiery brilliant genuine diamonds platinum set..$52.50
$1 down; $5.15 monthly

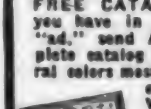
X84—This wri[illegible] for value! Solid white gold case [illegible] genuine diamonds, two specially cut blue sapphires. Blue sapphire winding stem—silk grosgrain ribbon. Wonderfully accurate 15-jewel guaranteed movement. $42.50. $1 down; $4.15 monthly

X85—Daintily pierced and engraved ring of 18Kt. white gold, fine quality blue-white diamond. Only $37.50
$1 down; $3.65 monthly

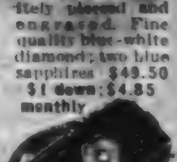


[illegible] gent's belcher cluster, 14Kt. solid gold. Seven fine accurately cut genuine diamonds, platinum set. $55.00. $1 down; $5.40 monthly

X[illegible] white gold ring exquisitely pierced and engraved. Fine quality blue-white diamond; two blue sapphires $49.50
$1 down; $4.85 monthly



FREE CATALOG—If the gift you have in mind isn't in this "ad," send AT ONCE for complete catalog illustrating in natural colors most complete assortment of Diamonds, Rings, Watches, Silverware, etc., in America! Our prices as Direct Diamond Importers and wholesale jewelers defy comparison. MOST LIBERAL TERMS EVER OFFERED! ASK FOR CATALOG NO.



X88 [illegible] 18Kt. solid white gold onyx ring. Genuine onyx and genuine fine diamond set in white gold. Only $26.50
$1 down; $2.50 monthly

O. F. BALE & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1888
21-36 Maiden Lane - New York

craze arose for slicing nature into building lots, was supremely quiet in its isolation, fifteen miles from our old homes in Los Angeles. We had a kindly landlord. When checks were slow in coming, he let the rent ride.

People generally are prone to say to a young artist that it is wrong to marry, because it weighs him down with responsibilities. But those same people forget that an artist must, first of all, have not only pictured ideas but know the realities of life to express in his art. Struggle is the most invigorating of all things. Aside from the beauties of married life, a man is fulfilling a high destiny when he struggles to keep his family. It is the fundamental battle of a race to preserve itself; it is the finest thing a man can do.

Nothing is as sure of fixing the immortality of life as raising and keeping a family; it is the most ordinary thing and yet it is the greatest. Struggle does not pall upon a man if it is made for the sake of those he loves—and he has a sense of humor. There is not a being whose character is not developed by struggle. Without experiencing it, the expression of an artist in his art or of one striving in any other form of endeavor will lack both force and conviction.

My wife and I had our struggles and our troubles. We shared them as partners. That cut them square in two. Having to earn every cent I needed, I knew the importance of catching every chance that was offered. When they failed to "offer" they had to be found. As pay was modest, several "jobs" had to be kept going at once, after the manner of the gentleman in spinning plates.

Always, of course, I held fast to my church position, which meant something permanent. For it I returned each Sunday to Los Angeles, when not too far away on tour. Reengaged at the Community Theater in Hollywood soon after my marriage, I presently changed over from the speaking to the singing stage, where prospects looked brighter with the California Opera Company. We did light opera up and down the coast. With various undertakings I had to wait to get my pay. Sometimes it did not come at all.

I sang in motion picture houses; I sang in the Sunday Symphony concerts at Los Angeles, the latter meaning to me a big experience. Indeed all I had done after my marriage and before it meant a building up toward my future work in grand opera. Then I did not know it. But the very things most vital to the undertaking, singing, diction, acting, I was learning through practical experience before the public and meanwhile I was being paid for it.

There were hard times and anxious moments to keep doing and keep going. Perhaps the worst experience was while learning "Iago," just when our twin boys came. The rôle is longer than that of "Hamlet." I had to memorize it in ten days, sitting at my wife's bedside in the hospital. She was still there when they gave the performance.

I had never dreamed dreams picturing an ambitious future, being too busy with the present. The first three men of note who, hearing my work, gave encouragement, were Emilio de Gogorza, Rupert Hughes, and Lawrence Evans. The two former told me that I had the right stuff in me, and advised finishing study in New York for concert. The last named, hearing me sing in public, wrote a letter of appreciation and prophecy. Today he is one of my managers.

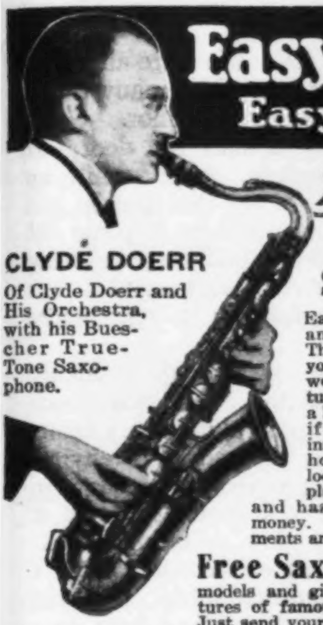
Then came a knotty problem to untangle. I had to choose my branch of the singing calling. Hitherto I had regarded the delivery of words, singing and acting as one thing. I had never thought of them otherwise. Finally I decided upon concert, a field I loved. Another, and maybe a knottier problem remained to be settled, the expense. By borrowing from a friend, with life insurance as collateral, I got enough together to take my wife and our twin boys, Richard and Lawrence, with me to New York. From then on it became either sink or swim.

Intent on concert I studied with Frank La Forge. One day he suggested opera. They gave me two auditions at the Metropolitan. I sang before Mr. Gatti-Casazza in a general one, and then privately to him alone. I was engaged for the opera. That was five months after I got to New York.

THE life of a singer presents a curious situation. He grows up in his art through intense application to many things, but the real struggle first begins when he stands with his feet planted on the stage before the public. I can compare it to nothing else but beginning one's childhood over and growing up again. It was in this aspect that my previous experience spared me, but only partially, for the demands of grand opera are strenuous.

To me, the work of memorizing the music of rôles in opera was terribly difficult. To make matters worse, the rôles given me to get ready for performance were in foreign languages. I knew only English. The word is equally important with the note sung to it, for it gives that note a reason for existence. I had to master those foreign words without any preparation in grammar or vocabulary, memorizing them by rote in either the Italian, French, or German. Also, they had to be given their full value in tone color and emphasis. It was somewhat of a job. Since then I have studied languages in a more conventional way.

The severest test I had in this direction, was for my actual début at the Metropolitan, I had to learn in French the rôle of "Valentine" in *Faust*, and be ready to appear in it on three days' notice. One thing I found out was a prime necessity. That was to be very



Easy to Play
Easy to Pay

BUESCHER

CLYDE DOERR
Of Clyde Doerr and His Orchestra, with his Buescher True-Tone Saxophone.

TRUE-TONE
SAXOPHONE

Easiest of all instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three first lessons sent free give you a quick easy start—in a few weeks you can be playing popular tunes. You can take your place in a band or orchestra in ninety days, if you so desire. Most popular instrument for dance orchestras, home entertainments, church, lodge and school. A Saxophone player is always popular socially and has many opportunities to earn money. Six Days' Trial and easy payments arranged.

Free Saxophone Book Shows all Buescher models and gives first lesson chart; also pictures of famous professionals and orchestras. Just send your name for a copy. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO. (182)
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
952 BUESCHER BLOCK, - - - ELKHART, INDIANA

The Ideal Christmas Gift **$1.00**

200 SHEETS 100 ENVELOPES
Size of sheet 5⅝ x 7⅛; envelopes to match. Heavy white *Watermarked* bond. Perfect writing surface.
Also ARISTOCRATIC Linen Finish Stationery, 200 sheets, 100 envelopes, $1.50
Name and address PRINTED FREE on every sheet and envelope in rich, dark blue. We prepay postage and GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.
Send name, address and money order (10% extra if west of Denver) to
IMPERIAL STATIONERY CO.
822 Jackson Street
JOLIET, ILL.

SWEDENBORG
On Four Vital Subjects

- THE LORD
- THE HOLY SCRIPTURE
- LIFE
- FAITH

Book of 634 pages, clear print, good paper, substantially bound in stiff paper covers. Endowment enables us to send this book to any address without further cost or obligation on receipt of only
Five Cents

THE AMERICAN SWEDENBORG PRINTING AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY
Room 321 **16 E. 41st St., New York**

Inventions Commercialized

for inventors and manufacturers. Models—Drawings—Contract manufacturing. If you want to buy or sell an invention write
ADAM FISHER MFG. CO. **51 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.**

EARN
$50 to $250
A WEEK

Be a Radio Expert

Learn Quickly at Home

Get into the great new Big-Pay Industry—Radio. If you're earning a penny less than $50 a week, *clip coupon now*. SEND FOR AMAZING FREE BOOK. Be a Radio Expert, and draw down big money for easiest and most fascinating work in the world. Positions everywhere. Every community needs its Radio Experts. Short hours. BIG PAY. *Free book gives all the facts.* GET IT NOW—CLIP COUPON. Master Radio Engineers will show you the way to qualify for the fine jobs waiting in Radio. You can do it quickly and easily at home.

Thousands of Jobs Now Waiting

Get a fine position like Fetzer did quick with N. R. I. training behind him. Fetzer (picture above) is a successful, high class man—Chief Operator of WEMC, the "Radio Lighthouse." Thousands of openings await the trained man.

Get This FREE Book!

Send coupon now for FREE BOOK—"Rich Rewards in Radio." Read for yourself the unequalled opportunities to cash in big as a Radio EXPERT—a trained man in the World's Fastest Moving Industry.

You Get These

These receiving sets, from simplest kind to thousand mile receiver, given to you without cost with your course. An UNEQUALLED OFFER. Write quick. Clip coupon now for Special Offer, including receiving sets without extra charge.

National Radio Institute
Dept. 116-OB **Washington, D. C.**

MAIL COUPON

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 116-OB, Washington, D. C.
Without obligating me in any way please send me your free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." Also complete information on your practical home-study Radio course, with all instruments and short time Special Offer.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
TOWN .... STATE ....

careful in my first reading of the lines. Any mistake made then became the hardest to eradicate later.

My first big chance came in my second season at the Metropolitan last January when I was given the part of "Ford" in Verdi's *Falstaff*, an opera proving hitherto unpopular, and dropped for fifteen years from the repertory of that great institution. In the second act of the opera, sung in Italian, I had a monologue expressing a husband's harrowing doubt of his loved wife's faithfulness, and presenting opportunity for strong dramatic effect in its delivery.

The first night of *Falstaff's* revival at the Metropolitan each one of us in the cast was on his or her mettle. We had rehearsed intensively. We loved the music of the opera, full of a melodious gaiety that bubbled as if from the heart of youth, although Verdi was eighty years old when he wrote it. We knew that the indifference to it shown by audiences of a preceding generation had caused its shelving at the Metropolitan for fifteen years. We were that night to sing it to a new generation. The problem facing us was, would our audience accept or reject it?

Well, we all know the outcome. Much water had flowed under the operatic bridge in fifteen years, and none of it had been as crystal clear as Verdi's *Falstaff*. Before the first act was well under way we felt the quick response that came to us from across the footlights. When the music of my monologue in the second act arrived, all its changes of mood and color seemed like flame eating my heart, gripping my whole being.

The second curtain fell. We were all called out before it. I do not know how many times. Still the audience kept up a clamor. Going into my dressing-room, I shut the door. It seemed the best place for me. After a while, an orchestra man burst in to say that Serafin, the conductor, had sent him to tell me to come out at once, that the audience had been shouting for me for fifteen minutes. I had heard it, but I did not know it was for me. I went before the curtain.

My sensations were as though suddenly aroused from deep sleep. There was much shouting, a roar of applause, calling of my name. Sitting in a box I saw my wife. If anyone should ask me to further analyze my feelings in that tremendous moment, I should say that it aroused in me a steady glow, a feeling of self-justification, rather than excitement. Had I been working for recognition solely, I should have felt great emotion. But I had been concentrating on something quite different. When one works for an intense artistic expression, the happiness is during, not after it. I do not mean that I undervalue the magnificent kindness of the audience, but I could not grasp it. I had read of such scenes, but never thought I would experience one. It made me gloriously happy. The recollection that it did happen, and to an American, has often been an inspiring impetus to do my best with the new roles I have interpreted since.

Librarian to the World

[*Continued from page 141*]

her not too great strength nearly failed her.

The next year she went as junior cataloguer to Columbia University, eager to work in a big college. She was set to organizing the dramatic library of Professor Brander Matthews. When she finished that, she took charge of the organization of Columbia's natural science library. She knew very little about science, and it is characteristic of her that instead of picking up knowledge along the road, she enrolled immediately in more science courses than it seemed possible for one human brain to absorb.

For nine years she worked at Columbia night and day, this frail, slim girl, organizing library after library. Then the United States entered the war, and the Colonel House Inquiry was started. Miss Wilson was asked to build up a library for it. That was no simple job of collecting books under one roof. She had to find out where in the United States necessary volumes were, to arrange for their loan, and to see that they went where and when they were needed. She literally organized a library without acquiring any books.

When the armistice was signed Miss Wilson went to Paris as liaison officer between the American Library Association, the Library of Congress, and the Peace Conference. Very soon she was asked to resign in order to become bibliographer for the conference, to collect and organize the material of future history. At the close of her work there, she was sent to London to start the library for the nations which belong to the League. They asked her for information before she had a pamphlet on the shelves, or even shelves to put one on. Now, two years later, the library contains thirty-five thousand working volumes.

ITS boss is the only woman library head in all Europe. In fact it may be said that she is the only person, man or woman, who really merits the title "librarian to the world." It is a post to be proud of, but its modest occupant feels that her appointment was not made as a personal honor, but came as a tribute to American schools and American library methods.

—MILDRED ADAMS.

Mail this Coupon for

Free Booklet about New York and Hotel Majestic

NAME____

ADDRESS____

CITY____

Going to New York

COSMOPOLITAN sights, experiences and delights—the art, music and business center of America—strange people and endless entertainment—

It's all the world spread before you in samples—an education that every American should gain.

We have prepared an interesting booklet telling you about the principal points of interest in New York and vicinity, how to get around, and how to live in comfort and quiet luxury while enjoying your stay—be it long or short.

The famous Majestic Hotel is the favorite stopping place of experienced travelers—you will find our booklet well worth while. There's no charge. Better write for it today.

Ask for Artistic Brochure E

Majestic Hotel
and
RESTAURANTS

Two West 72nd Street
Entire Block Fronting on Central Park
New York City
Telephone Endicott 1900

"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good LIGHT!"

EVEREADY throws considerable light on the great annual problem. As a gift, the Eveready Flashlight has no superior. Its cost is small, its service big. Evereadys are more handsome today than ever. They have features found only on Eveready. Give Eveready Flashlights to everyone on your list. Save wandering and wondering. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There's a type for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby. For Christmas . . . and forever . . . Eveready Flashlights.

Eveready in Christmas clothes! A special Christmas package for Eveready Flashlights, holly-decorated, and providing a place for the name of the recipient and the giver. Attractive. Time-saving. (No further wrapping needed.) Ask for the Eveready Christmas package.

New! Ring-hanger in the end-cap of Eveready Flashlights! A hinged metal, ring for hanging up the flashlight when not in use. Ring snaps out of way when not hanging up. Only Eveready has this big convenience-feature.

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHT

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

EVEREADY HOUR EVERY TUESDAY AT 9 P.M.
Eastern Standard Time

For real radio enjoyment, tune in the "Eveready Group." Broadcast through stations—

WEAF	New York	**WCAE**	Pittsburgh
WJAR	Providence	**WSAI**	Cincinnati
WEEI	Boston	**WWJ**	Detroit
WCTS	Worcester	**WCCO**	Minneapolis St. Paul
WFI	Philadelphia		
WGR	Buffalo	**WOC**	Davenport

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

—they last longer